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C O N T I N U A T I O N
OF THE

HISTORY AND ADVENTURES

OF THE RENOWNED

D O N Q U I X O T E
DE LA MANCHA.

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN SPANISH,

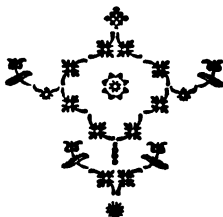
BY THE LICENTIATE

ALONZO FERNANDEZ DE AVELLANEDA.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY WILLIAM AUGUSTUS YARDLEY, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

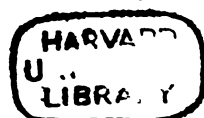


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the deference always due to such an authority, I have some reasons for doubting in the case before us*. Thus much, however, is universally allowed—that Le Sage actually wrote, or at least has always been reputed to have written, a history in French of the adventures of Don Quixote: I believe, also, that it was the first production of his pen. Le Sage, as Dr. Warton informs us, generally took his plans from the Spanish writers, the manners of which nation he has well imitated. Le Diab^{le} Boiteux was drawn from the Diabolo Cojuelo of Guevara; his Gil Blas from Don Gusman d'Alfarache. Le Sage made a journey into Spain to acquaint himself with the Spanish customs. He is a natural writer, of true humour. He died in a little house near Paris, where he supported himself by writing, in the year 1747. He had been deaf ten years.

Having thus laid before my readers such imperfect intelligence concerning Avellaneda and his translators, as it has been in my power to procure, I shall now proceed to communicate some additional notices relative to the present subject.

It is well known, that the First Part of Don Quixote's History, by Cervantes, was published at Madrid in the year 1605. In 1614, Avellaneda put forth his Continuation; and in 1615 appeared the Second Part of Cervantes. These are the dates of the original Spanish Don Quixotes. But the French nation, never satisfied (as it should seem) with harassing the unfortunate knight-errant, have presumed, in defiance of the prohibition issued by Cervantes at the close of his work, to drag the mouldering warrior from his tomb, and compel him to set forth in pursuit of new mischances and rib-roastings. I have seen a *Histoire de l'admirable Don Quichotte de la Manche*, in six volumes duodecimo, the purport of which is as follows: The first four volumes contain a translation (not in all parts faithful to the original) of Cervantes's Don Quixote, as far as the last chapter. The close of that chapter is altered; and the translator, instead of suffering his hero to die in peace, informs us, that he recovered from his illness, and returned so perfectly to his right senses, that one would suppose he had been crazy for no other purpose but to evince the danger of indulging one's self in the study of books of chivalry. The fifth volume opens with telling us, that another Arab, called Zulema, (and, since his baptism, Henriquez de la Torre) having discovered that Don Quixote had fallen again into his former extravagances, determined to continue the history of his adventures. That he had made considerable progress, when he took it into his head to go to the Indies. Being unwilling, however, that the work should remain unfinished, he committed his papers to a friend, requesting him to add thereto such farther account as he could procure of Don Quixote's achievements; so as to finish the work against his return. The beginning of the sixth volume acquaints us, that Henriquez dying on his passage from the Indies, Cid Ruy Gomez, the person to whom he had entrusted his papers, omitted to pub-

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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lish them. That Ruy Gomez dying also, the History of Don Quixote's Atchievements fell at last into the hands of a Spanish valet, who attended his master in the train of Philip V. of Spain. By this valet it was sold to a French gentleman attendant upon Philip, and from him procured, upon promise to translate it into the French language, by the anonymous editor of the work. At the close of the sixth volume, Don Quixote dies with the sentiments of a good Christian.

Still I have more torment in store for the persecuted Knight of La Mancha. Besides the work just mentioned, I am in possession of six volumes of *Suite Nouvelle et Vritable de L'Histoire, &c. de Don Quichotte de la Mancha; traduite d'un Manuscrit Espagnol de Cid Hamet Benengely, son veritable Historien*. The preface to this work is said to consist of extracts from the Letters of Carasco and Benengeli, explaining the whole progress of Don Quixote's history from beginning to end, and furnishing information also respecting the ensuing *Nouvelle Suite* of his adventures. The author, after dragging the wretched knight through five volumes, at the end of the fifth informs us, that he renders up his spirit, together with a dose of his own precious Balsam of Fier-à-bras, which had been in vain administered to him in the agonies of death. The sixth volume of this *Nouvelle Suite* contains the exaltation of Sancho Panza to the post of Alcalde of Blandande; his abdication of that office; his return home to his wife; and his final determination to renounce governments and dignities for ever.

By this time, I fear, I have exhausted my reader's patience on the subject of the French Don Quixotes. I was willing, however, to accumulate in this preface whatever I conceived might be connected with, or illustrative of, the work I had undertaken. I have endeavoured to prevent mistake by discrimination; and, if unable to produce the substance, I have at least served to point out the shadow. That the present attempt may stimulate some possessor of the original Spanish work to favour the publick with a genuine and critical translation of the rival of Cervantes; is the sincere wish of my heart: its accomplishment would be the most satisfactory reward of my labours.

W. A. YARDLEY,

P. S. Since the above was written, I have met with the second volume of an edition of Avellaneda in English, printed for Paul Vaillant in 1745. It is said in the title-page to be 'Now first translated from the original Spanish, by Mr. Baker.' That this assertion contains more of impudence than of truth, I need little scruple in affirming; since I find, upon examination, that the work is Captain Stevens's Translation from the French, literally reprinted; and the curious cuts (in truth they deserve that epithet) with which it is said to be illustrated, are copies from the same book. Mr. Baker's book made a second appearance in 1760, for T. Warcus, Fleet Street.

AVELLANEDA's



AVELLANEDA'S CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

WHICH MENTIONS ANOTHER ARABIAN BESIDES BENENGELI, AND TREATS OF THE SUCCESS OF DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT IN THE CAGE.

THE sage Alifolan, an historian of equal veracity with Cid Hamet Benengeli, relates in his memoirs, that the Moors, from whom he was descended, having been expelled the kingdom of Arragon, he accidentally found certain annals, written in the Arabian language, which contained the third fallly made by the invincible knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, from his village of Argamassilla, in order to be present at the tournament which was soon after to be held in the city of Saragossa. The relation he gives us is as follows.

Don Quixote having been conveyed home in the cage by the kind care of Peter Perez the curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, was closely confined to his chamber with a chain at his heels. He was there daily plied with strong broths and cordial liquors, in which,

questionless, there was a sufficient portion of hellebore; and, in short, nothing was spared that might conduce to restore him to his reason. The poor gentleman was himself well disposed; for he so much dreaded relapsing into his madness, that he never ceased pressing his niece Magdalen to find him out some excellent book, which might employ and divert him during the seven hundred years continuance of his enchantment. She gave him, by the curate's direction, Villegas's Flos Sanctorum; the Gospels of the Year; and the Sinner's Guide, by Father Louis of Granada. The reading of these books insensibly blotted out all the ideas he had conceived of knight-errantry, so that in six months time he seemed to be perfectly recovered. Then was his chain taken off, he was no longer locked up in his chamber, but was allowed the liberty of going to church, where he heard mass; and was so attentive to his curate's lectures, that all people were very much edified at it. In short, Mr. Martin Quixada (for he was now no longer called Don Quixote) was looked upon as a man perfectly restored to his wits, and all men blessed Heaven for it. However, none as yet durst talk to him of any thing that might seem to have relation to his former madness;

madness; which indeed was a great argument of their discretion: though it must be owned that the pleasant companions of the village made amends for this caution by diverting themselves with his adventures in his absence. It happened about this time, that the great heat of the weather cast his niece into such a fever as the physicians call *Ephemera*; which, though it generally lasts but a day, very often proves dangerous; and, to be brief, poor Magdalen died of it. Don Quixote could not but be much concerned at her death, notwithstanding it was worth to him eight hundred ducats as her heir; but having still a good old house-keeper, who was an excellent housewife, and took great care of him, the trouble wore off insensibly.

One holiday, after dinner, as he sat in his chamber, reading the lives of saints, his old squire Sancho Panza came to visit him, as he was wont to do frequently at other times. 'Are you there, my friend?' said Don Quixote; 'you come very opportunely to hear the life of a great man.'—'By no means, Sir,' replied Sancho; 'I will not enquire into other men's lives and conversation, for that is an unlawful curiosity. Every man must mind his own business, without concerning himself with other people's matters.'—'What simplicity!' exclaimed Don Quixote: 'the book which I design to read to you is holy, and for your improvement. Draw a chair, that you may listen to me more at your ease.'—'What book is it that lies before you?' said Sancho; 'is it not some book of knight-errantry?'—'No,' replied Don Quixote; 'it is the *Flos Sanctorum*.'—'And pray who was that *Sanctorum*?' quoth the squire. 'Was he a king, or was he one of those giants that were converted into windmills last year?'—'What a silly fellow thou art,' answered Don Quixote. 'This book contains the lives of saints; such, for instance, as St. Lawrence, who was broiled on a gridiron; St. Bartholomew, who was flayed; and so of all other saints, whether martyrs or confessors, whose festivals are kept by the church.'—'As God shall save me,' said Sancho, interrupting him, 'I believe you design to become a saint-errant, to gain the terrestrial paradise. But pray, tell

me, Sir, when St. Bartholomew was flayed, and St. Lawrence broiled, were they dead or alive?'—'Both of them alive,' answered Don Quixote. 'Heaven preserve me!' exclaimed the squire; 'that's ten times worse than tossing in a blanket. Hang me if ever I follow the example of your saints! As far as mumbling over the Creed and Lord's Prayer half a score times on my knees, I'll not be outdone by e'er a capuchin of them all; but for being roasted, or broiled alive, I am your humble servant; my talent does not lie that way.'—'Enough of that!' quoth Don Quixote: 'let us read the life of St. Bernard, whose festival is kept to-day.' Though the honest gentleman had read one half of it before, yet was he so complaisant as to begin it again; and, at every leaf he turned over, he made such judicious comments upon the text, that the best moral philosopher would have been puzzled to outdo him. This, though for the most part it was but labour lost on Sancho, so far moved him, that he cried out, 'Let me die, if you do not preach as well as the curate, when he makes a sermon for the tithes! But now you talk of St. Bernard, I remember, that last Sunday, Peter Alonso's son, that goes to school, read a book to us under the tree by the mill. By'r lady 'tis the finest book! Oh 'tis quite another thing than your *Flos Sanctorum*. In the first place, before you read a word, just at the beginning of the book, you see a knight on horseback, who with a sword broader than my hand strikes a rock, and cleaves it asunder.'—'I know who that is,' quoth Don Quixote; 'it is Don Florisbano of Candaria, a most worthy knight. Besides, that book mentions several other valiant knights; as, the Admiral of Quasia, Palmerin de Olivia, Blafordas of the Tower, the dreadful Giant Maleorto of Brandanquia, and the famous enchantresses Zuldaria and Dalphadea.'—'Right,' quoth Sancho; 'and the book says, that those two enchantresses carried away I know not what king, I know not how, into I know not what castle.'—'It is the castle of Azefaros,' said Don Quixote. 'But Peter Alonso's son must certainly have stolen that book from me.'—'If so,' quoth the squire, 'he shall not

not enjoy it long, for I will take my turn, and steal it from him; and will bring it you next Sunday, that we may read it instead of your Flos Sanctorum: nothing pleases me like the stories of those ancient knights, who at one stroke would cut both man and horse in two.—‘You will do me a pleasure,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘if you can bring it me again; but pray let it be done so privately that nobody may know of it.’—‘Let me alone for that!’ answered the squire; till then, Sir, I wish you well: I must go to my wife, who perhaps may want me.* Sancho being gone, Don Quixote’s head began to be much agitated with those things that had laid buried, and were now revived in his memory. He put by the Flos Sanctorum; and, walking about the room in a disorderly manner, began to recalcitrant to his disturbed imagination all the former ideas of his knight-errantry: however, as much discomposed as he was, hearing the bell ring for vespers, he took his cloak and his beads, and went away to church.

CHAP. II.

OF DON QUIXOTE’S RELAPSE.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Martin Quixada was greatly discomposed by what had happened, yet he did not discover it in his behaviour; and he might by degrees have recovered his peace of mind, had not Sancho distracted him again the next Sunday. That visit put him past all recovery; for the moment Don Quixote took into his hands the History of Don Florisbrian of Candaria, the very picture of that armed knight overthrew all his reason, and made him as mad as ever. ‘Sancho,’ said he to his squire, ‘the book you have brought me, without all doubt, contains most wonderful feats of chivalry; but it is much better that we endeavour to imitate, and, if possible, to outdo them, than to spend our time in reading them. We have already sacrificed several months to a criminal inactive course of life, and omitted the exercise of those duties

incumbent on us; on me as a knight-errant, and on you as a faithful squire. It behoves us, my friend, to return to our employment, which will be very pleasing to God, and beneficial to the world; since we shall deliver the earth from those immense and haughty giants, who, against all right and reason, do insult both knights and ladies. Thus shall we revive the fame of our ancestors, and purchase infinite glory for ourselves, and our posterity. This it is, my son, will make us rich for ever. We go to conquer kingdoms for ourselves, and for our friends.’—‘Fair and softly,’ quoth Sancho, interrupting him: ‘it is no such easy matter to catch them. Pray, good Sir, do not buzz your chivalry any more in my ears: you promised me, last year, that you would make me a king, or governor of some considerable country; my wife an admiral; and my children princes. And what is come of it? I am still but poor Sancho Panza; and all governments shun me as if I had the plague. Let us talk no more of it, good master Don Quixote; let us both keep ourselves well whilst we are well; and let those fools be beaten who make it their business to look for it. The Yanguessians*, God be praised, did so curiously ride that they left no itching in them. Besides, it cost me my dapple; and when the mule is dead, the physician must travel a foot†.—‘As for that, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘we will be better provided this year to perform the duties of our profession than we were the last. I will buy you a bigger ass than that which was stolen from you, and we will take along with us provisions, money, and linen; for, to say the truth, I have observed that those are very necessary precautions.’—‘Upon these terms,’ said the squire, ‘and provided you pay me my wages every month, I am at your service: I will return with you to the exercise of chivalry. Give me but the money, and I will away immediately to my gossip Thomas Cecial, who has a stately ass to sell, and we will set out to-morrow.’—‘I am pleased to see

* The Yanguessians are carriers of Galicia.

† In Spain the physicians ride on mules.

'you so eager,' answered Don Quixote, 'and I take it for a good omen: but we cannot be quite so expeditious, my friend; I must first provide me with arms, for I know not what is become of mine. Besides, that our folly may prove the more auspicious, I must send you to the Princess Dulcinea, to inform her from me, that I am going to seek new adventures. Were not that cruel enemy of my repose the most hard-hearted princefs in the world, I would go and prostrate myself in her presence, and make a tender to her celestial beauty of all the heroick actions my courage is about to undertake; but so unparalleled is her rigour, that she will not permit me to be blessed with her ravishing sight, till I have by my infinite achievements obliterated the memory of the exploits of the most famous knights-errant, and even of Hercules himself: and therefore I think fit, my friend, that you go this very day to that adorable inhuman creature. Describe to her the excess of my amorous pain, in such a lively manner as may move her compassion: in short, speak to her so feelingly, that your relation may touch her heart; and be sure to remember all she says to you, that you may repeat it to me word for word.'—'Nay, as for matter of talking,' quoth Sancho, 'I defy a lawyer to outdo me: I will answer for it, and will not fail to make it good. There is but one thing that troubles me; and that is, to know what I shall say to her.'—'You shall say,' replied Don Quixote, 'that her most humble slave, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, is still ready to expose himself for her sake to the most dreadful dangers; and that he conjures her sovereign beauty not to forsake him when he shall invoke her in his adventures.'—'Enough, Sir,' answered the squire; 'I shall well enough remember what I can of those words.'—'Let us hear, I pray you,' said Don Quixote, 'whether you can repeat them well: deliver yourself to me as if I were the Princess Dulcinea.'—'That is very pleasant,' quoth Sancho: 'how would you have me take you for the Lady Dulcinea, when you are my master Don Quix-

ote?'—'Why, numscull,' replied the knight, 'cannot you, whilst you talk to me, imagine you are speaking to Dulcinea?'—'No, by my grandame's soul, can't I!' answered the squire; 'for when I talk to you, I know very well I do not talk to another: and, again, I am positive that you are my master Don Quixote.'—'What a blockhead you are!' quoth the knight: 'peasants are generally sharp and malicious; but, for your part, it must be owned your simplicity is not to be matched. It is better that I write to my amiable queen, and that you carry her my letter; for you would entertain her with some foolish discourse.'—'Some foolish discourse!' replied the squire: 'no, indeed! God be praised, I have as much wit as another in my understanding; and you must not think to persuade me that the moon is made of green cheese.' However, Don Quixote, resolving not to trust to Sancho's memory, went into his closet, took pen, ink, and paper; and, after long pausing and deliberation, at length composed an epistle in a style incomparably singular. Before he would write it out fair, he read it to his squire, who cried out in a transport, 'By the Lord, a most curious letter! a schoolmaster would scarce write a better. It is a bow-shot beyond that you sent Madam Dulcinea from the Black Mountain. I understand some few words of that, but I can make nothing at all of this, with a pox to it! Give it me, and I will be gone immediately with it to Toboso; and this very night will bring you a good or a bad answer.' Don Quixote read his letter over and over several times, then transcribed it fairly; and, delivering it to his squire, said to him, 'Take it, my son, and go see that heavenly wonder, who has the supreme disposal of my destiny. Farewell! I expect your return with impatience. May the Heavens grant that you bring back a favourable answer!'

A few minutes after Sancho was gone, one of the *alcaldes** of the town came to call upon Don Quixote, and carried him to the market-place, or square; where they found the curate, the barber, and other men of note of

* An inferior minister of justice among the Spaniards.

the place, in a little ring. Whilst they stood there discoursing, they espied coming up towards them four gentlemen, attended by several pages and by twelve grooms leading as many horses, with rich furniture. They all beheld this stately cavalcade with attention; and the curate, turning to Don Quixote, indiscreetly (contrary to his custom) said to him—'Tell us the truth, Mr. Quixada, if you had seen these cavaliers arrive here six months ago with this equipage, would it not have puzzled you? You would have imagined that those gentlemen were no less than the four immense giants, keepers of Bramiforan, the enchanter's castle, and that they were come abroad to steal away some prince's of high renown.' Though these words were such as might have moved Don Quixote to some extravagant action, considering his brains were already in a ferment, yet he answered very discreetly—'Mr. Curate, if you please, let us lay aside raillery; and let us rather go up to those gentlemen, who stop in the village: let us know who they are, and what they look for.' His advice was followed; all the company drew near the gentlemen; and, after the usual salutations, the curate very courteously asked them who they were, and whether they designed to lie in the village. Master Licentiate, replied one of them, 'we are gentlemen of Granada, who are going to the tilting at Saragossa: our design was to have travelled on two leagues farther, but our servants and horses were so tired, that we thought fit to rest them here; and we must desire you to give us leave, though it were but to lie in your church, rather than oblige us to go any farther.'—'Well, gentlemen,' said the curate, 'since there is no inn in this place fit to entertain so many, I will take care to lodge you myself: the two alcaldes shall each of them take one gentleman and his followers, and Mr. Quixada and I will take care of the other two. You will not be treated, gentlemen, suitable to your quality, nor as we could wish; but it shall be with a great deal of goodwill and affection.' The curate having thus ordered their lodging, every man carried his guests home; the gentlemen having first agreed amongst themselves that they would set out very early

in the morning, to avoid the great heat of the weather.

CHAP. III.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ENTERTAINED HIS GUEST, AND OF THE DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote having conducted his gentleman to his house, ordered his housekeeper to make supper ready, and not to spare the poultry; with which, as good luck would have it, he was then well stored. Whilst supper was dressing, his guest and he were taking the fresh air in the court before the house. Don Quixote being desirous to know his name, asked his family, and why he came from so remote a part to the tilting of Saragossa. The gentleman answered, that his name was Don Alvaro Tarfe; that he was descended from the ancient family of the Tarfes, a race of noble Moors in Granada, nearly allied to their first kings. 'You know,' said he, 'what account there is in history of these affairs, and how all the Abencerrages, the Zegris, the Gomeles, the Maças, and other noble families of Granada, embraced the Christian religion, and remained in Spain, after the Catholick King, Ferdinand, had conquered that flourishing kingdom. As for the motive of my journey, I must confess it is love. A lady, whom I admire, chuses that I should be present at the tilting at Saragossa, as her knight; and to please her I go thither, to contend for the prize which is to reward the conqueror.'—'I wish you may succeed,' said Don Quixote. 'However, though Fortune, which disposes of events, should not prove favourable, you will still have the satisfaction of approving yourself a faithful lover, performing all that in you lies for the honour of your lady. Be so kind as to give me an account of that most excellent person's rare qualities, and of the principal adventures of her life.'—'It would take up more time than I shall stay here,' replied Don Alvaro, 'to satisfy your curiosity. I can only tell you, that my mistress is in the sixteenth year of her age, and that she is counted the greatest beauty in Andalusia.'

'*salusa*. It is true, she is of the smaller size; but——' 'That is pity,' said Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'for Aristotle says that a woman, to be perfect, must be large.'—'With Aristotle's leave,' replied the Granadine, smiling, 'I am not of his opinion in that particular, no more than in many others. I admire nature as much in it's small as in it's greatest works. Precious stones are small; and the eyes, which are the most beautiful and most moving parts of human bodies, are the least.'—'You are in the right,' quoth Don Quixote; 'yet you cannot deny, that tall, well-proportioned women, have a more noble and majestic air than the others.' This debate concerning the size of women held them till one of Tarfe's pages was sent by the house-keeper to acquaint them that supper was ready: then Don Quixote led his guest into the room where the cloth was laid, and both sat down to table. During the supper, Don Quixote fell into a deep reverie: one while he would sit with the victuals in his mouth, gazing earnestly on the cloth, without so much as winking; another time, Don Alvaro asking him whether he was married, he answered—that Rosinante was the best horse Cordova ever produced. The Granadine being much surprized at this extraordinary distraction of thought, was desirous to know the cause of it after supper. 'Mr. Quixada,' said he to him, 'if you will give me leave to be free with you, I must declare that you seemed to me just now so wholly absent, and absorbed in thought, that I have reason to believe you have some discontent upon you: if so, I beseech you do not hide it from me, and I will alleviate your trouble, if it be in my power. Grief, when confined, and, as it were, shut up in the heart, has always violent effects; whereas, by communicating it to a friend who will bear part, it is diminished and dissipated.'—'I am obliged to you,' Don Alvaro, answered Don Quixote, very formally; 'and with I could serve you in return for your generosity. But be not surprized at having seen me discomposed; it is not easy for

us, who gloriously profess knight-errantry, who daily engage with giants or enchanters, with Endriaguses* or rhinoceroses, for the purpose of disenchanting princesses, and redressing wrongs; it is not easy for us, I say, to keep down our thoughts, filled with all these ideas, from soaring aloft.'

Tarfe was astonished to hear Don Quixote talk so wildly; he conjectured the poor gentleman was not sound in his intellects; and, to be the more fully convinced of what he fancied, he said to him—'For all this, Mr. Quixada, I do not comprehend what it was that so wholly took up your thoughts at supper.'—'Though it does not well become knights to reveal such secrets,' replied Don Quixote, 'nevertheless, since you are a gentleman, and subject, as well as myself, to the God of Love, I will not conceal from you the troubles of my soul. The incomparable prince who has captivated my liberty seems insensible to my passion; and yet, Don Alvaro, I protest, before God and man, that I have never transgressed the laws of chivalry: I have ever strictly followed the examples set before me by those ancient and primitive knights-errant, the invincible Amadis of Gaul, his son Esplandian, Palmerin de Oliva, the Knight of the Sun, Tablantes of Richemont, Don Belianis of Greece, and, in short, by all others who have had the honour to profess the sacred order of knight-errantry.' Don Alvaro, who had a quick apprehension, hearing this extravagant discourse, found immediately how the matter stood: he perceived that his host had given himself too much to reading books of chivalry; and, resolving to divert himself, he said to him—'Pray, Mr. Quixada, is the lady whom you adore, of this country? for you being a person so judiciously nice, she who had qualifications to charm you must be at least another Diana of Ephesus.'—'She surpasses in beauty,' replied Don Quixote, 'not only Diana of Ephesus, and Polixena of Troy, but even Dido of Carthage, and Doralice of Granada. Her eyes and her com-

* Endriagus is the name of a most dreadful monster, slain by Amadis de Gaule, who at that time had assumed the title of the Knight of the Green Sword.—See Amadis de Gaule, Book III. Chap. 10.

'plexion are like the rising sun, and the natural red on her cheeks resembles a rose when it is new blown; her teeth are of ivory, her lips of coral, and her neck is whiter than alabaster: her name is the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso; and mine, Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.' With much difficulty did Don Alvaro restrain himself from laughing, when he heard the appellation Don Quixote had made choice of; an appellation he highly approved, as being so happily descriptive of the original. 'It is that princess,' continued our hero, 'who gives life to my thoughts, who raises my imagination, and causes those distractions which make me so much a stranger to myself. I quitted my house and country, to perform a thousand glorious undertakings abroad for her honour; and I sent to her all the fierce giants and unparalleled knights I encountered, having conquered and reduced them to submission. And yet, would you believe it, Don Alvaro? notwithstanding such unheard-of services, she is to me more cruel than an African lioness, or an Hyrcanian tyger: she receives my passionate letters with disdain, or rather with horror. I have made speeches to her longer than those of St. Catharine to the senate of Rome: I composed verses for her more tender than Petrarch's to his beloved Laura; and poems more sublime than those of Homer or Virgil, and more full of digressions than Lucan's Pharsalia. I have this very day sent her a letter replete with the most respectful expressions; and I expect no other return but an answer teeming with rigour and disdain.' No sooner had he spoken these words than he saw his squire. 'Well, Sancho,' said he to him, 'what news do you bring me from my infant?' 'Am I to live, or must I die?'—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'here is a letter she got the sexton of Toboso to write for her, and which she ordered me to deliver to you.'—'A letter from her!' quoth Don Quixote, transported with joy; 'What a mighty favour! Good God! is she at length grown sensible to my love?'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'read the letter first; perhaps you have no such great cause to rejoice.'—'Be pleased, I beseech you, Don Alvaro,'

said our knight, 'to give me leave to read this note, and satisfy the impatience I am under to know my doom.' This said, he kissed the letter, opened it, and, after having read it to himself, cried out, 'O Heavens! can I receive such an answer without dying for grief? Never did lady send such an unworthy threat to a knight! Did the Infanta Oliva ever use the Prince of Portugal thus, though she had so great an aversion to him?'—'What! Don Quixote,' said Don Alvaro, 'can the Infanta Dulcinea del Toboso despise you, when there is no princess in the world but would look upon it as an honour to be favoured with your love?'—'Do you judge of it,' answered Don Quixote; 'hear what that inhuman creature writes to me.' He then read to Don Alvaro Dulcinea's letter; which was as follows.

TO MARTIN QUIXADA THE BRAIN-LESS.

'T is long since my brothers ought to have treated you with a good cudgelling, in return for all the impertinent letters you have sent me. Had they been at home when that old fool Sancho Panza brought me your last, he had not gone away with all his ribs whole; but patience for that—if ever he comes hither again, he shall pay for it all together. And as for you, Mr. Martin, I would have you take notice, that if ever, for the future, you call me Dulcinea del Toboso, and entitle me Queen, Infanta, or Empress, you may have cause to repent having given me those Shrovetide names the longest day you have to live. Be it known to you, that by sea and by land my name is Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales.'

'By this abusive letter, you may judge, Don Alvaro,' said Don Quixote, 'whether I have not reason to complain of the unparalleled ingratitude of Dulcinea.'—'O the jade!' cried Sancho. 'Mind me, good Sir; I wish I may be troubled with the snivel as long as I live, if my master has not performed more acts of chivalry, by day and by night, for that jilt, than any other would have done for a lady-abbeys. But what a pox

'need he trouble himself? He who has garlick eats it with his bread; he that has none must be content without it. Between friends, my master Don Quixote is too patient. If, instead of writing to that brazen-face, he had sent her by the post, or any other way, half a score good kicks in the guts, she would never have been so squeamish. I am well acquainted with that sort of cattle; if you give them their way, they will shew no mercy. If a man turns sheep, the wolves will devour him; if he takes a cuff on the ear, he shall have two, and so-forth. I would fain see them put their tricks upon me: but, egad! they are not such fools; I can fence with my foot as well as brother Jerome's mule, when I have my Sunday shoes on full of hob-nails. If Dulcinea had made her two brothers, Basil and Bertrand Nogales, beat me, it had been the dearest beating they ever bestowed in their days.' Sancho's hand was too much in to stop here; and Don Quixote was fain to bid him hold his peace; but all would not do. 'I must tell you,' continued he, 'how that toad served me one day, when I carried her another letter from my master. I found her in the stable, filling a panner of dung; and no sooner did I open my mouth to tell her that my master Don Quixote most humbly kissed her hands, but she saluted me with a shovelful, steeped in horse-piss, across the face. My beard being that day, unfortunately for me, thicker than Master Nicholas the barber's brush, the filth stuck to it like pitch.'—'In good truth,' said Don Alvaro, smiling, 'that was an ill reward, my friend, for carrying the letter. Dulcinea, as far as I can perceive, does not follow the examples set her by the ancient heroines of chivalry, who loaded those squires with presents who brought them love-letters.'—'Love-letters!' quoth Sancho; 'on my conscience, if a cardinal's squire should carry her an ass's burden of them, she would not so much as thank him. You never beheld such a sour face as our lady makes when a letter is delivered to her: a body would think she was eating crabs; and may the devil blow his bellows in the poop of her!'—'Hold, Sancho!' cried Don

Quixote, 'do not curse that princess; ingrate, unjust, and barbarous as she is, still I adore her. Think she is the sovereign over my will, and respect what I love.'—'In truth, worthy Don Quixote,' said the Granadine, 'I cannot but be amazed. I confess your infanta's stile is harsh: but have not you, perhaps through inadvertency, given her some cause of offence? Examine yourself well; perhaps you have, without reflecting on it, inserted in your letter of this day some word which she may have taken in a wrong sense: you know that sometimes happens among ladies.'—'No, Don Alvaro,' replied Don Quixote, 'there is nothing in that letter which could give her cause of offence; and, to convince you it is so, I will this moment shew you the foul copy.'—He went immediately, and brought it out of his closet; and, sitting down again, read distinctly, in a grave tone, these following words.

TO THE MATCHLESS PRINCESS
'DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.'

WOULD the faithful love which boils over in the veins of this your slave, O ungrateful fair! permit me to be angry to rebellion against your perfection and absolute empire, I should soon by oblivion take revenge of the contempt with which you treat my scorching flames! But perhaps you, my sweet enemy, imagine that I never exercise my thoughts in any thing but undoing of wrongs, and punishing of felons; yet, though every day I have employed my body against outrageous giants, and have often shed the blood of such monsters, my thought, which is so nimble-winged, hath nevertheless not forborne joyfully to call to mind your most admirable endowments, and that it was captivated by the most excellent lady among the queens of high rank. However, O noble princess, be pleased to receive me to mercy, if I have committed any discourtesy towards your high majesty and royal beauty: and I may well deserve it; for through love all faults are pardonable. This is the favour humbly sued for to your imperial perfections, by

* by him who is so much yours till his departure out of this world; the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect—

• DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

‘In good truth,’ said Don Alvaro, smiling, ‘I never saw any thing more exquisite than that letter: it is so good, that it might verily pass for an epistle written in days of yore by Sancho, King of Leon, to the noble lady Ximena Gomez, when the famous Cid Ruy Diaz comforted her in his absence*. But how comes it, Don Quixote, that, being so polite and elegant in your discourse, you wrote to your infanta in that stile, which, as you well know, is now quite out of date?’—‘I will tell you the reason,’ said Don Quixote; ‘I did it to try whether, in imitating the stile of our ancient knights, I could bow the inflexible Dulcinea, and soften that heart of adamant, whose hardness my common expressions only serve to increase.’—‘And why,’ quoth the Granadine, ‘did you take the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect?’—‘As for that,’ quoth Sancho, ‘you must excuse him, for it was I that gave it him; and, to deal plainly, it does not misbecome him.’—‘I took the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect,’ said Don Quixote, ‘because my absence from my sovereign lady made me sorrowful to excess; and in it I imitated Amadis, who took the name of Beltenebros.†.’

Tarfe seemed concerned at Don Quixote’s afflictions; and said to him, ‘Positively that letter is very full of respect; and I cannot conceive what should set Dulcinea so unreasonably against you, or why she thus abuses a knight of your worth.’ Then changing the discourse, he said—‘Being to set out to-morrow before day, to avoid the heat, I would willingly go to bed, with your leave.’ Don Quixote answered, he might use his pleasure; and went out to fetch some sweetmeats to treat his

guest before he went to bed. The Granadine drawing near to the bed, which was made for him in the chamber they were then in, called two of his pages to undress him: but Sancho, fearing to lose the privileges of a squire, would not suffer any but himself to do that service; which so pleased Don Alvaro, that, holding out his leg to have the boot drawn off, he said, ‘Go to, then, my friend, since your good-will is such, draw steadily; for it will be a great honour to me to be able to boast I was unbooted by one of the most famous squires of knight-errantry.’—‘Give me leave, Don Alvaro,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I do really believe I am as good as another; and though I have not the title of Don, yet my father had.’—‘How so!’ said Tarfe. ‘If your father bore that title of honour, have you degenerated from it?’—‘No, Sir,’ replied Sancho; ‘but my father placed that honourable title as best pleased him; and, instead of placing it before his name, as you gentlemen do, he put it after, or behind.’—‘Then his name,’ said the Granadine, ‘was Francis Don, John Don, or Martin Don?’—‘You have not hit it yet, Sir,’ answered the squire; ‘his name was Peter Remendon‡.’ Don Alvaro could not forbear laughing at this dull piece of wit; and asked Sancho whether his father was yet living. ‘No, Sir,’ quoth Sancho; ‘he died of kibed heels ten years ago.’—‘Of kibed heels!’ cried the Granadine, laughing; ‘he is the first man I ever heard of that died of such a distemper.’—‘God take me, Don Alvaro,’ cried the squire, ‘may not every man die of the distemper that pleases him best!’ Don Alvaro and his pages were still furnished with new subject of laughter when Don Quixote returned, followed by his housekeeper, bringing a plate of dry sweetmeats, and a flask of white wine; but Tarfe would accept of none. ‘I dare not eat,’ said he; ‘for I never eat between meals but I suffer for it. I have often made the

* An old story in Spain, of which there are ridiculous ballads.

† Amadis de Gaule, (Book II. Chap. 6.) being in disgrace with Oriana, his mistress, withdraws to the habitation of a very old hermit, from whom he receives, at his own request, the name of Beltenebros; which may be interpreted the Beautiful Obscure; or, as it is rendered in the English translation of the first four books of Amadis de Gaule, Edit. 1619, The Fair Forlorn.

‡ Remendon, in Spanish, is a botcher, or cobbler.

• experiment

• experiment on myself of the aphorism
• of Avicen, or Galen, that to eat before
• the last nourishment taken be digested,
• is prejudicial to health.'—'Well,'
• cried Sancho, 'there is never a villain
• nor a Gilian of them worth a straw:
• I would no more forbear eating when
• I had got a bit in my hand, than I
• would spitting when I have occasion,
• though those fellows should jabber
• more Latin to me than there is in the
• A, B, C.'—'You are in the right,'
• friend Sancho,' quoth Don Alvaro;
• and, with your master's leave, you
• must take this bit from me.' This
• said, he took up a preserved pear on the
• point of the knife, and gave it him.—
• Pray excuse me, Sir,' said the squire;
• these dainties do me harm when the
• quantity is too small.' He took it,
• however, and eat it, notwithstanding.
• Don Quixote then wished a good-night
• to his guest, who retired to bed im-
• mediately.

CHAP. IV.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S MIGHTY PRO-
JECTS AND DESIGNS, WHICH
WERE ALL APPROVED BY HIS
SQUIRE.

DON Quixote having quitted Don
Alvaro's chamber, led Sancho
into another, where he said to him,
• Stay here, my friend, and lie with
• me this night; I have an affair of the
• greatest moment to communicate to
• you.'—'Hold a little, Sir,' replied
the squire; 'I must first take one turn
• in the kitchen, for I have not had
• my supper yet; and I am like the
• cuckow, I cannot sing till my belly is
• full.'—'Go down then to supper,'
said Don Quixote; 'and come to me
• again instantly.'—'Sir,' quoth San-
cho, 'I will put in double bits to have
• done the sooner; I will be with you
• in a very little time, and perhaps
• sooner than I could wish myself; for
• I am much afraid that Don Alvaro's
• servants have not left me much to
• do.' This said, he went down into
the kitchen; and Don Quixote went to
bed to wait his return. The house-
keeper had killed so many fowls, that
there was enough to satisfy Sancho:
she set before him all that was left of
the supper, and he crammed himself

up to his throat; then returning, in a
good humour, to his master's chamber,
• So now, Sir,' said he, 'we may talk
• about business. I am now fit to give
• advice, for I am as full as a tick.'—
• Shut the door,' quoth Don Quixote;
• and come to bed to me.' The squire
stripped without any ceremony; and
his master having him by his side, spoke
to him as follows. 'Friend Sancho,
• I have one of the greatest designs in
• hand that ever occupied the thoughts
• of a knight-errant; but, before I
• acquaint you with it, it will be con-
• venient I put some questions to you,
• which I did not think fit to ask be-
• fore Don Alvaro. How did Dulci-
• nea look when she received my let-
• ter? Did she read it?'—'No, Sir,'
answered the squire; 'but she caused
• it to be read.'—'And did she not
• express any token of satisfaction?'
replied Don Quixote. 'I beg your
• pardon,' quoth Sancho; 'she laughed
• like a mad woman, till her sides
• shook again.'—'She is a very re-
• served princess,' said the knight.
• And how do we know that it was not
• the better to conceal the tender affec-
• tion she has for me, that she coun-
• terfeited so much rigour, and writ
• to me in such a harsh manner? But in
• short, since a heart that is full of
• love cannot but betray itself, did she
• not, when she dismissed you, let slip
• some word that might cherish my
• love? Did not some obliging expres-
• sion escape her against her will?'—
• Yes, indeed, Sir,' replied the squire;
• she spoke words enough: she told me
• that you and I were the two greatest
• madmen in all this country of La
• Mancha; besides, I don't know how
• much more, which I am sorry I did
• not remember, to have told it you
• again word for word, as you com-
• manded me.'—'Nay, that is too
• much!' cried Don Quixote; 'I be-
• gin to open my eyes; I perceive the
• haughty one despises me, and that I
• impose upon myself when I give a
• favourable construction to her cru-
• elty. It is decreed! I must set my-
• self free from her unworthy bands;
• I say unworthy bands, because ne-
• ver princess threatened to cudgel a
• knight-errant. This way of pro-
• ceeding is abusive: for knights to be
• hated is tolerable; let it pass, they
• are not therefore the less amorous or
• faithful;

faithful; but they must not endure to be despised. I will therefore obliterate the memory of Dulcinea; the resolution is fixed; and this is one of the great designs I had to acquaint you with!—'Faith and troth,' quoth Sancho, 'I am glad at my heart that Madam Dulcinea is no longer one of us, for her having taken so much pains to daub me in her stable. May I never get my government, if she does not one time or other bite her nails for madness, when she hears you are a king, and I a governor; and that it is her own fault she is not an empress, and her two brothers princes! who are now never like to be any thing but poor labouring fellows. God knows how they will curry her hide for having behaved herself so like a sow towards you, instead of receiving your letters like a gentlewoman, and granting you all knightly favours you desired. Oh, how mad she will be! but then it will be a day after the fair: after meat, mustard; and like sending for the doctor when the patient is dead. And when a man has scalded his throat and guts, it is too late to blow.'—'That is not all neither, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'I have another project in my head, which I am pleased to take your advice in.'—'Be quick, then, Sir,' quoth the squire; 'for I perceive, by the many and powerful wamblings of my brain, that I shall soon fall asleep.'—'I have understood,' answered Don Quixote, 'that there is to be a solemn-tilting at Saragossa very speedily. We must not by any means let slip so favourable an opportunity; and I design to-morrow to take measures for providing myself with new arms, that we may set forward immediately.' Sancho told his master he was ready to follow him through the world; which so pleased Don Quixote, that he embraced him for joy, though the squire was too far overcome with sleep to be duly sensible of it. However, the knight, who did not perceive this, held on his discourse in the following manner. 'I then we will go to Saragossa, where I shall win the first prize at the jousts; and since that ingrate Dulcinea has repaid my constancy with contempt, I will seek some other lady who will better requite my services. Perhaps you

will say I ought to make a scruple of changing my mistress; but to that, my friend, I answer, that the Knight of the Sun forsook Claridiana for the Princess Landabrides, though he had not the least cause to complain of her. And that I may find a person worthy of such a knight as I am, I design to repair to the court of Spain, where my reputation has already made me known. The beautiful princesses, who compose the queen's court, charmed with my mien and reputation, will vie with one another to make conquest of my heart; but I will not submit it to the disposal of any but of her who shall give me the greatest testimonies of her love, either by endeavouring to dress herself to please me, or by the passionate letters, the scarfs, the bracelets, and other magnificent presents, she will bestow upon me. The court knights, and particularly those of the Golden Fleece, envious of my honour and good fortune, will use a thousand artifices to lessen me in the king's opinion: I will demand satisfaction of them; and, having killed or disarmed them all in the presence of the king and court, I shall certainly gain the reputation of being the best knight in the world. What do you think of my resolution?' He held his peace a while to hear his squire's answer; but finding he was asleep, he jogged him with his elbow, saying, 'Hey, my friend! give ear to me, I conjure you.'—'You are in the right, Sir,' cried Sancho, betwixt sleeping and waking; 'all that mob of giants is only fit to be hanged, and it is well done to lay them on.'—'Heaven confound thee and thy giants!' quoth Don Quixote; 'I am working my brains to beat into your head that which, under God, most behoves you and me in this world. and you sleep like a dormouse.'—'Good Sir,' said the squire, 'be pleased to let me sleep, and I will allow all that you have before said, or shall hereafter say to me, to be good and true.'—'By the living God,' answered the knight, 'it is none of the least misfortunes to be forced to communicate important affairs to such a clown as you are! Well, sleep on, poor wretch! and be for ever a slave to your senses: for my part, I will not deliver myself up to the arms of slumber,

‘slumber, till I have imprinted in my imagination the means I am to use to win the first prize at the jousts. I will imitate the wise architect; who, before he puts hand to the work, first contrives and disposes in his fancy all the parts of the structure he intends to raise.’ In this employment Don Quixote spent the greatest part of the night: he represented to himself, by the force of his distracted imagination, all that was to happen to him at the tilting. Sometimes he talked to the knights he was to run against; another while he demanded of the judges of the field the prize he had deserved. Then having, in most humble and grave manner, saluted a lady, whom he conceived most beautiful, and most richly adorned, sitting in a balcony, he gracefully presented her, on the point of his lance, as he sat on horseback, the jewel he had won as her knight. At length, sleep overcoming his senses, for a while dispelled all those extravagant ideas which his distracted notion of knight-errantry had formed in his fancy.

An hour before day somebody knocked hard at the door of the house. The knight awoke; and having, not without much calling and shaking, roused his squire, he bade him rise and see what was the matter. Sancho got up, though not without cursing those who broke his rest. He found the curate, and the two alcaldes, who came to call up Don Alvaro, that he might set out in the cool of the morning with the other gentlemen of Granada, as had been agreed among them the night before. That done, the curate and alcaldes returned home to give their guests some breakfast, who were after that to come and take up Tarfe in their way. All persons were presently up in Don Quixote’s house; and, whilst the stranger’s servants packed up all things to be gone, the housekeeper and Sancho made ready the breakfast. In the mean while, the Granadine, having dressed himself, said to Don Quixote, who came into his chamber to bid him good-morrow, ‘Sir Knight, I have a favour to beg of you; I am informed one of my horses is lame, and cannot carry the least weight, which will oblige me to leave here such part of my equipage as is most cumbersome, and not absolutely necessary. Among other things, I have a suit of armour

wrought at Milan, which I do not much care to carry to Saragossa; for, besides that it is more fit to run at the ring than for tilting, I have another suit, which I set a greater value upon. I desire, therefore, that you will order it to be laid up safe for me in your house till my return.’ He had no sooner spoken these words but two of his servants brought in a great trunk, and placed it at Don Quixote’s feet; who, having had the curiosity to view the whole suit of armour, piece by piece, was in an extasy of joy at so agreeable a spectacle. The armour was compleat, back and breast, gorge, head-piece, greaves, gauntlets, arms, and knees; in short, nothing was wanting. Our knight, whose fancy travelled far in a short time, presently conceived what excellent use he could make of so rich a trust; and being possessed with this imagination, he said to the Granadine, with a cheerful countenance—‘I hope, Don Alvaro, you will not have cause to repent entrusting me with so precious a treasure.’ Then he asked what sort of equipage he would appear in at the tilting, what liveries he would give, and what device he would bear. To all which Tarfe answered him precisely, without imagining in the least what strange projects his curious examiner had in his head. Whilst they were putting up the armour into the trunk, Sancho came in, saying, ‘Don Alvaro Tarfe may be pleased to come and sit down to table, for I have taken care to get breakfast ready.’—‘Say you so, friend Sancho?’ quoth the Granadine: ‘I perceive you are a man of dispatch. But is your stomach come to you so early in the morning?’—‘As for that,’ replied Sancho, ‘you need not question it; and it deserves to be recorded in the parish register; for, in spite of the devil and all his works, my stomach is so good, that I never remember rising full crammed from table in all my life-time; unless it were a twelvemonth ago, when my uncle James Alonzo, being steward of the brotherhood of the Rosary, employed me to distribute the dole of bread and cheese: that day, Sir, I must confess I was forced to let out two holes of my girdle.’—‘God continue your good appetite!’ answered Don Alvaro; ‘I would give a great

great deal to have such a sound condition of body.' Tarfe had scarce eat a bit when the other Granadine gentlemen came in; and day beginning to appear, he mounted his horse, after returning thanks to Don Quixote for his courteous entertainment. But our knight thinking himself obliged by all the rules of chivalry, as well errant as sedentary, to bear them company some part of the way, caused Rozinante to be brought out of the stable, ready saddled and bridled; and, placing him before Don Alvaro, 'Behold,' says he, 'the finest horse you ever heard of: Bucephalus, Alfano, Sayan, Rapieca, Bayard, Cornelin, and Pegafus himself, were not to compare to him.' — 'I believe so, since you say it,' replied Tarfe smiling, after viewing the skeleton beast with astonishment; 'but in truth, good Sir Don Quixote, by his looks, a man would never believe what you say of him.' Most certain it is, that Rozinante, being prodigiously tall and long, and withal so lean that one might have shot straws through him, did not seem entirely to deserve the eulogy of his master. To conclude, the Granadines set forwards; and when they had rode about a quarter of a league, they entreated Don Quixote not to give himself the trouble of going any farther. There passed betwixt them some little courteous contest; but at length the most obliging knight of La Mancha gave way to the pressing instances of the strangers, and returned to his village.

CHAP. V.

OF THE FIRST USE DON QUIXOTE MADE OF THE ARMOUR HE HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH BY DON ALVARO.

AS soon as Don Quixote came home, he sent for Sancho, who was just then got to his own house. The squire came running very readily upon his master's orders; who immediately double-locked his chamber-door, that nobody might interrupt him. 'Rejoice, my son,' said our knight; 'I have an agreeable piece of news to tell you: we may make our sally when we please, for I have met with a suit of armour already.' — 'Pray where is it?'

said the squire. 'In that trunk,' replied Don Quixote, shewing him that in which Don Alvaro's armour lay. 'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I doubt you know not what you say; we must not suffer ourselves to be tempted by other men's goods: that trunk is none of yours; it belongs to Don Alvaro Tarfe.' — 'That's your mistake,' answered Don Quixote: 'I must discover all the mystery to you, my friend. These arms are enchanted; and it is the wife Alquife, my protector, who sent them to me privately last night by Don Alvaro Tarfe, that I may go to the tilting at Saragossa, and there win the most valuable prize. This is a common practice of enchanters, when they will not personally shew themselves to the knights they favour: it was thus, and by the hands of the Infanta Imperia, that the wife Belonia sent armour to her favourite Don Belianis, when he undertook to fight for the Dutchess of Isperia, whom the great Cham of Tartary would have caused to be burnt. Be not, therefore, so silly as to believe this armour belongs to Don Alvaro; it belongs to none but me; and I tell you it is a present the wife Alquife sends me by him.' — 'If so,' said Sancho, 'let us examine this same armour a little, since the key is still in the trunk.' Don Quixote instantly opened it, and took out the armour. The squire, seeing it very highly polished, and adorned all over with flowers, trophies, and other delicate engravings, after the Milanese manner, concluded it must be all of beaten silver; and in rapture cried out, 'By the Lord, my dear master Don Quixote, that choice armour did doubtless belong to him that first laid the foundation of the Tower of Babel! If it were mine, I would cut it all out into curious shining pieces of eight, such as are current at this time.' Having so said, he took up the head-piece; and, having viewed it attentively, went on, saying, 'By the sacred beard of Pontius Pilate, this silver cap were fit for an archdeacon; and if the brim were but two fingers broader, the king himself might wear it. The curate had best put it on at the procession of the Rosary: this rare cap, and his fine brocade cope, will make him outshine the sun-dial. By my father's ghost, D I will

'I will lay a wager this armour is worth above sixty thousand millions! But tell me, pray, Sir, who was it that made it? Was it the wife of old thief himself? or did it come into the world ready-made?'—'How silly you are!' replied Don Quixote: 'the wife Alquife may very likely have been the workman; for doubtless it could not be wrought but by some great enchanter. And when I examine the exquisite workmanship of it, methinks I see the beautiful armour of Achilles, which Homer says was made by Vulcan, the infernal blacksmith, at the request of the goddess Thetis.'—'A plague rot him,' cried Sancho, 'for a cursed blacksmith, that works at the devil's forge! I will go to his shop to get him to mend my ploughshare; but let him stay awhile, with a pox to him!'—'It must be confessed,' quoth Don Quixote, without regarding what his squire said, he was so taken up with his own notions, 'that this is admirable armour. I am resolved, my son, to try it immediately; help me on with it.'—'By my faith,' said Sancho, at every piece of armour he put on, 'these plates of silver delight my eyes; they look like a glittering piece of church stuff!' But, above all, the gauntlets pleased him; he could never sufficiently admire them; and declared, if he had the like, he should never want gloves as long as he lived. Don Quixote now, seeing himself in armour cap-a-pie, began to swell with pride and exultation. 'Well, Sancho!' said he, in a louder tone than ordinary, 'what think you of this armour? Does it not add new dignity to my gallant demeanor?' Tell me, do you think the genteel Don Seraphin of Spain, whom none could behold without admiring, had so fine an air as I have? Whilst he uttered these words, he paraded pompously about the apartment with a stately step and elevated deportment; sometimes he stamped on the ground like one in a passion; sometimes he lifted his arms as if he threatened: then would he move five or six paces hastily; presently he stopped all on a sudden; and, at last, his extravagant ideas working with increased violence, transported him into a perfect phrenzy. He drew his sword; and, gazing on Sancho with a wild and ferocious aspect—

'Stay! thou devouring dragon!' exclaimed he to him, in a tone that might have frightened all the Sanchos in Spain out of their senses; 'thou dreadful monster of Lybia; thou infernal basilisk! stay, and thou shalt feel the wonderful force of my arm! Thou shalt see whether with one stroke of my redoubtable sword I cannot cut asunder, not only thy venomous and monstrous figure, but even the two sturdiest giants that ever the haughty and enormous race produced!' This said, he advanced towards the amazed and terrified squire; who, perceiving him make towards him in that outrageous manner, sheltered himself behind the bed, which being fortunately at a distance from the wall, gave him opportunity of avoiding the first assault of his master. Still the raving knight did not recover himself from his phrenzy; he vapoured about the room like a demoniack, flourishing his sword round his head with such skill and agility, that the most active gladiator could not have outdone him. He laid about him to the right and to the left, back-stroke and fore-stroke, slashing all that stood in his way, cutting the hangings and other goods in a most dismal manner; but, above all, the bed-curtains and coverlid were hewn to tatters in an instant. 'Thou proud giant!' cried he to the quaking and miserable Sancho; 'thou haughty animal! thy last hour is now come; thou shalt now satisfy the Divine Vengeance for all the ills thou hast done in this world!'

As he thus cried out, he made such a home-thrust, that had the bed been a little narrower, or had not the curtains in some degree broken the force of the push, there infallibly had been an end of the faithfullest of all squires. The poor wretch did not spare his voice in this most imminent danger: he roared loud, and hideously; and squeezed himself up against the wall as flat as a flounder, to avoid the fatal blade of his master. Happy had it been for him to have possessed the strength of Samson, that so he might have driven back the wall a pike's length! Still he bawled out, as loud as he could stretch his throat—'Alas! my dear lord and master! by all the miseries the devil brought upon holy Job; by the wounds of master St. Lazarus; by the holy arrows of Sir Saint Sebastian;—

'tian; I conjure you have compassion on my poor sinful soul!' These words, instead of appeasing Don Quixote, seemed rather to confirm him in his folly, and to encourage him the more to pursue a revenge which he thought necessary for the publick safety, honourable to knight-errantry, and meritorious towards purchasing Heaven. 'Ah, subtle serpent!' replied he in the same haughty tone, 'thou crawlest at present, and hopest to appease my wrath with humble expressions; but thou art deceived! thou shalt not impose on me by thy fraudulent supplications! Deliver, deliver up, I say, thou lustful monster! all the princesses, whom, contrary to all right and reason, thou detainest in thy castle, that harbour of robbers like thyself! Restore, thou infamous thief! the immense treasures thou hast stolen; set free the knights thou hast kept enchanted for so many ages; and surrender up to my hands the wicked enchantress that has been the occasion of so much mischief!'—'Good master Don Quixote!' cried the squire, recollect, for the love of God, that I am neither knight nor prince; nor much less that cursed enchantress you talk of: I am poor Sancho Panza, your neighbour and your faithful squire, and husband to honest Mary Gutierrez, whom you have above half made a widow by putting me in such a fright. Ah! ill luck on her that bore me!'—'If then you will have me give over pursuing you,' quoth Don Quixote, 'cause the empress I demand of you to be forthcoming immediately; but let her be brought safe and sound, pure and unspotted, and I will receive thy haughty figure to mercy, after thou shalt have owned thyself vanquished. Wilt thou perform this, thou arrogant monster?'—'I will, in the name of all the devils in hell!' quoth Sancho; but open the door for me first, and put up that cursed sword which pierces me with fear, and I will instantly bring you hither not only all the princesses you require, but even Annas and Caiphas, if you desire it.' This promise laid the storm; and our knight returned his sword to the scabbard with as much gravity and deliberation as if nothing extraordinary had been done, yet bathed in sweat,

and very much tired by the terrible blows he had bestowed upon the bed and furniture, during his conflict with the imaginary giant. Sancho, having somewhat recovered himself, crept out from behind the bed, pale and ghastly, and his eyes still flowing with tears. He cast himself at his master's feet, and with a weak and feeble voice exclaimed—'Sir Knight Errant, I own myself vanquished, and beg of you to forgive me, and I will never return to this place again!' Don Quixote gravely gave him his hand to kiss in token of forgiveness, repeating a Latin verse he was often wont to make use of—

'Parcere prostratis docuit nos ira leonis.'

'The lion teaches us to spare the fallen.'

'I will receive thee to mercy, giant,' continued the knight, 'in imitation of some ancient knights, whose example I design to follow; but it must be upon condition that thou shalt thoroughly amend thy life, and shalt be ready to do all service to young damsels, according to the rules of ancient chivalry; ceasing to commit any outrage against them, and righting all wrongs to the utmost of thy power.'—'I do vow and promise so to do,' replied Sancho, 'with all my soul; and do offer the curate to be my security for performance, who I am sure will be bound for me upon this occasion: but that there may be no mistake, your worship will be pleased to tell me, whether, when you oblige me to set right all that is wrong, you suppose that clause to include the licentiate Peter Garcia, prior of Toboso; who, having a club-foot, is in that part not right naturally: for, to deal plainly with you, good Sir, it is God that made him so, and I will not concern myself with it.'

These words removed the cloud from the eyes of Don Quixote; who, being at length come to himself, easily concluded, that, after the scene he had been acting, Sancho would have no great relish for the profession; and therefore, resolving to turn it all into raillery, he said to him, in a pleasant tone, and smiling, 'Well, what think you of all this, my son? Is not the man who could give you such a proof of his courage

'in a chamber locked up—is not he, I
 'say, able to overthrow a multitude of
 'enemies, though ever so brave, in
 'open field?'—'By my troth,' quoth
 Sancho, 'all I can say to you is, that
 'if you design to give me such proofs
 'as these often, I have done with the
 'calling. You may from this time
 'provide yourself another squire: no
 'wages, no ass, no equipage, shall
 'draw me along; I leave it all to you!'—
 'Enough, friend!' answered Don
 Quixote; 'all that I did was only to
 'show you my courage and activity.'—
 'Well, well,' replied Sancho, 'you
 'make a pretty business of it, by my
 'troth! What is past, is past; but,
 'pray, why did you make those thrusts
 'and cuts so home, that they grated
 'upon my very ears?'—'I have not
 'hurt you,' rejoined Don Quixote;
 'and I took a great deal of care to a-
 'void it. Once more I tell you, all
 'this is but mere pastime, which you
 'ought not to take ill in the least.'—
 'Let it pass, then, for once,' said the
 squire: 'but come no more there; for,
 'by the Lord Harry, I do not like such
 'pastime!'—'Talk no more of it,'
 quoth Don Quixote; 'but help to dis-
 'arm me, and let us think of nothing
 'but our expedition.' Sancho being
 thus reconciled, they began to lay the
 project of their sally; and it was soon
 settled, that the eight hundred ducats
 which Don Quixote inherited from his
 niece Magdalen, should be appropriated
 to that purpose; that Thomas Cecial's
 ass should be bought with part of it
 that very day; and that all the rest
 should be put up in a cloak-bag, with
 some linen. This was accordingly put
 in execution to a tittle, as our Arabian
 historian relates it. Sancho bought his
 gossip's ass, and came the next day to
 Don Quixote to acquaint him with it.
 'I come to tell you, Sir,' said he, 'that
 'I have the finest ass betwixt this and
 'Salamanca: you need but hear him
 'bray to be convinced. Oh, the rogue
 'will perform the drudgery of chi-
 'valry most compleatly! I long to be
 'upon him.'—'You shall not be de-
 'tained long,' quoth Don Quixote;
 'for I design to set out this night. We
 'have nothing to do now but to pre-
 'pare all things for it: and we shall
 'meet with no hindrance, because we
 'are alone; for my housekeeper is gone
 'to wash linen at the pond of Toboso.

'Now let us examine whether Roz-
 'nante be in good plight, and want
 'nothing: then will we search all the
 'house to see if we can find the lance
 'and the buckler I had last year. If
 'we do not find them, we cannot miss
 'of something to make others.'—
 'With submission to your better judg-
 'ment,' said the squire, 'I think we
 'had best begin by searching the house;
 'and if we happen to find your last year's
 'lance and target, we will then carry
 'Rozinante a measure of barley; we
 'will saddle him, and all under one
 'make him just ready to set out, which
 'will put us in some forwardness.'—
 'No great matter,' replied Don Quix-
 ote; 'but, since you will have it so, I
 'am content; let us search the house
 'out of hand.' They went directly,
 therefore, into the kitchen; where San-
 cho espying a broom, laid hold of it;
 and having viewed it well, 'Sir,' said
 he to his master, 'I have a thought
 'come into my head: by my troth, I
 'believe this is your lance; without
 'doubt your lady housekeeper has made
 'a broomstick of it.'—'I should be
 'loath to swear for her,' answered Don
 Quixote; 'the poor housekeeper knows
 'not the value of such things; and,
 'besides, she is so ill affected to knights-
 'errant, that she is likely enough to
 'have put one of the most glorious in-
 'struments of chivalry to that vile
 'use.'—'Well, Sir,' quoth the squire,
 'where the needle is lost, there it is
 'found. If Madam Housekeeper has
 'made a broomstick of a lance, why
 'may not we make a lance of a broom-
 'stick? Nothing is easier; it is only
 'kicking off the broom, and fastening
 'a spear at the end of the staff.'—
 'You are in the right,' said Don
 Quixote; 'and I have a sharp piece of
 'iron in my chamber, which will be
 'fit for the purpose.'—'Good,' quoth
 Sancho; 'if so, we want nothing but
 'a buckler, and we are in the field.
 'Let us look about narrowly, and per-
 'haps we may meet with it.' From
 the kitchen they went into a room where
 the housekeeper lay; and there they left
 no place unsearched: nor did they lose
 their labour; for our knight espying
 an old great brass-plate, on which they
 used to dry linen, on the top of a cup-
 board, which had been thrown there
 because the foot was broke off and the
 plate bruised and battered, 'Ah!

! what

‘what is this?’ cried he. ‘What a miracle, Sancho! I espy on that cupboard the most precious buckler in the world!’ Having spoken these words, he mounted upon a chair to reach the brass-plate; and as soon as he had it in his hands, ‘O wife Alquise!’ exclaimed he, ‘how much is Don Quixote de la Mancha obliged to you! How shall I be able to acknowledge such favours?’—‘Son Sancho, admire what this great enchanter, my protector, does for me! He is not satisfied with sending me enchanted armour, but to that present he adds this wonderful buckler, which is the same the matchless Emperor Bendanazar formerly bore.’—‘Sir,’ replied the squire, shaking his head, ‘I can assure you that is none of the buckler you talk of; for it is an old rusty brass-plate to dry linen on.’—‘I grant it is like one,’ rejoined Don Quixote; ‘and it is that which deceives you. So you took Mambrino’s helmet for a barber’s bason, because it was like a bason*. You give too much credit to outward appearances: but you may rely on me; knights are never imposed upon. You must understand, friend, that Bendanazar had three things which made him invincible, and by means whereof he conquered the empires of Babylon, of Persia, and of Trebizond. The first of them was a ring †, whose virtue was such, that the person who wore it could not be enchanted; the second was a sword, which at one stroke, and without any labour, would cut in pieces the best-tempered armour; and, lastly, the third was this wonderful buckler you see here, which is impenetrable, and would resist even a thunderbolt!’—‘Heaven be praised, Sir!’ said Sancho: ‘in truth, it was well done of you to tell me all this; for the devil take him that would ever have imagined that target to be any other than an old brass-plate to dry linen on, which

‘I should not have thought worth picking off the ground. Would to God we had the ring and the good sword of that Bendanazar! But if we cannot have all, we must be satisfied with what we have. The batchelor Sampson Carrasco was in the right, the other day, when he said that all men could not be popes, nor archdeacons; and that, so he had but a good mitre and crozier, he cared for no more.’

Don Quixote was overjoyed that he was master of a buckler whose excellency he was so well acquainted with; yet he found one objection against it, and was a long while before he could contrive how to render it serviceable; for it had no ring within to hold it on the arm: however, being ingenious, he at length devised a remedy. He made two holes through it, and fastened in them a great leather thong, which had formerly served him for a girdle. The squire perceiving that his master had pierced the buckler, said to him, ‘Ho, Sir! did not you say this target was not to be pierced? I perceive there is no duty laid upon lying.’—‘Do not wonder at that,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘for the great magician who made it, enchanted it after such a manner, that the knights who are possessed of it may make what they please of it; whereas in battle it cannot be pierced or cut, or broken, as you may plainly see by these dreadful blows that have fallen upon it, and which have only made a small impression on it.’ As he said this, he shewed him the many bruises there were on the brass-plate. When the knight had fitted his shield and lance, he went out with Sancho to the bin where the barley lay, and taking out a double measure, carried it to the stable. Rozinante, who had a good nose, soon smelt it, and began to neigh; which Don Quixote looked upon as an undoubted good omen of the success of his folly. They saddled that excellent horse, and had leisure to prepare all

* In an old romance in Ottava Rima, entitled *Innamoramento di Rinaldo*, is a long account of a Pagan king, named Mambrino, who comes against Charlemagne and the Christians with a vast army. He is at last killed by Rinaldo; but no particular mention is made of his helmet.—For the account of the Barber’s Bason, which Don Quixote takes possession of as the helmet of Mambrino, see Cervantes. In the first book of Ariosto’s *Orlando Furioso*, Mambrino’s helmet is mentioned as being worn by Rinaldo.

† This ring of Bendanazar’s, or (as his name is spelt in an English translation of the *Romance of Belianis*) Brandezar, was won from him by Don Belianis, who slew the emperor in a dreadful combat; but it does not appear in the above-named translation, that this ring had any thing to do with Brandezar’s conquest of Babylon, &c.

things for their departure before the housekeeper returned; who, not dreaming that any thing was in agitation, retired to bed peaceably, as she was wont. Don Quixote, taking the advantage of her first sleep, armed himself, and went down, without making the least noise, into the court, opened the street-door to let in Sancho, as had been agreed between them; and, taking Rozinante out of the stable, they both left the village.

CHAP. VI.

OF DON QUIXOTE'S THIRD SALLY;
OF THE NEW APPELLATION HE
MADE CHOICE OF; AND OF HIS
FIRST ADVENTURE.

IT was towards the latter end of August, at least five hours before break of day, when the famous knight of La Mancha set forth from the village of Argamassilla, mounted on Rozinante, and fearfully equipped with the armour of the Granadine. In his right-hand he grasped his lance, and on his left-arm he bore the inestimable buckler of Bendanazar: his matchless squire followed him on his new ass, with his portmanteau behind him, and a wallet stored with provision. They rode without speaking a considerable time; when Don Quixote at length broke silence—'You see,' said he, 'my son, how favourable all things seem to our design: the moon lights us with all her borrowed rays; and we have as yet seen nothing which we can interpret to be an ill omen.'—'All is well hitherto,' quoth the squire; 'but I am very much afraid, lest to-morrow Master Nicholas and the curate, missing us in the village, should pursue us with all their retinue; and if once they catch us, beware of the cage, good Sir Don Quixote; you are well acquainted with every inch of it. By the Lord, the relapse would be worse than the disease itself!'—'O thou cowardly and perfidious barber!' cried our hero; 'I could find in my heart to go back to the village to challenge, man to man, all the barbers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, in the world; as also all the curates, archdeacons, canons, and chanters, of the Greek and Latin

church. Is it possible, friend, you should make so small account of my valour, as to think I can be afraid of such weak enemies? Could you bring more lions than Africa contains in its vast compass, more tigers than Hyrcania produces, and more monsters than the desert Lybia can breed on its burning sands, for me to engage them all, you should see your undaunted master deliver himself up to the most dreadful dangers with such resolution, that you could not but compare him to Alexander the Great! And you would be in the right for so doing: for I will lay a wager, and it is past all dispute, that if my breast were opened, my heart would be found hairy, as was that valiant king's. Do not therefore give ear, my son, to the suggestions of that base fear; and from this time think of nothing but the honour that waits me at Saragossa, part of which will redound upon you: but for the fulfilling, in all points, the statutes and ordinances of ancient chivalry, I must adorn this buckler, which is infinitely better tempered than that of Atlas, with some ingenious device; and it being convenient that every device should express the inward sentiments of the knight's heart who appears at the tilting, I will therefore cause two damiels, ravishingly beautiful, to be painted on my shield; and they shall be deeply in love with my gentled mien and courage. On the top shall be placed the God of Love, who, extending his arms with his bended bow, shall level all his arrows at me; but I will appear unconcerned at his threats, receiving his arrows on my shield, and they shall drop, without doing execution, at my feet: at the bottom of the buckler shall be these words, "The Loveless Knight!"—Upon my life, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'it is a rare device, and the name fits it well! I find by my hand we shall do well enough without a mistress; and we shall live the longer for it, for I have often heard the barber say that is the way to be long-lived.'

Such was the discourse between our adventurers, who rode on all the rest of the night, and most part of the day, without resting: but now the squire, who was not so indefatigable as his master, was upon the point of beginning

to rail against knight-errantry, when they discovered an inn at a good distance from them. 'God be praised!' cried Sancho, 'I espy a good likely inn, where we may pass the night; and to-morrow we will prosecute our journey merrily.' Don Quixote, who was then in the vein of taking inns for castles, looking on this, said—'Upon the word of a knight, that is one of the strongest castles in all Spain! I scarce think there is such another in all Lombardy!'—'Pray, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'take heed what you say. Me thinks you are too rash in swearing by your knighthood. Perhaps that which to you looks like a castle, and to me like an inn, may more likely be the one than the other.'—'I tell you it is a castle,' answered Don Quixote; 'and a wonderful piece of architecture! How regular it is, and how advantageously seated! Do not you see it's lofty towers and it's battlements, it's great draw-bridge, and the two fierce griffins that guard the entrance?' Sancho opened his eyes as wide as he could stare, the better to discover the towers and the griffins; and it was none of his fault if he saw them not. 'Sir,' said he, 'you will make me mad: that house has neither towers nor griffins; and all I can say of it is, that if this be not an inn, there never was an inn in this world.'—The knight stiffly maintained the contrary; and, whilst they were thus contending, two men on foot passed by them. The squire asked them whether the house he saw was an inn, or a castle: they answered, it was an inn, and known in that country by the name of 'The Inn of the Hangdog;' because formerly the innkeeper had been hanged for murdering a passenger that lay in his house. 'It is false,' cried Don Quixote, sternly. 'Away! and evil go with you, base scoundrels that ye are! thus to take away the Constable's reputation, who has always been looked upon among us as a worthy and honest knight! As for that castle, I maintain it is no inn; it is a castle, in spite of you, and all others that shall think the contrary.' The two travellers were no less surprized at these words, than at the strange figure of him who pronounced them: but seeing him so wrathful, they would not venture to contradict him; and so went on their

way, not knowing what to think of this encounter. When Don Quixote was within musket-shot of the inn, he stopped, and said to his squire—'Friend Sancho, we must not engage here rashly: let us join prudence with valour; and, since you serve me in the quality of a squire, it belongs to you to go and view the place. Draw, therefore, as near as conveniently you can to that castle, and view it exactly, that you may be able to make a just report of all things to me: take by your eye nicely the breadth and depth of the ditch. Observe well the situation and manner of the gates, the draw-bridges, the turnpikes, the towers and turrets, the platforms, the covert-way, the counterscarp, the parapets, the caponnières, the redoubts, the gabions, and the corps-de-guard: but, above all, enquire what ammunition they have, and how many years provision; whether they have water in their cisterns; and, in short, what sort of people, and what numbers they are, that defend so important a fortress.'—'Hey-day!' said Sancho, interrupting him, 'where the devil do you find all that stuff? Why you will make me as mad as a March-hare! We have here an inn at hand, and may go into it this minute, and eat and drink for our money without quarrelling or fighting with anybody; and you would have me to go find out bridges, ditches, towers, and all the rest of that confounded bead-roll you have just now run over. If the innkeeper sees me rounding his house, he will fancy I design to steal his hens, and will come out and break my bones for me. For God's sake, Sir, let us not play the devil in inns, lest we meet with more blanket-tossers and enchanters in them! Let us not run ourselves into mischief when we are well; and since we can walk dry-shod, why should we wet our feet?'—'Do what I bid you,' replied Don Quixote, 'and talk no more. Be docile, and let your valour be accompanied by a ready and exact obedience: it is that, my son, which has rendered the Spaniards so formidable; and it is no wonder; for the subalterns being obedient to their superiors, all things are performed orderly and regularly, which makes them more staunch and solid; whereas other

other nations, not observing such strict discipline, which is the key to success, are easily broken and routed.'—'Well, Sir,' said the squire, 'I will obey you; or else we should never have done. Dapple and I will go put your orders in execution; Rozinante and you may follow us gently: but I must tell you, that if I find none of all that you have said, I will enter the inn without farther ceremony, and will there give orders for our supper; for, by my faith, my guts are so empty, that they twist again for mere hunger!' Having so said, he clapped his heels to his ass's sides, and soon got to the inn. There he looked all about him; and seeing nothing but a plain house, and a sign to it—'I knew well enough,' said he to himself, in a transport of joy, 'that this house was a good inn, an heavenly inn, and more useful than all the castles in Spain!' This said, he went up to the door, and asked the innkeeper whether he had entertainment. 'I have,' quoth the host, who was a pleasant fellow; 'your ass and you shall be treated like princes.' Upon this fair promise Sancho alighted; and, taking off his portmanteau, desired the landlord to lock it up for him. Then enquiring what there was to eat, he was told there was an excellent cabbage soup; and, if that was not enough, they would lay down a curious young rabbit. Sancho gave two skips in the air when he heard that blessed soup mentioned; and, hoping to stuff his carcase with it, he led his Dapple to the stable, and whilst he was giving him straw and barley, and ordering some for Rozinante, Don Quixote came up to the house.

The innkeeper and some travellers, who were then standing at the door, spying so extraordinary a phantom in armour, imagined they beheld some figure cut out of old tapestry. They viewed him attentively from head to foot; whilst he, casting a side glance upon them, and looking very gravely, passed by without stopping, or speaking one word. He rounded the inn, examined the wall nicely, and measured its height with his lance in several places. At length, having thoroughly traversed the whole building, and arrived at the door again, he then stopped, and raising himself fiercely on his stirrups—'Indefatigable governor!' said he, with

a dreadful voice—'and you, redoubted knights! who watch day and night to guard this place you have been entrusted with—behold here the Loveless Knight! I do summon and require you to deliver to me instantly, and without the least reply, my faithful squire; whom you, contrary to the laws of good chivalry, have taken by treachery, or by the fatal art of the old sorcerers who affords you her black assistance. It is an excess of courtesy towards you which inclines me to demand him by words, when it is in my power to right myself by force of arms. Restore him to me, then, unless you will have me put you all to the sword, and raze this impregnable castle to the ground! But restore him to me safe and sound, pure and unspotted, as also all the knights and damsels whom your unheard-of cruelty has immured in deep dungeons. If not, come out all together against me, not unarmed as I see you are now, but with your best-tempered arms, and your lances of hard ash which you brandish in so dreadful a manner! Mount your swiftest coursers, and all at once assail me! Here I expect you, to chastise your boldness!' Whilst he thus spoke, he was forced every moment to tug with might and main the bridle of Rozinante, whom with much difficulty he restrained from entering a stable which the poor beast found himself near to, and laboured hard to take possession of. The pretended defenders of the castle were much surprized at the knight's discourse; and perceiving that, in pursuance of his challenge, he endeavoured to provoke them to the combat, calling them slaves and cowards, the innkeeper undertook to answer him, and said—'Sir Knight, here is no castle that I know of, nor any knights to defend it. All our strength is in our wine, which is so brisk that it will not only knock a man down, but will make him say as much or more than we have heard from your worship. I solemnly assure you that we have no squire shut up in our inn. If you have a mind to take up your lodging in it, why do not you alight. We will treat you handsomely; and, if you have a fancy to it, we will furnish you with a brisk Galician lads to pull off your stockings, and she is as ready to

to perform as to tender her service.' These courteous offers did not satisfy our Loveless Knight. 'I vow,' cried he, 'by the sacred order of knight-errantry, that unless this minute you deliver up to me the flower of trusty squires, and that Galician princess you talk of, you shall all perish by my sword!' As Don Quixote was not a man that would vent his threats in vain, it is impossible to say what might have happened, if Sancho, hearing the altercation, had not stepped out to pacify his master. He ran to him; and, laying hold of his bridle—'The noble Don Quixote,' said he, 'is welcome! He may safely come in. As soon as ever they beheld me, they all submitted themselves. Alight, then, Sir,' continued he; 'they are all our friends, and only wait to treat us with such a cabbage soup as St. Christopher himself would be glad to meet with; and which I think it long till I am engaged with!'—'But, my son,' said Don Quixote, 'has nobody wronged you? Tell me ingenuously? I am ready to revenge your quarrel.'—'No, no, Sir,' replied the squire; 'nobody in this house has touched the tip of my finger, and all my limbs are as sound as when I came out of my mother's belly.'—'If so,' quoth Don Quixote, 'take this buckler in one hand, and with the other hold my stirrup till I alight.' Our knight being dismounted, went into the house; and Sancho led Rozinante to the stable. Whatever the host could say to him, Don Quixote would not unarm; alledging that, among Pagans, it was not good to be too secure. He only took off his head-piece, and sat down to table merely out of complaisance. The soup and the rabbit were served up. He scarce meddled with them, though he had not eaten a bit the whole day; and spent all supper-time in exhibiting the dignity and haughtiness of a knight-errant. As for his squire, he was more complaisant to his entertainment; for, after devouring all the soup, he swallowed down above three pounds of beef and mutton, and all the rabbit, besides two bottles of white wine, which he drank to the last drop.

After supper, the innkeeper led Don Quixote into a handsome apartment. Sancho unarmed his master, and then went out to lead Rozinante and Dapple

to water, and give them another measure of barley and straw. Whilst he was in the stable, the Galician maid, whose good-nature the host had not commended without cause, went into Don Quixote's chamber, and accosting him with more impudence than good grace, said to him—'Sir Knight, I come to know of you whether you have any need of me. Though my complexion is a little brown, yet I am not dirty. Tell me, then, shall I pull off your stockings? I am very ambitious of serving you; for I never saw any thing so like a rogue I was once in love with, as you are. But no more of him; what is past is gone. It was a damned dog of a captain, who stole me away from my father's house, promising to marry me; but, as yet, he has not been so good as his word; and the scoundrel was gone in the morning with all my cloaths and jewels.' As the pretended damsel uttered these words, she burst into tears; and, immediately refusing her speech, said—'Sir Knight, though you see I am servant to an honest innkeeper, yet I am a damsel and a maid of honour. But, unhappy orphan that I am, I am left alone and in want; without hopes of any relief but what I must expect from Heaven, and from the generosity of the knight that now bears me. Would to God some good Christian would revenge my wrongs, and pierce the heart of the traitor that deceived my unsuspecting innocence!'—'Most beautiful princess,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her eagerly, 'leave that to me. It is the duty of knights-errant to right such wrongs as those; and I swear, by the order of knighthood which I profess, that, after the tilting at Saragossa, at which I cannot avoid being present, I will punish that perfidious man who has so basely forsaken you! To-morrow you shall mount your white palfrey; and, covering your beautiful countenance with a veil, that the affliction which causes your tears to flow may not appear, you shall go with me, if you please, to the royal tilting at Saragossa, attended by your faithful dwarf. Do not make any longer stay here, most charming virgin! retire to your apartment, to taste the sweet repose of the night on that happy bed which alone enjoys the blessing of

'holding your tender limbs, and rely on a word which cannot fail.' The Galician wench, finding herself dismissed with such singular expressions, presently concluded that Don Quixote was a different sort of being from the muleteers that used to travel that road. But her design being to draw a few rials* from him; and perceiving that the story of the captain had not succeeded as she expected, she immediately altered her method. 'Sir Knight,' said she, 'if you have any kindness for me, I beseech you to lend me two or three rials, because I am in great need; for yesterday, as I was washing the dishes, I had the misfortune to break two curious earthen plates; and my master swears he will break my bones, if I do not pay for them.'—'Fear nothing, my princess,' replied Don Quixote very gravely; 'the audacious man that dares touch you, shall touch me in the apples of my eyes.'—'I am much obliged to you, good Sir,' quoth the wench; 'and I should be much more so, if you would be pleased to give me the two rials I ask. That will save me the beating my master has promised me; and he is the most punctual man in the world at keeping such promises.'—'How, two rials,' said Don Quixote; 'I'll sooner give you two hundred ducats, nay three hundred, if you want them.' The wench, who looked no higher than two rials, supposing by his offer she should easily have them, drew near to the knight, without any ceremony, to requite him with a hug; but Don Quixote, like another Joseph, started up in terror at the danger this amorous inn-keeping wife of Potiphar was like to bring him into. 'I have never read,' quoth he in great disorder, 'that any knight-errant, of those I intend to imitate, gave way, upon the like occasion, to any dishonest action.' This said, he called upon his faithful squire to come to the relief of his virtue, which was attacked so dangerously. 'Sancho! Sancho!' cried he, 'bring me our portmanteau.'

The squire, who was then talking with the landlord, running up—'Open that portmanteau,' said the knight, 'and give this beautiful infanta two hundred ducats. We shall be no

losers by it, my son; for when I shall have taken revenge of an outrage done to her, she will not only return us that sum, but she will give you part of the jewels and precious stones a discourteous knight has ungraciously robbed her of.' The sparing squire hearing such an extravagant order, thought his very soul was going to be torn from him. 'What do you talk of two hundred ducats?' quoth he in a surly manner. 'Is it not much easier to give this impudent baggage two hundred kicks in the guts? By the giant Goliath's ears, I'll give no such sum! Does the brazen jilt think her strumpet's face, and her tanned hide, are worth half that money? Was it not she that asked me just now in the stable to give her a groat. Oh, the jade! As I hope to live, Sir, if I lay hold of her hair, I'll make her skip down all the stairs at once! When the wench saw Sancho in such a rage, she drew him aside, and said to him—'My dear friend, your master only bids you give me two rials, and I desire no more; for I am sensible enough there is no thinking of two hundred ducats.' The knight of La Mancha was not a little surprized to see his squire treat a princess with so much familiarity. 'Sancho,' said he to him, 'do what I bid you immediately, and let me hear no more of you. We will set out to-morrow with the infanta, to conduct her back into her country, where we shall be repaid with interest.' The squire perceiving he must submit, said to his master, 'Well, Sir, I'll retire and pay her that money below stairs at my leisure.—Let us go, Madam Infanta.' Will you please to walk down, and help me to carry this portmanteau? I'll pay you immediately.' As silly as Sancho was, he had more wit than to obey his master. He gave the wench but a groat, swearing he would beat her like stock-fish, if she did not tell Don Quixote she had received two hundred ducats. To which the sly gipsy made answer—'I am very well satisfied with this groat, master squire; and I wish you good night.' The innkeeper took the wench into the kitchen; and Sancho went to bed on a quilt they had laid for him upon two

* The Rial Plate is a Spanish coin worth about sixpence; but the Rial Bas is only worth a groat.

mules pannels, making a pillow of the dearly-beloved portmanteau which he had so lately preserved from being embowelled by the extravagance of his master.

The first thing he did the next morning, was to give straw and barley to Rozinante and the ass. Then he caused a good piece of lamb, or mutton, (for none but the innkeeper could decide which it was) to be laid to the fire. That done, he went up to his master's chamber to awake him. The poor knight was but then got to sleep; he had not been able to close his eyes all night, his head was so full of the tilting, and of the revenge he was to take on the perfidious captain. He was so discomposed with these whimsies that, awaking in a consternation when his squire called him, he cried out—'O thou disloyal knight! who, after breaking thy plighted faith, art not ashamed to see the light of the sun! behold here the avenger of the Princesses of Galicia!'—'Do not put yourself into a passion, good Sir,' answered Sancho; 'the princess is well paid, and kisses your errant worship's hands. Rise quickly, for breakfast will soon be ready.'—'I am resolved to set out immediately,' said Don Quixote, getting up; 'for I think it long till I am at Saragossa. Help me on with my armour, and let us stay here no longer.' As soon as he was armed, he went down into the kitchen, where he took two or three mouthfuls standing; and then causing Rozinante to be brought out, vaulted gracefully into the saddle; and, raising his voice, said to the innkeeper, and other standers by—'Generous Castellano—and you, valiant knights of this fortress—consider whether I can do you any service.'—'Sir Knight,' answered the host, 'we want nothing at present, God be praised, but that you order your squire to pay for your meat, and the straw and barley for your beasts.'—'Friend,' replied Don Quixote, 'pray, with your leave, where did you ever read, that Constables, who have had the good fortune to entertain knights errant in their castles, made them pay for their entertainment?'—'Every man has his way,' quoth the innkeeper; 'and my method is, not to lodge any man for nothing.'—'Well,' said Don Quixote, 'since you will be taken for an innkeeper,

what is it you demand?'—'Fourteen rials,' quoth the host. "Enough," replied the knight; and ordered Sancho to pay him: but, at the same time, spying the Galician wench with a broom in her hand, he cried out—'O sovereign infanta, here am I ready to undergo all hazards in performing the promise I made to you. I burn with impatience till I restore you to all your rights, and bring you back to your illustrious parents; whose eyes, since they saw you, are become inexhausted fountains of tears. Grieved am I to the heart to see so worthy a princess in the habit of a servant of an inn, and sweeping the house of such infamous wretches as these are. Mount, then, your palfrey immediately; or, if ill fortune has deprived you of it, make use of my squire's indefatigable steed, and come along with us to Saragossa.' The innkeeper, who was apt to take what he heard in the worst sense, fancying by this talk that our knight had a mind to debauch his servant, and that she was consenting to it, grew angry; and, calling out to the girl—'How now, impudence!' said he, 'do you dare to put tricks upon me? By the Lord, I'll make you repent your intrigue with this madman! May never barber's basin come near my beard, if you do not pay for this! Away, you slut! go wash your dishes, and leave off your lewd intrigues with that crack-brained fellow.' The Galician, relying on her innocence, would have cleared herself; but the furious innkeeper, not giving her time, stopped her mouth with a sound cuff on the face, accompanied by half a score good kicks, which overthrew the princess almost crippled.

O ye Heavens! what a spectacle was this for the Knight of La Mancha! To what a paroxysm of passion did not this dismal sight transport him! Achilles, when he ran to revenge the death of Patroclus; the god Mars, when he saw the blood run from the goddess Cytherea; were not half so exasperated or frantick. To delineate the dreadful aspect of Don Quixote at that moment, would require a pen dipt in the infernal streams of Tartarus. He instantly unsheathed his sword, and raising himself in his stirrups at least half a foot higher than ordinary, addressed himself to the innkeeper with a voice like that of

Mars when he agitates the mountains of Thrace—'O thou rash knight!' quoth he, 'who hast dared presume in my presence to insult the most noble lady in all Spain, do not think so heinous a crime shall go unpunished!' Thus saying, he spurred Rozinante fiercely forward upon the constable of the castle, who thought of nothing less than this invasion; and, whirling round his blade in the air, discharged such a formidable blow on the seat of his antagonist's understanding, that had not the thickness of his hat caused it to glance aside, the kitchen-prince's had been compleatly revenged of the knight of the inn. The cruel blade, however, grazed his skull, mowed down one side of his hair, and carried away a small piece of his ear. The blood streaming from the wound, alarmed all the inn, and every man laid hold of the weapon that first presented itself. The innkeeper ran into the kitchen roaring like a bull; and, seizing the longest spit he was master of, breathed nothing but speedy revenge. In the mean while, Don Quixote, contrary to his custom, had very discreetly withdrawn to a little distance, the better to stand the fierce attack which he expected to be made upon him. The inn was seated on a rising ground, and about a stone's throw from it was a large meadow; in the midst of that meadow the courageous avenger of insulted beauties thought fit to encamp. There he cried aloud, 'War! war!' obliging Rozinante to traverse the ground every way in a most awkward manner, and fiercely brandishing his sword; for Sancho was left behind in the inn with his lance and target. The judicious squire, perceiving that, as the matter stood, he was in danger at least of being tossed in a blanket a second time, laboured all that in him lay to still the storm: but the host, who had thrown aside his spit, upon seeing his enemy at such a distance, called for his gun; and if by good luck his wife had not thought of hiding it, our knight had then certainly ended his days and his adventures. The hostess, and all the passengers, represented to the innkeeper that he was going to kill a madman; and that, since his wound was not dangerous, he ought rather to let him go to the devil. Sancho put in to back all that was said; and made not the least

exception against all the qualifications they assigned his master; perceiving that it was the only way to quell the disturbance. He paid the fourteen rials to a doct, and then took leave of the innkeeper, his wife, and all their company; making them a thousand legs, and using all manner of civility to pacify their resentment: this done, drawing his ass after him by the halter with one hand, and carrying the lance and buckler in the other, he hastened with all speed to his master in the meadow. 'Good God, Sir!' said he, coming up to him. 'was it wisely done of you to hazard your carcass for a wench ten times uglier than Pontius Pilate's maid? On my word you have escaped a scowering: had the innkeeper found his gun, you had gone away with a brace of bullets in your guts; and all your fine armour would not have saved you; though it had been lined in velvet to boot.'—'Tell me, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'how strong is the enemy.' 'Do they march in platoons like advanced bodies, or in battalions? Have they a great train of artillery, many curassiers and pikemen? Are there many archers among them? Are they veteran troops, or new levies? Are they well paid? Is there either plague or famine in their camp? Who is it commands in chief? What general officers have they? Inform me what numbers there are of English, Germans, Swiss, Spaniards, Flemings, French, and Italians? Tell me quickly, that we may provide for our defence. Let us draw lines in this meadow; let us dig ditches, and throw up trenches; let us raise bastions and redoubts; let us cover ourselves with curtains and palisades: let us secure ourselves, my son.'—'Mercy on me!' cried Sancho, 'where are we now? Consider, for God's sake, good master Don Quixote, that here is nothing of all that you talk of: all about is as smooth as my hand. And since Heaven has rescued us out of the innkeeper's clutches, let us fly from his inn, as one would from the whale of Jonas.'—'Aye, but, friend,' quoth Don Quixote, 'shall we leave the princess in the hands of her enemies? We ought to return to the castle to deliver her from them, and

‘to chastise that clown of a Castellain who has been so base as to make himself an innkeeper, contrary to all the laws of chivalry.’—‘Ads my life, Sir!’ quoth Sancho, ‘have not you punished him sufficiently, since it costs him an ear?’—‘But you do not consider,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘that I cannot fly without disgracing myself.’—‘Very good!’ answered the squire; ‘that is a pretty story. Have not I often heard you say that a knight must be courageous, but not rash?’—‘It is true,’ quoth Don Quixote, ‘and you now put me in mind of it seasonably; for I am sensible my valour carries me a little too far at this time. It is reasonable to give way to numbers, and not run into dangers unadvisedly. A good retreat is equal to a victory: what is delayed is not lost. When we return from Saragossa we shall find means to relieve the Princess of Galicia; therefore I consent that we retire, provided we do it in good order, and in such manner as may not in the least look like flying, for fear has no power over my heart: and that none may be ignorant of it, I here solemnly declare that I retire, but that I do not fly!’ Having spoke these words, he rode out of the meadow with a fierce and martial countenance, and took the road towards Ariza, followed by his courageous squire, who every moment looked behind him, believing the furious Castellain was at his heels.

C H A P. VII.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Sancho lost sight of the inn, he fell again into his usual good-humour, which the fear of toiling in a blanket had with reason suspended. ‘So, Sir,’ said he to his master, ‘are you resolved in earnest never more to think of Madam Dulcinea, nor to perform any acts of chivalry for her?’—‘There is no doubt to be made of it,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘for she has worn out my constancy. I own her no longer for my mistress, and it being my will from this time forward to be called The Loveless Knight, it is proper that I merit that name by

‘some remarkable action.’ To this effect, as soon as he came into Ariza, he wrote a challenge, which Sancho affixed to one of the pillars or columns of the great square, or market-place, the contents whereof were as follows: That any knight whatsoever, whether errant, or sedentary, who would maintain that the ladies deserved to be beloved, spoke falsely; and that he would make him own the contrary by force of arms, either man to man, or ten to ten; that it was true that, according to the laws of chivalry, there was no refusing to defend them, and to revenge the outrages committed against them; and that it was also lawful to make use of them for procreation, provided it was under the indissoluble knot of matrimony. That the unheard-of ingratitude of the matchless infanta the renowned Dulcinea del Toboso, was a sufficient proof of this undeniable truth. The challenge was subscribed, ‘The Loveless Knight.’ All the people of Ariza laughed heartily at this challenge; but no man so far concerning himself as to engage in the fair-fex’s quarrel, the Loveless Knight left the place, after causing the ingenious device he had contrived to be painted on his shield.

When he came near Ateca, a large open town in the neighbourhood of Calatayud, he espied, and at the same time shewed to his squire, a little hovel covered with thatch in the midst of a field of melons, at the door of which stood a country-fellow who watched the melons, with a long bill in his hand. He gazed steadily on him, and then said to Sancho—‘Let us halt, my son; if I am not much mistaken, here is one of the greatest adventures we can meet with: you see that redoubted warrior, who stands at the gate of that mighty castle with a lance, or a javelin, in his hand; that is one of the most celebrated knights you ever heard of.’—‘Good again!’ quoth Sancho; ‘one day one mistake, and the next day another. In short, Sir, either you are dim-sighted, or I am not the flower of errant-squires: the man you shew me there is a country-fellow guarding his field of melons; and he is in the right, for there are people continually travelling this great road to Saragossa, who might make bold to step into his field and refresh themselves.

'selves with his fruit.'—'Aye, Sancho,' replied the knight, altogether wrapt in his imagination, 'it is the famous Count of Angiers, the most renowned of all the Paladins* of France; it is Orlando Furioso.'—'I tell you once again, Sir,' said the squire, 'that it is an honest country-man who is guarding his melons, and looks no more like a count than I do.'—'Surely I know better than you what he looks like,' answered Don Quixote: 'that prince, as the most authentic book, called *The Mirror of Chivalry*, informs us, was enchanted by a Moor; who, by his wonderful art, brought him into that fortress you see, to defend the entrance of it against any mortal whatsoever. It is this same Orlando, who, transported with jealous rage, because Medoro, a young Moor of Agramante's army, had stolen away his mistress the beautiful Angelica, tore up the tallest trees by the roots†. So that, my dear child, I can this day say, as once the great conqueror of Asia did, that I have at length met with a danger worthy of me: I will not therefore go any farther till I have tried this adventure, since my good fortune has thrown it in my way.' Sancho, who hoped to have diverted his master from that dangerous enterprise by his usual discretion, replied—'It is my opinion, Sir, that we go forthwith into the village, and that we do not meddle with that Orlando, who has done us no harm; for if the holy brotherhood‡ once lays hold of us, we shall most certainly be sent to the galleys, and be kept there till the grey hairs grow out at the calves of our legs.'—'Ah, Sancho,' replied the knight, 'how ill you relish adventures! What would become of us if I should follow your timorous advice? I should shun all opportunities of acquiring honour, and should become the scandal of knight-errantry. Islands and empires are not to be

gained after that manner. My friend, if you would have me make your fortune for you, rouse up your courage, and shew yourself worthy of the post you may expect from my valour.'—'Well, Sir,' quoth the squire, 'since it is absolutely necessary, for the gaining of kingdoms, to murder that poor melon-keeper, I will oppose it no longer; you may even put your hand to the plough. Since I am among wolves, I must howl as well as they. It is true, Orlando has done us no wrong; but why should he stand in our way. When it rains, unhappy they who stand under the spouts.'—'Now that Paladin's body being rendered invulnerable by enchantment,' said Don Quixote, 'and there being no possibility of wounding him any where but on the sole of the foot, you may plainly see I am going to encounter the greatest danger that ever knight-errant was in. I must therefore recommend one thing to you: do you perform the duty of a faithful squire. Apply yourself to the god of battles; and beg, in the most fervent manner your zeal shall suggest, that I may come off conqueror in this combat: but if he shall dispose otherwise, if I fall under the irresistible force of the Count of Angiers; if I perish, do not fail to carry me back to my house at Argamassilla, thus arrayed as I am in the beautiful armour of my great friend Alquife; provided that Orlando, pleased with it's goodness, and finding his own battered by the weight of my strokes, does not take it away, as formerly the haughty Ferrau|| took away that which belonged to the beautiful Angelica's brother. This is not all; neither; you shall cause me, in all my armour, and in a fierce posture, to be seated on a great chair of black cloth; and remember, that I will have my excellent sword in my hand, as the Cid Ruy Diaz§ had; to the end that if any audacious Moor attempts to

* Paladin was a title of honour given by Charlemagne to his twelve peers. See Preface to Hoolc's *Ariosto*.

† See the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto.

‡ The Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, is an ancient institution in Spain, consisting of men enrolled from all parts, whose business it is to apprehend robbers and felons.

|| See the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto. Book I.

§ Ruy Diaz was a great Spanish general against the Moors, of whom many fables are told; and, among the rest, that he sat in a chair after his death several years, with his sword in his hand, and a Jew coming to pull him by the beard, he struck him. The Moors gave him the title of Cid, which in Arabick signifies Lord.

'pull me by the beard, as a Jew did
'that brave defender of the faith, I
'may, like him, take my revenge im-
'mediately.'

Sancho could not forbear shedding tears, when he heard the knight talk after this rate. 'Ah, my good master
'Don Quixote!' cried he, 'I conjure
'you by Noah's ark, and by all the
'beasts in it, not to meddle with this
'Orlando! Should you cut off one of
'his ears, yet you would not have an
'ear the more.' Thus speaking, as
one who loved his master entirely, and
who was sensible that if he lost him all
his hopes would vanish, he fell into
such a fit of sighing and sobbing, that
it was dismal to behold him. 'Alas!'
said he, in a sorrowful tone, 'what
'need was there that I, unhappy
'wretch as I am! should come to serve
'your worship as your squire for so
'short a time? Should your worship
'have the luck to perish in this cursed
'battle, tell me what will become of
'your poor squire in these Indies, so
'remote from his own country? What
'will become of the poor forsaken
'damsels? They will have no protec-
'tor left them. Who will defend
'them against the giants? Who will
'do and undo all wrongs? There is
'an end of all; and knight-errantry is
'gone to the dogs. Why did not I
'die last year at the hands of the Yan-
'guisians?'—'Do not weep, my
'friend,' interrupted Don Quixote;
'I am not dead yet. Have not all
'knights been in the same danger I am
'in? And yet how many of them end-
'ed their days in peace, in their ancient
'seats, with their wives and children
'about them. Yet, since I may cease
'to live this day, and since I am ig-
'norant what fate is reserved for me,
'what is said, is said. If I die, you
'shall punctually perform what I have
'ordered.' Having spoken these words,
he gave Sancho his hand to kiss, and
spurred on towards the field of melons.

Rozinante, who was so spent with
hunger and weariness, that he could
scarcely stand, stopped, regardless of
the spur, to regale himself, at every
turn, with the leaves of the hedges
that grew beside the way. In vain did
his master upbraid him for not per-
forming to his satisfaction the duties of
knight-errantry: the poor beast moved

never the faster. At length, however,
they reached the fatal field; and Don
Quixote, having now entered it, made
directly towards the cottage. The
imaginary Orlando, as soon as he be-
held him, cried out with might and
main, that if he did not speedily retire,
he might have cause to repent it; but
the knight still advanced. When he
was come within forty or fifty paces of
the peasant, he stopped; and, brandish-
ing his lance with a martial air, spoke
to him in this manner—'Most valiant
'Count of Angiers, whose exploits
'have been sung to such melodious
'lays by the prince of poets, the divine
'Ariosto, this day I am to try with
'you the wonderful force of my arm;
'a day memorable in knight-errantry!
'At this time, fierce Paladin, it shall
'not avail you to have your whole body
'enchanted and invulnerable; for I,
'by thrusting a long pin up the sole of
'your foot, will give unto you your
'death's wound. Reflect, great war-
'rior, on the various fortunes of he-
'roes! Thy proud head, which was
'the terror of the Saracen camp, and
'whose angry looks no mortal till this
'day could bear, shall be cut off by my
'sharp and dreadful sword, after a
'long and tedious combat, and then
'borne away on the point of my lance
'to the tilting at Saragossa: nor shall
'the army of the Emperor Charle-
'magne be able to deliver you out of
'my hands. Nothing shall save you;
'the valour of your cousin Rinaldo of
'Montalban, the efforts of Montesi-
'nos, of the Marquis Olivier, and of
'the genteel Astolphus of England,
'shall not guard you from my strokes;
'your two cousins, Grifon the white,
'and Aquilan the black, and the en-
'chantments of the subtle Maugis of
'Aigren, shall nothing avail you.
'Come, then, renowned Frenchman,
'I make use of no fraud against you;
'I come not to destroy you attended by
'a numerous army, like Bernard del
'Carpio and the Moorish king Marfi-
'lius of Arragon: I am but a single
'Spaniard with my horse and arms.
'What is it detains you?—Advance!
'Let not cowardice have any power
'over such a heart as yours; and if
'you cannot avoid the sad fate which
'threatens you, yet at least preserve
'your ancient glory from the tongue
'of

‘ of slander.’ Here our knight paused a while, imagining what he had said would be sufficient to persuade Orlando that he ought to prefer a glorious death, though certain, before an infamous life. But the peasant continuing silent, as not knowing what to answer, Don Quixote proceeded in the following manner. ‘ Tell me, O warlike Orlando! whence comes this heaviness, which renders you so unlike yourself? Is it a time to stand idle, when you hear yourself challenged to the fight? Draw near, great Paladin, mount your trusty and swift Brigliadoro*. But I remember,’ continued our knight, ‘ that the Moorish enchanter, who posted you here to guard his castle, left you no horse: I will therefore alight from mine; for it shall not be said that I fought you at an advantage.’ This said, he alighted. ‘ Courage, courage!’ cried Sancho, at a great distance; ‘ courage, master Don Quixote! fall on courageously! I help you at this distance, praying for you like a madman. I have already twice said the *De Profundis* for your undertaking!’ The melon-keeper seeing Don Quixote approach, covering himself with his shield, and brandishing his lance in such manner as made him believe he could have no other design than to kill him, (which was the only idea he could affix to the strange harangue he had just heard) called loudly to him not to advance. Finding this warning utterly disregarded, he laid down his bill-hook; and, picking up a smooth round pebble, instantly fitted it to his sling, and hurled it with all his force at the valourous Manchegan. By good fortune, the enchanted target being composed of brass, was proof against the stone, which fell down at his feet, without execution; but the Count of Angiers soon catching up a second pebble larger than the former, discharged it with redoubled might against the breast of the unfortunate Don Quixote: his armour rang like a bell, and he dropped senseless upon a bed of melons. The slinger, upon this, apprehending he had killed his man, fled towards the town immediately.

C H A P. VIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS DON QUIXOTE SAID TO HIS SQUIRE; AND HOW THAT CURIOUS DISCOURSE WAS INTERRUPTED.

‘ ALAS, poor Loveless Knight!’ cried Sarcho, when he saw his master’s fall; ‘ I told you this cursed melon-keeper, who is a greater retick than the Giant Goliath, would spoil your dancing.’ Having so said, he entered the field, leading his ass by the halter; and drawing near to Don Quixote, to see whether he was in a condition to receive any help, he found him stretched out at full-length, and not much unlike a dead body: in time, however, the knight came to himself; and Sancho asking him whether he was wounded, he answered he was not; but that Orlando, in his fury, had thrown a whole mountain upon him, the weight whereof had almost crushed him to pieces. ‘ Help me to get up, Sancho,’ continued he; ‘ and be not afflicted, since I can boast that I have obtained the victory.’—‘ Aye, aye,’ said the squire, ‘ you are the stoutest, sure enough; for you have borne the blows.’—‘ Is it not enough for me,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ that my enemy is fled? Is not that a plain demonstration that he durst not stand me? But let him go for the present: I shall meet with him another time, and make him finish the combat we have begun.’ ‘ The worst of it is, that I feel myself bruised all over with a dreadful blow he bestowed on me with his club, and I am hardly able to breathe.’—‘ By my faith it was no club he had in his hand,’ replied the squire; ‘ but a damned sling, with which he threw the two stones that have put you in this precious situation!’—‘ Support me, my son,’ said Don Quixote, when he was got up; ‘ let us go into that castle to rest ourselves, and to set free all the knights and ladies that have been enchanted there for so many ages.’ Whilst he spoke, he moved towards the cottage, leaning on his squire, who had enough to do to sup-

* Brigliadoro, which signifies Bridle of Gold, is the name given to Orlando Furioso’s horse, in the poem of Ariosto,

port him and his armour: but when he came to the door, he stopped short, and, seeming to be mightily astonished, cried out—'What is it I see? I find nothing here but a poor cottage! The magnificent palace, which but now appeared to me, is vanished!'—'As for my part,' quoth Sancho, 'I am not deceived in the least; for, from first to last, this cottage seemed to me no more than a cottage; and I am glad that once in your life you will grant you took a pig for a dog.'—'I grant nothing,' replied Don Quixote; 'every man sees after his own manner. It is no wonder that you, who are but a peasant, can see things but like a peasant; but I, who am knighted, and consequently see things as they really are, have cause to be surprised at finding nothing here but a little hut.'—'Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am of opinion it is better for us to go into the cottage to rest us, than to stand here arguing whether I ought to see like a peasant or like a knight; and when we are there, we may eat of the melons, if we please, since they are in our power.'—'I consent, my friend,' answered Don Quixote; 'for I am sorely bruised, and it is my courage that supports me more than my strength.'

Thus saying, they went into the cottage; and Sancho, having seated his master in a wicker-chair in the easiest posture he was able, went and unbridled Rozinante, and took off Dapple's pannel; and, leaving the two beasts to range at discretion in the melon-ground, returned to his master, bringing the portmanteau and pannel on his back, and Rozinante's bridle in his hand. 'Ah, Sancho!' said Don Quixote to him, 'I do not wonder now that I find neither knight nor ladies here: I see into the mystery; I have discovered the deception. That malignant Moorish enchanter whom I told you of, ten thousand times more crafty than Atlas the magician, knowing that all his conjuration could not defend the Count of Angiers against my prowess, nor exclude me from his magnificent castle, what has he done to disappoint me? He has carried away the Paladin, and transported him and his castle, by the hands of his familiar devils, to the top of the highest mountain of Armenia, near

Noah's Ark; and has left nothing here but a wretched hut to deceive our eyes and understandings. But I am not so easily imposed upon: for, as soon as ever I have won the prize at the tilting, we will go into Armenia; we will clamber up even to the summit of that high mountain; we will besiege the enchanter's castle; and when we have made ourselves masters of it by killing Orlando, we will set free the great Cham of Tartary, the two princesses his daughters, his bastard, his uncle, and his sister, whom the false necromancer keeps there enchanted.'—'Aye, Sir!' quoth the squire, 'but if that Orlando Furioso guards the castle-gate with his staff that has a spear at the end of it, and his devilish sling, I declare to you I will not come within an hundred leagues of him.'—'Let not that trouble you,' replied Don Quixote; 'I will take care that he shall not hurt you; and, to do you honour, it is my will that you kill him, by running a long pin into the sole of his foot when I have him under me.'—'Then you must be sore,' quoth Sancho, 'to hold him so fast that he can stir neither hand nor foot.'—'I will grasp him so hard,' said the knight, 'that he shall not be able to breathe.'—'If so,' answered the squire, 'we shall be very unlucky if we do not compass our design. By Jove, I will clap my four fingers and my thumb to it, and I'll thrust the pin up to his guts! But, Sir,' continued he, 'I have a thought just come into my head: I would fain know why that Moorish necromancer enchanted the bastard of Tartary?'—'Why?' replied Don Quixote, 'I will tell you; for I know all the sequel of the story. The enchanter fell in love with the great Cham of Tartary's younger daughter: that princess, who was as beautiful as the sun, was called Guenipea. She was thought to be daughter to Charlemagne; and there was reason to believe it: for that prince, in his younger days, going abroad to seek adventures, like a knight-errant as he was, the great Cham's wife seeing him, fell in love; and the history tells us that the matchless Guenipea was the fruit of their tender affections. However it was, the Moorish enchanter used all the methods gene-

F rally

rally practised by lovers to please their mistresses, to gain that princess's affection; but Guenipea, who hated him mortally because he was red-haired, made such harsh returns to his courtship, that the Moor, despairing ever to gain her love by his addresses, had recourse to the secrets of his art: but enchantments, as you well know, having no power over the affections, and the princess requiting all his love with hatred, he resolved to steal her and all her family. To that end, he caused his demons in one night to build the palace you saw but a moment ago in this melon field, and in it he shut up the great Cham and his family. But you will ask, and it will be an ingenious question, what reason the enchanter had to build a castle upon such a great road; for I agree with you, that magicians generally seat them in deserts, on the top of some steep rock in the midst of the sea, or in the most secret part of a close forest: I will inform you, therefore, what private motives influenced the Moor on this occasion. His intention being to humour the Princess Guenipea, and to make her confinement as easy as possible, he caused the castle to be built in this field, well knowing the princess was such a lover of melons, that she could not live without them: in short, Sancho, Guenipea is passionately fond of them; and I think I have read that her stars seem to foretel she shall die of a surfeit of melons.—'Lord, how I pity Guenipea!' cried Sancho, 'for being now cooped up on that high mountain of vermin; where, I fancy, there are no more melons than in the pond of Toboso. But, Sir, now you talk of the melons, let us taste a little of those that grow in this ground. Since you have gained the field of battle, we had as good reap the fruit of our victory.' Having so said, he went and gathered two melons, which he chose by making an incision in them; and returned with a joyful heart and smiling countenance. He gave his master some slices of them, who eat very little; for his part, he laid about him as fast as he could swallow: but in the height of his jollity the Count of Angiers returned with three lusty fellows of the town; and seeing Rozi-

nante and Dapple living at discretion in the melon-ground, breaking the hedges, eating some of the melons, and trampling on the rest, they rushed into the cottage, cursing and swearing, and presently rang a dismal peal of bastinadoes upon the bones of our adventurers. Don Quixote, who had unfortunately taken off his head-piece, to be the more at ease, received, among the rest, such a knock on the skull, as brought him senseless to the ground. A still sorer portion of cudgelling fell to the lot of the squire; who, having no armour to break the fury of the blows, lost nothing of the good-will with which they were laid on. This sharp piece of service being over, the Paladin and his companions, not at all concerned for the wounded men, whom they left speechless in the hovel, returned to Ateca; taking Rozinante and Dapple along with them, in satisfaction for the damage that had been done in the melon-field.

C H A P. IX.

OF THE GREAT SORROW AND AFFLICTION DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE ENDURED FOR THE LOSS OF ROZINANTE AND DAPPLE—AND HOW THEY WERE ENTER-TAINED BY MASTER VALENTIN, A CANON OF ATECA.

ALL this while Don Quixote and his squire lay entranced on the ground. At length Sancho coming to himself, and feeling his bones ache with the bruises he had received, cried out in an angry, whining tone.—'Well, Sir Loveless, or rather Brainless Knight, will you believe me another time? I have advised you, over and over again, to go about your business and wrong nobody; and I could never prevail upon your dogged disposition. Chew now upon these apples of affliction; and God grant that half a score more of those Jews you talked of do not come to make an end of us if we stay here any longer. Lift up your head a little, if you can, brave knight! and you'll find it so full of bunches, that you'll have more reason than ever to call yourself the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect.'

Don

Don Quixote, at these words, raised his head, and exclaimed, 'King Sancho! King Sancho*! you cannot, however, say that I did not forewarn you a traitor would come out of Zamora during the siege, to surprize you.'—'A curse on the spirit of antichrist!' cried Sancho in a rage; 'our souls are just ready to skip out of our mouths, and you are muttering the story of King Sancho! You had better sing the Swan's Hymn †, methinks. For St. Apollonia's sake, let us go home and look out for a surgeon to plaister our bodies all over!'—'You must understand, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'that the traitor who has brought me into this condition is the perfidious Bellido d'Olfos ‡, the lawful son of Olfos de Bellido.'—'The plague confound him, and all his race to the seventh generation!' said the squire. 'Haste away to Zamora,' continued the knight; 'and when you are near the city, you will discover at a distance the good old man Arias Gonzalez, standing betwixt two battlements; in whose presence you shall change your name, and take that of Don Diego de Lara §: then uttering the same words that Don Bermudo's son made use of, you shall charge with treason, and shall challenge, all the knights, squires, women, and children; and, in a word, all the town. Then shall you kill all the sons of Arias Gonzalez, and of Peter Arias.'—'Blessed Virgin, and Mother of God!' cried Sancho, 'we are in a fine condition, I warrant you! Here have four great over-grown hangedogs of melon keepers, been pounding me to a mummy with their cudgels, and you would have me go to Zamora, to renounce my baptism, and to challenge all the town, that an hundred thousand millions of men may come out of the city and devour me with a grain of salt. It is better for us to rise, if we are able, and go get ourselves dressed in the next town.' This said, exerting the feeble remains of his strength, he raised himself from

the ground; and Don Quixote, taking his hand, with much difficulty did the like. But when, upon their quitting the hut, they cast their eyes round the melon-field, without being able to descry either Dapple or Rozinante, then was it that they perceived, in it's full extent, the implacable enmity of the Moorish enchanter. Don Quixote was grieved to his soul; and Sancho, yet more impatient than his master, was nearly beside himself. 'Alas, my dear Dapple!' quoth he, blubbering most bitterly, 'we have been too soon parted! Oh, my afs, the delight of my soul, the light of my eyes, and the charming object of my thoughts! Who are the robbers that unmercifully drove you away? you, who for your long ears might be dean of the asses! We two understood one another, like two foster-brothers! When I carried your barley into the stable, you made as harmonious musick as the barber does when he goes at night to play on his guitar and sing under Joan's window.'—'Friend Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what does it avail you thus to torment yourself? Have not I lost the best horse in the world?'—'Body o' me!' replied Sancho sourly, 'I do not forbid you to lament your horse; let me bewail my afs, then!'—'I tell you once more, my son,' answered Don Quixote, 'you ought to take comfort after this loss, though he were lineally descended even from the afs of Balaam. It is a weakness to be inconsolable for losses. If they are irreparable, reason should make us bear them with resolution. If they may be repaired, why should we let sorrow overwhelm us? I will make strict search after Rozinante and Dapple; and if it does not succeed, we have still our portmanteau to relieve us. We'll buy another horse, and another afs; and thus we'll disappoint the magician, who thought he should prevent my appearing at the tilting at Saragossa, by causing my horse to be stolen. In the meanwhile, you must carry the portmanteau and the

* Sancho the First, King of Castile, was murdered at the siege of Zamora, by a villain who pretended to desert to him from that place.

† The Swan is said by the poets to sing just before it's death.

‡ Bellido d'Olfos is the traitor who killed King Sancho at Zamora.

§ An old romanick story in ballads, that this Lara challenged all the city of Zamora for the murder of King Sancho.

' pannel on your back, as far as that town, where we will rest ourselves.' The hope Sancho conceived that he should once more obtain sight of his dear Dapple, mitigated his tribulation; and, though his body was bruised all over, he took up the pannel and portmanteau, contriving it so that the crupper of the pannel hung over his mouth.

As soon as they entered Ateca, a crowd of boys and idle people gathered round them, and attended them shouting to the great square. The magistrates, and some of the canons of the church, were walking there at that time. They were astonished to see Don Quixote in that uneasy equipage, and his squire laden with the pannel, the crupper of which bridled up his nose. The scene seeming at once both comical and serious, they knew not whether to laugh at, or commiserate them. But Don Quixote finding himself in the midst of such a numerous assembly, which seemed not to have eyes enough to gaze on him; and being moved with a just resentment against the ravishers of Rozinante, addressed the audience as follows, particularly fixing his eyes on the magistrates and churchmen—' Are not you ashamed, gentlemen,' cried he, ' to allow of robbers among you; who, to please my enemy the Moorish enchanter, have by surprise deprived me of my indefatigable courser, and my squire of his excellent steed! Order what has been stolen from us to be restored immediately; and let those audacious persons who have wounded us, because they caught us on foot and defenceless, be delivered up to us on discretion: otherwise I must look upon you all as traitors, or as accessory to treason; and as such I defy and challenge you all, either man to man, or all of you at once, against me singly!' This extravagant harangue did not fail to excite the laughter of the audience; and one of the churchmen, taking some of the others aside, said to them—' Gentlemen, I suspect this strange personage must be the very Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history we have lately read for our diversion. You shall see I am not mistaken.' Thus saying, he went up to Don Quixote, and accosted him as follows—' Sir Knight-errant, (for by your noble

mien, and by your armour, we guess you are of that order) are not you, I pray, that incomparable knight of La Mancha, whose unheard-of exploits resound in all parts? In a word, are not you the heroick Don Quixote?'—' Yes, I am he,' replied the knight very gravely; ' and I will make those villains who have stolen Rozinante, fully sensible that their base contrivances against me will not be tolerated!'—' Good Sir Don Quixote,' answered the canon, ' we have here too great a veneration for knights-errant, and especially for you, to suffer you to be wronged in the smallest particular. We will do you justice for the injury you have received; and will not only take care that what you have lost shall be restored; but if you know the men that have abused you, assure yourself we will cause them to be most severely punished.'—' As for him that I fought with,' said Don Quixote, ' I know well enough where he is; and he shall soon hear from me. But the villain that wounded me treacherously was Bellido d'Olfos.'—' No, no!' cried Sancho interrupting him, and putting aside the crupper which stopped his mouth; ' hear me, gentlemen! He that knocked down my master, with a stone cast out of a sling, is an arch knave that guards a field of melons hard by here. A brawny-backed fellow, who squints, and has turn-up whiskers. It is that dog, whom Heaven confound! who came with other madmen and beat all our bones to a jelly; and when they had mauled us to death, carried away Rozinante and my ass, God knows whither!' Master Valentin (for that was the name of the canon who spoke to them) being naturally very charitable, and believing Don Quixote stood in need of some relief, said to him—' Sir Knight, all that has been stolen from you shall be restored: in the mean time, I beseech you, do me the honour to repair to my house with your squire.' Sancho pressed his master to accept of the offer, and Master Valentin carried them home.

The first thing that the good churchman did, was to send for the surgeon of the town to search the wound the knight had received in his head, which fortunately did not prove dangerous. Whilst the surgeon was making some lint,

lint, and taking out his implements for the first dressing, Don Quixote looking earnestly upon him, said—'In truth, Master Elizabet*, my dear friend, I am overjoyed that I am this day fallen into your skilful hands; for I remember to have read, that you know how to apply such sovereign medicines to the wounds of knights-errant, that Averroes, Avicen, and Galen, were scarce worthy to be your apprentices. But I pray you, tell me whether my wounds are mortal? for if they are, I cannot, by the laws of chivalry, consent to their being dressed till I have had full revenge for Bellido's treachery.' The surgeon, not knowing what answer to make to this nonsense, looked upon Master Valentin; who, on his side, was hardly less astonished. Fearing, however, that too much talking and earnestness might throw Don Quixote into a fever, and render his wound dangerous, he continued dressing without speaking a word; except assuring him that in a few days he would be perfectly recovered. After the dressing, the canon sent every person out of the apartment, leaving Don Quixote to repose himself on a very good bed. Sancho, who held the candle during the operation, and had not spoken a word the whole time, was bursting to make amends for such a long silence, by setting his tongue at liberty again. No sooner, therefore, was he out of the room, but he said to Master Valentin—'By my faith, Master Licentiate, my ribs smart cruelly. That Bellido, since it must be Bellido, was no kinder to me than to my master; he has left no part sound about me but my stomach: and, by the Lord, had he spoiled that, as he has done all other parts of me, I should wish all the Bellidos in the world at the devil! And therefore I beg of you, Master Licentiate, that you will order the cloth to be laid immediately, that I may exercise my jaws a little; for I have more need of that at present than of picking my teeth.'—'But, friend,

quoth the canon, 'we must see whether you are not wounded also, before Master Elizabet is gone: you need only speak, and he'll make two incisions for one.'—'Oh, by my conscience, I have done with him!' answered the squire; 'all these surgeons wish for nothing but wounds and sores. Let them alone, they will thrust their lancet into your head without any ceremony, as if it were to pull maggots out. God be praised I am not wounded; and I can better be without lint this bout, than without bread and liquor.' The canon, upon this, ordered him some supper; and, having sent out to enquire after the pretended Bellido and his companions, who were easily found, procured the restoration of Rozinante and Dapple. Sancho seeing them, ran hastily out of the porch where he was at supper, and coming up to his ass, embraced him with all the tenderness of a lover to his mistress. 'Welcome, my dear Dapple!' cried he. 'I wish you joy! Tell me, how have you been used during my absence? Has that great ill-looking fellow Orlando given thee straw and barley enough to mumble? Oh, the drunken dog! Oh, the splay-footed rogue! May it please St. Nicolina, my godmother's patroness, that I may see him hanged an hundred years hence' Valentin seeing Sancho so joyful at the recovery of his ass, said to him smiling—'Master Squire, though you had lost your ass, you ought not to despair; for I would have presented you with a delicate she-ass worth at least as much, if not more than he is.'—'That cannot be, Master Licentiate,' replied the squire; 'my Dapple is worth his weight in gold; and we were made for one another. I understand him by half a word, as well as if I had begotten him. I know whether he asks for barley, or whether he would be carried to water. In short, I can say no more, but that I know him better than you do your father.'—'Then you understand the language of the asses,'

* Master Elizabet is a very skilful surgeon belonging to the Lady Grafinda: by her he is deputed to attend upon Amadis de Gaule, who at that time travelled under the title of the Knight of the Green Sword. Soon after, being cast away upon the Devil's Island, Amadis slays a hellish monster, named Endriagus; (not unlike the dragon conquered by Spenser's Red Cross knight) and is healed of the wounds received in that combat, which were many and dangerous, by Master Elizabet. Amadis de Gaule, Book 3, Chapters 9 and 10.

said Valentin. 'As well as any licentiate,' answered Sancho: 'there is not a syllable escapes me.'

CHAP. X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH MASTER VALENTIN, AND TWO OTHER CANONS; AND WHAT HE SAID WHEN THEY SHEWED HIM THE FIRST PART OF HIS HISTORY.

WHILE Sancho was gone from the clergyman to carry Rozinante and Dapple to the stable, two canons of the great church came to visit their brother Valentin. They asked him how he liked his two guests. 'As well as can be,' replied Valentin; 'I can assure you I have now in my house a princely pastime. Don Quixote really seems to me as mad as the historian has represented him; and for Sancho, though he has his senses, his simplicity is such that I do not wonder he consents to all his master's chimeras. If you have a mind to be diverted, come and dine with me to-morrow. The knight rests at present, and it would be barbarous to disturb him.' The canons accepted of the invitation; and, as they were taking leave of their brother, Sancho returned from the stable. Valentin stopped him; and, having set his tongue going upon his master's affairs, the honest squire, who desired no better than to have an audience, acquainted the canons, that Don Quixote, no longer able to bear Dulcinea's scorn, had changed his name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, for that of the Loveless Knight; and that, under this appellation, he was going to exert his dexterity and valour at the tilting at Saragossa: in short, he told them whatsoever he could recollect of his master's exploits and adventures. The canons were ready to expire with laughter at every turn; for Sancho's stile was no less diverting than the follies he related. When they had heard him, they went home; not questioning but they should have good sport the next day. After they were gone, Valentin entered Don Quixote's room very softly; intending, if he was awake, to make him eat a few new-laid eggs, and drink a glass of wine; but, whether

nature, being exhausted by heating and fatigue, required rest; or whether the bed of a canon possessed in some peculiar degree the powers of somnolency; he found the knight in so profound a sleep, that he left him till the next morning; when Don Quixote arose, greatly refreshed and invigorated.

The canons did not fail coming the next day to dine with Valentin; and when they were all seated at table, they began to discourse of knight-errantry. 'It were happy for us,' said one of the canons, 'if there were more knights-errant at this time amongst us; for the world is much more depraved than it was in the days of Amadis de Gaule: and, though there were as many knights in Spain as there are gnats, God forgive me! I believe they would all find employment enough. Injustice reigns everywhere, falsehood prevails, and undressed wrongs are infinite. In one place detraction sulks honour, and destroys reputation; in another, orphans are crying for assistance: and I will forfeit my prebendal dignity if there be any thing more frequent than forsaken damsels.'—'It is true,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that, to the shame of this age, knight-errantry is neglected; but it shall not be my fault if that sacred order be not speedily revived; and if all men, whose courage and virtue render them worthy, would follow my example, we should soon see justice done to those orphans and damsels you speak of.'—'Aye, if they would follow your example,' answered the canon; 'but there's the point. Pray, where will you find men fit to encounter giants as tall as wind-mills! men bold enough to charge a whole army as if it were but a flock of sheep! Believe me, worthy Don Quixote, your actions will be admired; but I much question whether any body will imitate them.' Sancho, who waited at table, and now and then drawing near the side-board, took a good draught by stealth; and another time, carrying off the dishes that were served up, suffered nothing to return to the kitchen without tasting it; hearing now his master's exploits discoursed of, soon put in for a share of the conversation. 'Master Licentiate,' quoth he, interrupting the canon, 'you have forgot the best of the story. Is the

the adventure of the fulling-mills but a trifle, d'ye think? Hang me, if I do not fancy I still hear that confused noise, which made my guts wamble in my belly! Faith and troth, I found, that bout, that my mother's son was in quake-breech fear!— And you made your master smell it,' replied Valentin, smiling. 'I don't deny it,' answered the squire; 'but you know very well, Master Valentin, that, when nature will work, there is no bidding her stay: the shot must fly, or the gun split.' The canons burst out a laughing; and he who had been silent before, said—'For my part, I admire the penance Don Quixote underwent in Sierra Morena * in imitation of Beltezebros!—' And, pray, was not the rescuing of the galley-slaves,' cried Sancho, 'a notable exploit? And the combat with the Biscainer, and the adventure of the Yanguessians? But hold, gentlemen,' continued he, checking himself, 'no more of that, I beseech you; let that never be mentioned; there's a reason for it.'—'Well, friend Sancho,' said Valentin, 'that adventure, for your sake, must be buried in oblivion, as well as that of your tossing in a blanket: and, for my part, whenever I read your master's history over again, (and I keep it very close in my closet) I promise you that, when I come to those scurvy passages, I will turn over the leaf without reading them.'

Don Quixote was amazed to hear that Valentin was in possession of his history. Master Licentiate,' said he, 'is it possible that the wise Alquife, who is to record all my actions, has already published those I have performed!—' The wise Alquife,' quoth Valentin, 'is not the author of the history I speak of: it is an Arabian writer, whose name, if I mistake not, is Cid Hamet Benengeli.'—'I am not acquainted with that necromancer,' answered Don Quixote: 'but it is no matter; do me the favour to shew me his work.'—'With all my heart, if you desire it,' said Valentin; and, rising from table, he went into his closet, whence he brought a book, which

he delivered to the knight. 'Let us see, pray,' quoth Sancho; 'let us see whether that book mentions me.'—'You need not question, friend,' said one of the canons; 'for it mentions your afs.'—'My afs!' quoth the squire; 'then it is the afs Ginesillo de Passamonte stole from me; for this afs I have now was not with us last year. Alas, poor infant! he is this year in his noviciate of knight-errantry; but, on my conscience, if he holds on as he begins, he must have a whole history written of him alone.' In the mean while, Don Quixote opened the book; and, while he read, the canons eyed him attentively. He stopped at the first page; where the author, describing him, says, none ravished him so much as the works of Feliciano de Silva, whom he admired for the beautiful perplexity of his expression. How was he transported when he read such amorous complaints as the following!—'The reason of the unreasonableness which you offer to my reason, does so weaken my reason, that, with all reason, I complain of your beauty, &c.'—'Benengeli,' quoth Don Quixote, shutting the book in a passion, 'is an impostor, or rather a slanderer. I perceive he has compiled this work only to rob me of my honour, that I might be taken for a madman by those who do not know me. He made haste to be before-hand with the wise Alquife, my faithful historian, well knowing that the first impressions are hardly to be defaced. He charges me with being fond of suttian bombast stuff: do you, gentlemen, do me justice; tell me whether my words make good that charge? By this you may discover that ancient historians are to be read with circumspection, and that their censures are no more to be regarded than their praises; since an author dares slander me whilst I am yet living. I declare, I disapprove of Feliciano de Silva's stile; I am not pleased with his impertinent jingle of words: and, Heaven be praised! I am so far from falling short in my judgment in that point, that I flatter myself I have sense enough to find fault with better works than that of Feliciano de Silva;

* Sierra Morena is a chain of mountains in the province of Andalusia in Spain. The name signifies the Brown Mountain.

• and I know not but I might make good
 • criticisms even upon Galatea *. I will
 • recite to you a few verses of my own
 • composing; not that I value myself
 • upon being a good poet, but only to
 • convince you that I do not love bombast;
 • for, if I affect it, it must appear
 • in my poems, rather than in my conversation;
 • since you know that poets, giving a loose to their fancies, may easily swerve from their natural strain,
 • and fly into extravagances, if judgment ceases to guide them.' The canons declaring it would be the greatest satisfaction imaginable to hear his verses—
 • 'Well, then,' said he, 'hear a Sonnet, which I composed last year, on the Prince's Dulcinea's recovery from a fit of sickness.

SONNET.

AT length, my fair, we gain the victory due!
 Death, vanquish'd Death, declines th' unequal strife:

Our vows o'er Fate prevail to spare your life;
 And Nature's loveliest work is sav'd in you.

Languid and pale your fading beauties grew!
 Languid and pale, they still inspir'd delight:
 Your eyes half quench'd in everlasting night,
 Reverence at once and streams of sorrow drew!

Those eyes their wonted radiance now impart;
 Those heavenly charms with health return again;

But what, alas! returns to my poor heart!
 My fair-one's cure scarce mitigates my pain!
 Since, if she die, I too for grief depart;
 If she survive, I perish by disdain!

• 'This, I think, may suffice,' continued Don Quixote, 'to convince you, that Benengeli gives a very false account of me.'—'Sir Knight,' said one of the canons, 'your works and your discourse much discredit that Arabian author; yet, after all, he deserves pardon, for though in the first page of his book he does you that wrong, I can assure you that throughout all the rest of his history he does you justice, making you talk like a man of sense.'—'So much the worse,' replied Don Quixote; 'for an author ought to preserve consistency in his characters. Read all Homer's Iliad, and mark whether the character

• of Achilles fails in any part. Do not, you see the same Achilles who braved Agamemnon, and who chose rather to suffer the conflagration of the Grecian fleet, than to forego his resentment? Do not you see, I say, the same coherence of passion in the answer he returns to good old Priam, who desires he will restore to him the dead body of Hector his son? Thus it is that Homer keeps up all his characters: you will not find that he ever departs from any of them. Ulysses is always crafty; Nestor still continues the oracle of the army: and therefore Benengeli, designing to make me pass for a madman, ought not to make me discourse like a discreet person.'

CHAP. XI.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PARTED WITH MR. VALENTIN; AND HOW SANCHO FOUND ARCHBISHOP TURPIN'S CLUB.

THE canons could not but admire that extravagant medley of folly and judgment which appeared in Don Quixote's discourse; and, being conscientious men, who pitied their neighbours frailties, they cursed in their hearts the pernicious books which had destroyed such an excellent understanding. Sancho, who had stood by and listened to his master with a great deal of attention, perceiving that he had done, said, in his turn, to the canons—
 • 'Well, gentlemen, what say you now to my master Don Quixote? I faith you must own he has both rhyme and reason at his fingers ends! Had he been an archbishop, he had made lectures in every corner! Words multiply under his hands; I could listen to him forever: and when he talks, I fancy I hear a book read! By my faith, I would this very moment give sixpence I have in my pouch, with all my heart, to have words always at command as he has! Ah! what brave stories I would tell the wenches at the bake-house in our villagel! I love men of sense; I declare it: and if Fortune should so order it that my wife and I should have a son by our holy endeavours, I here

* A work written by Cervantes, and published in the year 1584.

• make

‘ make a vow I will send him to learn divinity at Salamanca. But the dog must not think he shall spend his father’s means in gaming with other sons of whores like himself, for I will give him more lashes with this girdle I have on, than there are hairs in my venerable beard.’ So saying, he took off his girdle, and began to apply it smartly to the legs of the canons, crying out in a passion—‘ Study, you hang-dog! learn your book, if you design to be a governor after me.’—‘ Enough, enough, Mr. Sancho!’ said one of the canons, holding his arm; ‘ remember the boy you are whipping is not yet begotten.’—‘ Well, I will have done, then, for this time,’ replied the squire, ‘ since your whippings are so pleased; and he may thank you for it, for if I am so satisfied for the first fault, he may assure himself he shall pay for all the next he commits.’—‘ How absurd your behaviour is, Sancho!’ said Don Quixote very gravely; ‘ you have no son yet, and you pretend to whip him already, because he will not go to school.’—‘ Ah, Sir!’ quoth Sancho, ‘ do not you know that children must be corrected in time; and that if they are humoured when they are little, they grow lazy and wilful? They must understand from their mother’s belly that learning is to be whipped into them; for so my father bred me: and if I have any guts in my brains, by my troth! I may thank good banging for it. He let drive at me so unmercifully, that the old curate, who then lived, (God have glory of his good soul!) every time he met me in the street, laying his hand on my head, would say—“ If this boy is not beaten to death, he will grow by inches.”’—‘ Nay, then, friend Sancho,’ quoth Valentin, ‘ I perceive your old curate was a great prophet.’—‘ Yes, Sir,’ replied the squire; ‘ I will assure you he was a man of parts. In his younger days he had been at the university of Alcalá; and he was so learned, that he could say part of his vespers by heart.’ The canons were mightily pleased with Sancho’s flights, whom they perceived to be no wiser, but yet pleasanter, than his master’s; and therefore they came every day to Valentin’s,

where our adventurers still furnished them fresh scenes of diversion.

Don Quixote, finding his wound perfectly cured at the end of eight days, thought he could not make any longer stay there without infringing the laws of chivalry; and therefore the ninth day, after dinner, he said to his host—‘ I think it is now time that I have your permission to depart for Saragossa: you are very sensible how much that expedition concerns knight-errantry. If fortune proves favourable to my undertakings, I design to send you the chief prize of the tilting, which I now conjure you to accept of: it is the least I can do for one who has taken such care to recover me of my wounds.’ The charitable Valentin, who longed to discourse seriously with our adventurer, and to try whether it were not possible to incline that distracted soul to some profitable employment, calling up all his eloquence to his assistance, answered Don Quixote in this manner—‘ Mr. Quixada, you are free to go when you please; but I beseech you, consider for a moment, how strangely you are misled and deluded! Others would please themselves with humouring your extravagant notions; but, for my part, I know nothing more deplorable, and I think it a duty of my profession to endeavour to remove your blindness. Consider that Amadis de Gaule, Esplandian, and all those other ancient knights, whom your ridiculous books of chivalry make mention of, and whose examples you fondly endeavour to follow, are but imaginary heroes. What historian, what wise author of any nation whatsoever, writes of them as of men that have really had a being! All the actions recorded of them in those fabulous books which have disturbed your understanding, are nothing but lyes invented for the amusement of the idle: pernicious works, which magistrates ought to prohibit under the severest penalties, since such vain reading conduces only to keep people in ignorance, and make them neglect those things which are profitable and instructing. Be- think yourself, master Quixada, that it is a mortal sin thus to forsake your house, and neglect your affairs, for

' the sake of rambling about the world
 ' like a madman, with that poor peasant
 ' whom you have seduced to take part
 ' in your extravagances. Cannot you
 ' discern, even in the midst of your
 ' madness, that you make yourself the
 ' sport of great and small, and that
 ' you expose the honour of a gentleman
 ' to the scorn of the rabble? Under the
 ' absurd pretence of righting wrongs
 ' which are not committed, you molest
 ' travellers upon the publick road; and
 ' perhaps, ere long, the Holy Brother-
 ' hood may lay hold of you for mur-
 ' dering some innocent creature; and
 ' then, without any regard to your
 ' distempered imagination, will inflict
 ' on you some punishment that may
 ' stigmatize your family. Let me en-
 ' treat you once again, Mr. Quixada,
 ' seriously to consider with yourself;
 ' put away all those fantastical notions
 ' of chivalry; get home as fast as you
 ' can, and give your friends and kin-
 ' dred (who deplore your folly) the
 ' satisfaction of seeing you once more
 ' make the right use of your reason.
 ' Read good books; and follow such
 ' exercises as may gain you the esteem
 ' of all good men. If you are will-
 ' ing to take my advice, I do here pro-
 ' mise to bear you company to your
 ' own habitation, though it be above
 ' forty leagues from hence to Argama-
 ' filla; and I will defray all the charge
 ' of the journey, that you may be per-
 ' suaded I have no other design in the
 ' counsel I have just given, but to pro-
 ' mote your honour, and to take care
 ' of your soul.'

As soon as master Valentin had
 ended, Sancho, who had observed his
 discourse with great attention, took
 upon him to speak; and, without rising
 from his ass's pannel, on which he
 was then sitting, said—' Indeed, Mr.
 ' Licentiate, you are no fool! All you
 ' have said to my master Don Quixote
 ' is most true; and it is no more than
 ' has been told him an hundred thou-
 ' sand millions of times by the curate
 ' Peter Peres, master Nicholas the bar-
 ' ber, and myself; but, as they say,
 ' My mother corrects me, and I laugh

' at her: it is a vile child, that will not
 ' mend. You will never rid his mad
 ' head of the whim he has taken of go-
 ' ing about to look for wrongs, or ra-
 ' ther for melon keepers or muleteers,
 ' to beat us like dogs: besides, he
 ' every moment takes inns for castles;
 ' abuses all we meet, by calling them
 ' Renards and Orlandos, and giving
 ' them such names the devil himself
 ' would not endure. Look ye now,
 ' Mr. Valentin, this is matter of fact:
 ' but the other day he gave the title of
 ' Infanta of Galicia to a nasty wench
 ' that came to me in the stable; and
 ' offered to commit the seven deadly
 ' sins for a groat. Body o'mel! he
 ' talked to her with more breeding
 ' than he would do to the daughter of
 ' the Archdeacon of Toledo!'

During all this time, Don Quixote
 was leaning upon a window, absorbed
 in a profound reverie; which induced
 master Valentin to hope that his ha-
 rangue would produce the desired ef-
 fect upon him: but, as soon as Sancho
 ceased speaking, he started up like one
 that wakes out of a dream; and, look-
 ing round upon the canon with indig-
 nation, said to him, in a furious man-
 ner—' I am astonished, my Lord Arch-
 ' bishop Turpin*, that you, being one
 ' of the Emperor Charlemagne's chief
 ' barons, and allied to the twelve peers
 ' of France, should have quitted the
 ' noble exercise of chivalry, and given
 ' yourself up to such an idle and un-
 ' profitable life! The love of knight-
 ' errantry is in me too prevalent to ad-
 ' mit of my following such cowardly
 ' counsels. No more, then, offend my
 ' ears with these frivolous exhorta-
 ' tions, but rest satisfied with tamely
 ' saying your breviary; since, to the
 ' detriment of your former glory, you
 ' basely hang up, as an useless wea-
 ' pon, that ponderous and sanctified
 ' club, with which you used to beat
 ' out the brains of giants, and which
 ' has been so fatal to the fiercest war-
 ' riors in the armies of King Marfil-
 ' lius and Agramante.'—' Ho, ho!
 ' Mr. Valentin!' quoth Sancho, in-
 terrupting his master and turning to

* The subject of a fabulous history ascribed to Turpin is the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers in the expulsion of the Saracens from Spain. Turpin is said to have been a monk, of the eighth century; who, for his knowledge of Latin, his sanctity, and gallant exploits against the Saracens, was preferred to the archbishoprick of Rheims by Charlemagne.

the clergyman, 'you have had a touch at knight-errantry, too, it seems, though you do not boast of it: I will warrant you, then, you are no stranger to cudgelling, and bangs from a sling. By my soul, I am glad of it! He who finds most fault with the mare is the man that buys her.'—'My son Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'give me my armour presently, and lead out my horse in a moment: let us get out of this palace, which is more dangerous than Armida's.'—'You see, master Licentiate,' quoth Sancho, 'that your lecture has signified nothing: in short, my master Don Quixote has too much wit to want sense.'—'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'time is precious; do what I bid you presently.' The squire went immediately for his armour; and the knight, having put it on, mounted Rozinante, and abruptly departed; bowing to the archbishop gravely, but without speaking one word, so incensed was he at his cowardice. As for Sancho, when he was seated upon his ass, he said to master Valentin—'Mr. Licentiate, I thank you for your good cheer; and I pray God to keep you, *per seculorum!*'—'You are very learned,' answered the clergyman; 'you talk Latin!'—'Like a canon,' quoth Sancho; 'though we have not taken our degrees, as you have done, yet we know a little of every thing as well as you: I could once have read my Criss-cross-row off hand; and if I had minded my godfather, who was churchwarden of our parish, and would have given me learning to help him to make up his accounts, I should have been, by this time, the top of our parish. In short, Mr. Valentin, my town's name is Argamassilz; and I shall be always there ready to obey your commands, provided it be not against God or the Holy See Apostolic. Farewell! I kiss your hands; and I beseech holy St. Agnes that you may live as long as our grandfather Abraham, from whom we are all descended!'

Having spoken these words, he clapped his heels to his ass's sides, and followed his master; but, as he passed through the market-place, he was stopped by some officers of the town, who had a mind to have a little sport with him. 'Hey! whither are you bound,

Sir Knight?' said one of them.—'Gentlemen,' said Sancho, 'I am no knight as yet; that is not to be done so hastily as you imagine: A man must be apprentice before he can be master; but when that holiday comes, we will be sure to keep it. In the mean time, we are going to the tilting at Saragossa, and from thence we proceed to take griffins nests on the mountain of Vermin.'—'Good Mr. Squire,' said another, 'pray let us partake of the jewels you shall win at the tilting.'—'As for the jewels,' answered Sancho, 'you should have spoke sooner; they are already promised to Master Valentin, who expects them as punctually as he does his four meals a day: but if you will accept of any giants, you shall have them in all sorts of dresses.' This answer set all the officers a laughing; which the boys of the town observing, they began to shout and make faces, and at the same time saluted the speaker with a volley of peas from their farbacanes, or pea-shooters. Sancho, not much relishing such a salutation, on this occasion approved himself a worthy squire of the renowned Don Quixote; he put on his ass boldly into the midst of the boys, and laying about with his cudgel to the right and left, soon drove away those that came nearest to offend him: having thus made himself way by his valour, he clapped both his heels to Dapple, and overtook his master; who, seeing him come upon a full trot, and in a heat, said to him—'What is the matter, my son? you seem disturbed.'—'The business is over,' answered the squire; 'and, God be praised! I had no need of your assistance. The Moorish chanter had let loose at least an hundred fairies at my heels; but, by the help of this staff, which I accidentally found in Master Valentin's stable, I drove them all away like flies.'—'Sancho, Sancho!' said Don Quixote, with a look and tone of astonishment, 'let us go on fair and softly. You say you have put to flight the enchanter's devils with that staff now in your hand.'—'Yes, Sir,' replied the squire; 'for, by being used to chivalry, I gather courage.'—'By the Lord!' quoth Don Quixote, 'it is Archbishop Turpin's club that you have found; for, in short, my son, no

‘ cudgel, of any length or thickness
 ‘ whatsoever, can put spirits to flight;
 ‘ that requires a weapon which has
 ‘ been blessed by some minister of the
 ‘ holy church.’—‘ By my faith!’ said
 Sancho, ‘ I will not answer for it’s be-
 ‘ ing Archbishop Turpin’s club; but
 ‘ I know it did me service at this time,
 ‘ and may stand me in stead another.’
 —‘ Ay, child!’ quoth Don Quixote,
 ‘ it is better than Hercules’s club: let
 ‘ us keep that inestimable weapon very
 ‘ carefully; it will be of the utmost
 ‘ use to us: for, although my valour
 ‘ be supported by a wonderful strength
 ‘ of body, yet it is of no force against
 ‘ the powers of hell; whereas, by vir-
 ‘ tue of a club so sanctified, which
 ‘ those rebellious spirits cannot with-
 ‘ stand, we shall easily drive away the
 ‘ devils and the enchanters.’—‘ So that
 ‘ if we had had this good weapon last
 ‘ year,’ said the squire, ‘ we should
 ‘ not have been so unmercifully beat-
 ‘ en.’—‘ There is no doubt to be made
 ‘ of it,’ replied Don Quixote. ‘ Since
 ‘ it is so,’ answered Sancho, ‘ I will
 ‘ keep it safer than my first shirt.—
 ‘ Oh, holy club!’ said he, kissing it,
 ‘ in an happy hour were you found:
 ‘ when I took you up in Master Valen-

‘ tin’s stable, I would willingly have
 ‘ changed you for a bit of cheese; but,
 ‘ by my faith! I will not now take a
 ‘ dozen of hogs-puddings for you.—
 ‘ Tell me, pray, Sir,’ continued he,
 ‘ was it not by means of this club that
 ‘ Master Valentin came to be an arch-
 ‘ bishop?’—‘ That may very well be,’
 said Don Quixote. ‘ Body o’ me!’ re-
 plied the squire, ‘ since it has made an
 ‘ archbishop, it may as well make a
 ‘ governor. Why not? Cannot he
 ‘ that threads a needle as easily string
 ‘ a pearl?’—‘ It is certainly the wife
 ‘ Alquife,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ that
 ‘ has conveyed to us such a precious
 ‘ treasure, to make amends for the
 ‘ fault of forsaking us the other day
 ‘ in the melon-field!’—‘ It is true,’
 quoth Sancho, ‘ that of late he has not
 ‘ minded where we begged our bread.
 ‘ He leaves us to stretch the leather
 ‘ with our teeth: if you tumble in the
 ‘ mire, there you may stick for him.
 ‘ By my faith, I believe he only gave
 ‘ you that armour to get you well
 ‘ beaten!’—‘ Say no more, my child,’
 said Don Quixote; ‘ let us not com-
 ‘ plain of him: we may well forgive
 ‘ his past neglect, considering the pre-
 ‘ sent he has made us this day.’

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



AVELLANEDA'S CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

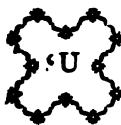
D O N Q U I X O T E

D E L A M A N C H A.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

OF THE DISAGREEABLE ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH AS HE ENTERED THE CITY OF SARAGOSSA.



UNFORTUNATE knight of La Mancha! exclaims the sage Alifolan, at the beginning of this chapter; how little fortune favours your magnanimous undertakings! You left Argamassa to gain all the honour of the jousts at Saragossa! and before you are able to reach the place, the whole ceremony is at an end! In short, when Don Quixote arrived within a mile of Saragossa, he was informed the tournament was over. This news exceedingly afflicted him; and though he had in reality no person but himself to thank for losing so fair an opportunity of renown, yet could he not forbear laying all the blame on the Moorish enchanter and Archbishop Turpin. 'Those false men,' said he, 'have accelerated the conclusion of the tilting, purposely to deprive me of the prizes; which, had I once entered the lists, I had assuredly been master of.' San-

cho also, partaking of his master's dissatisfaction, murmured much that they had not staid for them. 'Oh, the rakes!' said he, 'they were in mighty haste with their lousy tilting; why did not they put it off till your coming? There had been much better sport, I'll warrant them; for the more fools, the more laughter. What unmannerly people they are, to make so little account of us! What, do they think you have a scald head, because your skull is bald!' Don Quixote, for his part, completely vexed at having missed so splendid an opportunity of displaying himself, when he came to the Aljameria, which is an ancient palace of the Moorish kings of Saragossa, suddenly halted; and abundance of people flocking about to have the better view of him, and to ask why he came thus all in armour after the tilting was over, he raised his voice, and spoke these words—'Knights of the city—and knights of this strong castle—give ear to me! That I may retrieve the honour the enchanters have deprived me of by accelerating the tilting, I publicly challenge all those among you, whom love has made subject to some lady or prince! and to-morrow you shall be eye-witnesses how unfortunate they will prove whom my lance shall reach,

or

' or who shall encounter the edge of my
 ' invincible sword! But, at the same
 ' time, I challenge the governor, lord-
 ' mayor, aldermen, and all other ma-
 ' gistrates of the city; to punish their
 ' incivility in not putting off the tilt-
 ' ing for my sake!' This said, he spur-
 ' red on Rozinante towards Saragossa;
 leaving about fifty or sixty persons, who
 had listened to him, in marvellous as-
 tonishment. ' It is some mad fellow
 ' who rides about the country,' said
 some of them. ' If he is not a fool,'
 said another, ' he is some scoundrel fit
 ' to be picked up by the Holy Brother-
 ' hood.' Sancho, not enduring to hear
 his master spoken ill of, cried out—
 ' Gentlemen, have a care what you say!
 ' you must not prate after this fashion
 ' about my master: he is the best knight-
 ' errant in our village. I have seen him,
 ' with my own eyes, perform such feats
 ' of arms, that should I go about to tell
 ' you all the story, I should stand in
 ' need of the pen of Goliath. It is
 ' true, that after fair weather comes
 ' rain. The wicked enchanters have
 ' sometimes carried our hides; but let
 ' them look to that: they shall pay for
 ' it, as I am an errant squire.' All
 who heard him fell a laughing; and ad-
 mired his harangue as much as they did
 that of Don Quixote. One of them
 asking him what countryman he was—
 ' My master's,' replied Sancho: ' I am
 ' of my own village, which is called
 ' Argamassilla of La Mancha.'—' And
 ' what is that Argamassilla?' quoth
 another. ' What is it?' replied Sancho:
 ' nay, faith, 'tis another guise place
 ' than your Saragossa. We have with
 ' us little houses with great courts,
 ' where there are above an hundred
 ' head of cattle: and, God be praised!
 ' in our village we have a smith, who
 ' out-does Aristotle at sharpening a
 ' ploughshare. We want nothing but
 ' a clock: but our curate, Mr. Peter
 ' Perez, vows we shall have a delicate
 ' pair of organs against the next jubi-
 ' lee year.' When he had thus spoken,
 he would fain have gone after his mas-
 ter; but one of the by-standers stop-
 ping him, said—' Pray, friend, before
 ' you leave us, tell us the knight your
 ' master's name.'—' It is,' answered
 Sancho, ' the great Don Quixote de La

' Mancha: but do not mistake him;
 ' he is not now called, as he was last
 ' year, the Knight of the Sorrowful
 ' Aspect; his name now is, the Love-
 ' less Knight, by reason of the unjust
 ' disdain of Madam Dulcinea, alias
 ' Aldonza Lorenzo, or Nogales; and
 ' my name is Sancho Panza, an honest
 ' man, as is said in my village, and
 ' husband to Mary Gutierrez; who is
 ' so good-natured and fair-conditioned,
 ' that she would willingly serve every
 ' body.' Having so said, he put on
 his ass to overtake Don Quixote; which
 he easily accomplished, Dapple's trot
 for the most part being little inferior
 to Rozinante's full speed, whose *ne plus*
ultra was a hand-gallop.

Our adventurers at length reached
 Saragossa, and entered the city at the
 little gate, Don Quixote very atten-
 tively viewing the windows and the
 streets; while Sancho occupied himself
 with conjecturing at which of the inns
 his master would alight: for Rozinante,
 by natural instinct, stopped wherever
 he saw a sign; and the knight was fain
 to make liberal use of the spur-rowels,
 before he could prevail on him to pro-
 ceed. As they rode on in this man-
 ner, they saw a man approaching them,
 mounted on an ass, naked from the waist
 upwards, with a rope about his neck.
 Another man, who made but an uneasy
 lacquey, followed him on foot nearer
 than he could have wished, holding in
 his hand a large bundle of rods, with
 which he jerked his back very frequen-
 tly. They were attended by eight al-
 guaziles*, and above two hundred boys
 shouting: it is easy to guess, without
 uncommon penetration, that this was
 a thief caught in the fact. Our hero,
 seeing this pitiful spectacle, determined
 speedily what line of conduct best be-
 seemed his character as a redresser of
 wrongs. Resolving to put a stop to
 such injustice, he fiercely took his post
 in the midst of the street, covered him-
 self with his buckler, and, fixing his
 lance in the rest against those ministers
 of felony and treason, (a people out-
 lawed in all ages by knight-errantry) in
 a threatening tone he cried out to them—
 ' Ye infamous and outrageous knights!
 ' unbind and set free that over-hardy
 ' cavalier, whom you have surprized

by your usual wiles; as, full of affliction for his lady's absence or disdain, he reposed himself, without his armour, on the bank of a purling stream, under the shadow of the green willows! You have not only treacherously taken from him his horse, sword, and lance; but you have stripped him of his cloaths adorned with diamonds and rubies, and now basely carry him to a steep and inaccessible rock, there to immure him in a strong tower, and add one more to the numberless knights, sultans, and emperors, whom you most unjustly detain in those dark and pitiless dungeons! Unbind him, then, instantly! or I shall know how to force you to it, traitors and robbers as ye are!' The alguaziles, surprised at the appearance of a phantom, armed cap à pie, uttering such extravagant menaces, knew not what answer to make him. When they first perceived him brandish his formidable lance, they had halted; and now stood gazing at each other without speaking a word. The very executioner, though he had his orders from the supreme court of justice, ceased tormenting the patient; who, benefiting by the voice of this new Orpheus*, found his punishment suspended for some few minutes. At last, a man on horseback, who served as a clerk or notary among the officers of justice, perceiving that so strange a fellow alone stopped all the company, drew near the knight; and said to him—'What a pox is all this you prate to us? Stand aside! Are you mad?' No sooner had he uttered these words, than Don Quixote put back Rozinante to gain more ground; and then advancing furiously upon the bold man who had presumed to use such disrespectful language to a knight-errant, had infallibly run him through with his lance, had not the notary thought it wisest to avoid so rude an encounter by instantly sliding down from his horse. The venturesome knight missing, by this stratagem, the object of his career, was borne against a wall with such violence, by the impetuosity of Rozinante, that rider and steed came to the ground together, miserably disconcerted. In ad-

dition to this misfortune, the lance was shivered into fifty pieces. This complicated danger, however, served but to evince the wonderful presence and self-collection of the resolute Manchegan: he in an instant cleared himself from the partner of his disaster, and what else soever impeded his rising; and, though deeply bruised by the tumble, rushed forward amongst his astonished adversaries, sword in hand. The alguaziles, not knowing which way to turn themselves, cried aloud—'Help! help! We charge all here present, in the king's name, to aid and assist us!' Several persons that were passing by, came in upon this outcry; and, drawing their swords, hemmed in Don Quixote; who, nothing daunted at the sight of so many enemies, belowed with a loud voice—'St. James!—St. Denis!—my friends and companions—' the day is our own!' and, at the same time, laid about him so dextrously, that many came off with their ears and jaws horribly scarified. At length, however, somebody seizing him behind, got him undermost: then his valour became useless. There was no remedy but submitting to the greater number: in spite of all his efforts, they bound his hands; after which five or six of the alguaziles set him upon his own horse, with his face towards the tail, and conveyed him to prison.

Sancho, who had been an eye witness to all this affair, was wonderfully afflicted when he saw his master carried off in so ignominious a manner; and, following him at a distance, but without discovering that he belonged to him, the poor squire wept bitterly. 'A curse on him that does not love me!' said he to himself; 'what devil advised me to return again to knight-errantry! A murrain on all islands and governments! Would they were all in the bottom of a well! By St. John's eagle, my master is finely brought to bed! Alas! what will become of me! What shall I do here alone, without any wife or children? Poor fatherless wretch as I am! I shall now be forced to live like an abbot; and have nothing to eat but the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the earth!

* Alluding to the descent of Orpheus into hell, where he suspended the torment of the damned.

Amidst these sorrowful mutterings, he came to the gate of the prison; where, having seen Don Quixote secured, he stood a long while without knowing which way to bestow himself. He heard the people about him say, that the man in armour deserved the severest punishment for offering to hinder the execution of justice. Some thought him worthy of death; but others, more merciful and compassionate, adjudged him only to be disciplined with two hundred lashes.

In the mean while, Don Quixote being conveyed into the prison, was stripped of his armour, and hand-cuffed for the greater security. The gaoler's son attempted to tie a rope about his neck; but the knight, full of disdain at such unworthy usage, lifted up both his hands, which were fastened together, and bestowed on the young man such a four salutation with his hand-cuffs, that, although the youth's hat in some measure broke the force, his head did not escape without a contusion. He was about to second his stroke, when the gaoler prevented him by half a dozen good bangs, which made the blood gush from Don Quixote's nose and mouth. The gaoler's servants took his part, though there was no great need of it, and trampled the prisoner under their feet. Not so satisfied, the gaoler and his son went to the judge in criminal causes; and represented the matter so heinously, that, without any farther proof, he ordered the criminal to be immediately whipped in all the markets, and then to be sent back to prison; intending afterwards, in course of law, to examine concerning his motives and accomplices. At the same time that the gaoler came back from the judge, the thief who had been whipped unluckily returned with the alguaziles. The gaoler seeing this, called to the executioner—'Friend,' cried he, 'take down this man; but do not send away your ass, for you must first ring a peal on the back of that drunken sot in armour, who has wounded my son, and attempted to murder the notary.' Sancho hearing these words, was grieved to the heart; and with much difficulty refrained himself from proclaiming his distresses to the

world, when he saw they were preparing in earnest to lash his master.

CHAP. II.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER DON QUIXOTE'S IMPRISONMENT.

WHILST Sancho was bewailing himself, some gentlemen passed by; who, seeing abundance of people about the prison-gate, had the curiosity to ask what was the matter. A young fellow told them the whole story; and as they were listening to him, Sancho drawing near to observe their conversation, which he thought in all probability must concern his master, discovered Don Alvaro Tarfe among them. That Granadine gentleman had not yet left Saragossa, having staid, after the tilting, to contrive among his friends a course at the ring; which diversion they were to entertain the people with the next Sunday. At sight of Don Alvaro, Sancho was well nigh distracted with joy: he immediately leaped down from Dapple, pulled off his cap, and casting himself at his feet, exclaimed—'O dear, matchless, and compassionate Don Alvaro Tarfe! I conjure you, by St. Luke's ox, to take pity on me and my master Don Quixote, who is in the house of Judas! These wicked people design to bring him out this moment, and to whip him like a pick-pocket, if your worship and good St. Anthony do not prevent it!' Tarfe soon knew Sancho; and, seeing his distress, easily guessed at the whole adventure. 'My friend Sancho,' quoth he, 'is it possible your master should be in such danger?'—'By all the fairies in the air it is true!' answered the squire; 'and here the ass waits for him*.' Good Sir Don Alvaro, go see my master Don Quixote from me, and tell him I kiss his hands; and beg that, if he must needs go whither the alguaziles please to carry him, he at least will not ride the old jade of an ass they have provided, for the is as lean as the last day of Lent, and goes all on one side; but desire him to make use of my ass, who has young

* In Spain, malefactors who are to be whipped, are mounted on an ass, instead of being fastened, as in England, to a cart's tail.

' legs, and on whom he will look like
' St. George a horseback.'

Don Alvaro could not avoid smiling at the ludicrous simplicity of Sancho: perceiving, however, that there was no time to be lost, he enjoined the squire to wait in that same place, whilst himself, with two of his friends, repaired to the prison. On their arrival there, they found the Loveless Knight unmanacled, and ready to sally forth for correction: the blows he had received, and the blood which covered his forlorn countenance, so completely disguised him, that, had they not been aware of his situation, they would not have known him to be the Knight of La Mancha. 'What do my eyes behold!' exclaimed Don Alvaro. 'In what a condition do I find you! Alas, good Sir Don Quixote! shall I here offer all the service my friends and I can render you? I believe at this time my assistance will not be unwelcome.' Don Quixote knew the Granadine at first sight; and, imagining he had been brought thither by the enchanters that favoured knight-errantry, to deliver him from the imminent danger he was in—'Oh, my good friend Don Alvaro Tarfe!' said he very gravely, and smiling at the same time, 'you are welcome; yet, notwithstanding your uncommon valour, I own I am surprised to find that you have been able to compass so peerless an adventure; since I, who am the great Spaniard Don Quixote, the invincible Cavellero Desamorado, or Loveless Knight, have fallen under the enchantments of the traitor Arcalaus, brother to the valiant Ardan Canila*, whom I slew

in single combat! Tell me, I beseech you, how got you into this inaccessible castle, into which I have been brought by art magick, together with all these princes you see here stretched out on the straw like so many poor and ignoble wretches? By what art did you chain up the two fierce giants who guarded the stately gate, and waved their massive clubs in the air continually? Finally, by what most fortunate device or contrivance did you lull to sleep the wakeful griffin that watches day and night in the first court, and in his mighty talons will bear up a knight armed at all points to the very clouds? Verily, Don Tarfe of Granada, you are the *ne plus ultra* of chivalry, since you alone have compassed an adventure, which has been before in vain attempted by the Emperor of Constantinople, Esplandian, and the divine Alastaxerea, the very daughter of the God of War! I envy your glory, since by your brave hands, which Arcalaus was incapable of resisting, we shall be all this day delivered from bondage; and his sister Arcabonna, who is no less formidable than himself, shall be shamefully whipped about this castle as a forceress, notwithstanding the tender love she bears me!'—'Noble and puissant Don Quixote!' replied Don Alvaro, 'I lulled the watchfulness of the griffin as dexterously as the god Mercury himself! I have, besides, chained up the giants, and killed your enemy the enchanter! But all this is insufficient to effect your release: it remains, that I must obtain a favourable answer

* Don Quixote, in this place, takes the liberty of appropriating to himself an achievement which does not belong to him. Ardan Canila, being driven back to the point of a rock, in a desperate combat with Amadis de Gaulle, receives so cruel a wound, that, we are told, he fell from the top of the rock down into the sea, and was never after seen.—Amadis de Gaulle, Book II. Chap. 19.—'This Ardan Canila was descended from the race of giants, born in a province called Canila, the which was in a manner wholly inhabited by such kind of people; notwithstanding, he was somewhat less of body than they, but not in strength. His shoulders were narrow, his neck and breast unreasonably thick, his hands and thighs large, his legs long and crooked. His eyes hollow, flat-nosed like an ape, his nostrils wide and loathsome, his lips great, his hair red, and thick bristled in that sort, as very hardly might it be curled: to conclude, he was so beset with freckles and black spots, that his face seemed as though it had been of sundry sorts of flesh; he was of the age of thirty years, or thereabouts, bold and expert in arms, furious, spiteful, and as uncourteous as might be; and yet, since he was twenty and five years of age, he never fought with any giant or other knight, either a foot, a horseback, or at wrestling, that was able to resist him, and whom he did not easily overcome. Such was the beauty, fashion, and gentle behaviour of Ardan Canila.'—The above quotation is taken from Book II. Chap. 19. of the English translation, in folio, of the first four books of Amadis de Gaulle, edit. 1619.

' from the prophetick statue of brass
 ' which is seated upon the marvellous
 ' pedestal. Herein consists the greatest
 ' difficulty of the adventure: as soon
 ' as that speaks, your irons will drop
 ' off of themselves; and, till then, no
 ' valour, no force, can set you free. I
 ' flatter myself I shall succeed, with the
 ' assistance of an enchanter who is my
 ' friend, and at my request will exert
 ' the utmost of his art in your behalf.
 ' When that is done, we will cause
 ' your amorous forcerers to be whipped,
 ' as you desire.'—' Go, then, valiant
 ' Don Tarfeyan!' cried Don Quixote;
 ' go, and perform these great actions,
 ' which Fate has reserved for you, to
 ' the glory of knight-errantry! And,
 ' in acknowledgment for the important
 ' service you design me, I here confer
 ' upon you the permission to accom-
 ' pany me in my adventures, which I
 ' would not grant to any other knight
 ' whatsoever; but you seem to me wor-
 ' thy of this honour: you shall fight
 ' by my side till I have conquered the
 ' mighty empire of Trebifond, and am
 ' married to a beautiful queen of Eng-
 ' land, by whom I shall have twin sons,
 ' who shall at length be born, after in-
 ' numerable vows, supplications, and
 ' tears.' The by-standers hearing Don
 ' Quixote talk at this rate, needed no
 ' other testimony to convince them of his
 ' madness. They all burst into laughter,
 ' except Don Alvaro, who still preserved
 ' his steadiness of countenance, fearing,
 ' doubtless, lest our knight should recal
 ' the advantageous grant he had so re-
 ' cently conferred upon him. The ad-
 ' venture of the marvellous pedestal be-
 ' gan by this time to admit no delay, as
 ' the alguaziles grew very impatient to
 ' commence their procession. Don Al-
 ' varo persuaded them, however, to
 ' postpone it till he had spoken to the
 ' judge in behalf of the prisoner; which
 ' they durst not refuse to a man of his
 ' quality, though eager enough for the
 ' speedy scourging of the knight-errant,
 ' in revenge for the mischief and conster-
 ' nation he had occasioned. Don Al-
 ' varo, who was well acquainted with
 ' the nature of that class of people, not
 ' chusing to rely entirely on their pro-
 ' mises of forbearance, left one of his
 ' friends to protect Don Quixote, whilst
 ' he, with the other, who was a kinsman
 ' to the judge, went to procure his en-
 ' largement. Sancho seeing Don Al-

varo come out of the prison, ran to him
 in great haste, and said very earnestly—
 ' Well, Sir Don Alvaro, what do all
 ' the Jews within? Shall not you get
 ' my master out of their clutches?'—
 ' Friend Sancho,' said he, ' all will
 ' be well.' At the same time he or-
 ' dered one of his pages to take that ho-
 ' nest countryman home with him, and
 ' treat him handsomely. Sancho, hear-
 ' ing these agreeable injunctions, cried
 ' out—' God reward you, Don Alvaro!
 ' but pray take care, if you please, that
 ' those wicked Pharisees restore to us
 ' poor Rozinante, whom they have
 ' hurried away without shewing him
 ' a reason for it. Bid them likewise
 ' give you the enchanted target; for
 ' my master Don Quixote would wish
 ' me hanged, if I should not get it for
 ' him again; and, by my faith, it cost
 ' us thirteen rials painting by an old
 ' painter at Ariza, who is as crooked,
 ' at least, as the prior of Toboso, and
 ' lived in a street I have forgot the
 ' name of.'—' Enough, friend San-
 ' cho,' said Don Alvaro; ' leave all
 ' that to me; you need only follow that
 ' page, who will daintily entertain
 ' you.' Sancho followed the page;
 ' and Don Alvaro went to the judge,
 ' who, as soon as he was acquainted with
 ' Don Quixote's insanity, readily gave
 ' order for his enlargement, and that he
 ' should be delivered, with all that had
 ' been taken from him, into the hands
 ' of the Granadine. Tarfe lost no time;
 ' he returned immediately to the prison,
 ' took out the prisoner, and carried him
 ' to his lodging in a hired carriage; which
 ' passed in the knight's apprehension for
 ' the flying-chariot of some magician
 ' who was a friend to knight-errantry.

When Don Quixote arrived at Don
 Alvaro's, he was laid in bed to recruit
 himself a little with rest; and when it
 was supper-time, the table was set close
 to his bed-side, and the meat served
 up. Some of Tarfe's friends, who were
 at this entertainment, were much struck
 with our hero's countenance and con-
 versation; and the Granadine, willing
 their diversion should be complete, or-
 dered Sancho to be called in before
 supper was ended. The honest squire
 having eat and drank at his discre-
 tion, as much, to wit, as would have
 served four men, was then in most ex-
 cellent humour: he recited all his mas-
 ter's adventures with his usual simpli-
 city;

enced by the judges of the field; who, after having paraded round the place three times, richly clad, and followed by a numerous retinue, took their stations at the end of the course, amidst the sound of trumpets, in a magnificent theatre. Immediately as they were seated, there entered the place twenty cavaliers of graceful demeanour; they were divided into two troops, and marched, by pairs, arrayed in sumptuous liveries, with all the brilliant equipage of a superb and gallant solemnity. And here it is to be lamented, that our Arabian author has omitted to give us, in this place, a minute description of this majestic celebrity: for what reason I cannot divine, unless it be that he was unwilling to lose sight of his hero. He thinks it sufficient to acquaint us, that Don Alvaro, mounted on a fiery dappled courser of Andalusia, whose gorgeous trappings and stately carriage marvellously set off the elegance of his form, was arrayed in a habit of golden tissue, on which a wreath of lilies and roses, twined together, was curiously embroidered. On his shield he had caused to be portrayed to the life the hero of La Mancha, with the whole adventure of the criminal and the alguaziles. By the side of Don Alvaro, as his brother in arms, appeared the invincible Don Quixote; who entered the lists with a resolved and martial countenance. He wore his helmet on his head, and was armed at all points, ready to fight all the giants in the world. The multitude, who do not always interpret things in the most favourable manner, set up a loud hooting at the curious appearance of Don Quixote and his peaceable courser. The two troops, passing before the ladies, performed the usual salute of gallantry by shewing off the curvettings and prancing of their horses; in which particular, Rozinante, though untaught, played his part to admiration. When Don Quixote and Don Alvaro arrived before the judges, and had saluted them, the chief of the judges, directing his discourse to the knight, said, with much gravity—'Most famous prince of La Mancha, flower and mirror of knight-errantry! we look upon it as a great favour of fortune that you have

'vouchsafed to honour with your presence the diversion we have prepared for the ladies on this day.' The knight, with no less gravity, replied—'Great judge of martial exercises, though this be but mere sport, in comparison of the mighty enterprizes I daily attempt, yet I will not deny you the satisfaction of seeing my dexterity.' Having so said, he went on with Don Alvaro; who, when he came up to his troop, gave Don Quixote to understand, that he must not run till the last, lest he should deprive the other knights of the hopes of winning any of the prizes; and, since his course must needs be the finest and most pleasing of all, it was fit to reserve it for the last, that the sport might conclude with something extraordinary. Don Quixote could not offer any thing against such plausible reasons; but, drawing off to one side, became a spectator of the diversion.

The trumpets and kettle-drums now struck up again, and the cavaliers ran their courses; every one in his turn, as had been appointed by lot, shewing admirable skill and dexterity. Don Alvaro was admired above all the rest; he bore away the first prize; and gave good proof that he was descended from the ancient Abencerrages*, who first brought into Spain the custom of tilting and running at the ring, with other noble sports intended for the diversion of the ladies. When they had all run, Don Alvaro went up to Don Quixote, who began to be out of patience; and, leading him to the starting-place, the trumpets gave the signal. Don Quixote clapped his heels to the meagre sides of Rozinante; who, being ready to contribute as much as in him lay to his master's honour, appeared on this occasion uncommonly niftsome; and, after he had received about twenty memorandums from the spur, set out with more than ordinary swiftness. But here, alas! let us bewail the mutability of fortune, who delights in destroying, in a moment, the best-grounded hopes. Rozinante had now traversed half the course; he was now near the place where the ring was suspended on high, when his mighty mettle failing, he made a false step, and fell down under his master. This accident set all

the spectators a laughing; and Don Quixote having helped up, his horse, returned foaming with anger to the place from whence he set out. Don Alvaro, who was there ready to receive him, said to him—'Be not cast down, Sir Knight, since it was your horse's fault alone that you did not bear away the ring; your career was beautiful to admiration; and, if you take my advice, you must begin it again before Rozinante cools.' Don Quixote, without answering one word, set forward the second time; and, being beside himself with passion and concern, missed the ring; but the Granadine, who had expected this mishap, rectified it in an instant; for, having followed upon a hand-gallop, he raised himself on his stirrups, and taking off the ring with his hand, clapt it so adroitly upon the point of Don Quixote's lance, that our knight did not perceive the deception. At the same time he cried out, with a loud voice—'Victory! victory! the illustrious Don Quixote, the ornament of knight-errantry, has borne away the ring!' The knight cast his eyes upon his lance, and seeing the ring there, concluded that he had finished his course with honour; then, turning to Don Alvaro, he said—'You see how dangerous it is to be idle; Rozinante, for want of being kept in his wind, has notoriously scandalized me.'—'It is true,' said Don Alvaro, smiling, 'but you have made good amends for it, and you must now go up to the judges to demand the prize.' Don Quixote followed his advice; and advancing before the judges, held out his lance to them, saying—'Your lordships may be pleased to look upon this lance; methinks it says enough in my behalf.' The same judge who had spoken to him before, now undertook for his brethren; and having made fast to the end of his lance half a score great leathern points which he had caused to be brought for the purpose, and which were worth about a groat or threepence, he said to him—'Invincible knight-errant, as a prize for the skill and dexterity you have shewn in your incomparable career, I present you with that precious jewel!

'The wise Lirgandus, your friend, brought it from the Indies for you. In short, these wonderful garters are made of the real skin of the Phoenix, that celebrated bird, the only one of his species. And, since you stile yourself the Loveless Knight, I would advise you to present them to the lady in this assembly whom you shall judge the most insensible of that passion. But I do order you, upon pain of my displeasure, to come and sup with me to-night with Don Alvaro; and to bring your faithful squire, who alone deserves to be servant to a knight of your worth.'—'I return you most humble thanks,' answered Don Quixote, 'for the noble present the wise Lirgandus sends me by your equitable hands; and you shall soon perceive how much I value your counsel.' This said, he turned off to take an exact view of all the windows and balconies about the square. At last he halted at a low window where he saw an old woman between two courtezans, scurvily painted. This was the honourable lady he pitched upon. He drew near; and, resting the end of his lance, with the points hanging at it, on the edge of the window, said to her, in a grave and audible voice—'Most wise Urganda the Unknown*, you see here before you the knight, so entirely yours, whom you have so often defended against the wiles of your malignant brother enchanters! In return for these favours, I beseech you to accept, at my hands, of these precious garters, which I have gained with your favourable assistance; and which are made of the very skin of that self-begotten bird, so much celebrated by our poets?' The wise Urganda and her virtuous companions, wondering at this discourse, and at the present of the leathern points; hearing also the rabble shout continually; discharged a volley of abusive language against the knight, and instantly shut the window. Don Quixote, surprized at this incivility, knew not what to think; and stood silent, as doubting how he should behave himself. Sancho, who was come up to his master in the Square after the course was over, seeing what small account the old woman made of

* Urganda the Unknown is an enchantress in *Amadis de Gaule*, very friendly to *Amadis* and his companions.

the points, raised his voice, and cried out—'O the old branded excommunicate witch! What can she mean by refusing such curious delicate points? Poor jade! what a fool she is! By my father's soul, if I catch up a stone, I will soon make her open the window: but pray, Sir, let us leave the old hen and her chickens. Give me those points; for these I have to my breeches are almost worn out; and the rest of them will serve in our errantry to mend Dapple's pannel, and Rozinante's saddle.'—'Take, my son,' replied Don Quixote in a melancholy mood, (holding down the point of his lance) 'take those rare garters, and lay them up carefully. I plainly perceive the wise Urganda is more friendly to my enemies than to me. She has sufficiently convinced me by the ill language I have just heard.'—'Od's my life, Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'as for the ill language, never mind that; for it is all but words, and the wind carries them away. The crow cannot be blacker than his wings: and an old whore's curses are as good as prayers.'

CHAPTER V.

DON QUIXOTE AND TARFE GO TO THE HOUSE OF DON CARLOS TO SUPPER. SANCHE'S GOOD HUMOUR. THE DREADFUL ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE MET WITH IN DON CARLOS'S HOUSE.

NIGHT drawing on, and all people beginning to repair to their homes, Don Alvaro came up to the Knight of La Mancha and acquainted him that it was time to go to Don

Carlos. 'Let us go,' answered Don Quixote; 'I am ready to follow you.' The Granadine would have persuaded him to quit his lance and his buckler, but the knight would not consent; and went away, armed as he was, to Don Carlos's house. He entered the hall where they expected him, like Amadis de Gaule entering the forbidden chamber of Apollidon*, after having compassed the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers. Don Carlos, then embracing him, said—'Welcome, the great Knight of La Mancha, to this house, in which all persons with him all manner of prosperity. But, good Sir Don Quixote, be pleased to lay aside your arms to refresh yourself after your glorious careers. You may do it here with all the safety imaginable, since you are among your friends.'—'To please you,' replied the knight, 'I may lay aside my lance and my shield; but, for the rest of my arms, I beseech you give me leave to retain them. Wherever I am, I never part with them for two reasons. The first is, that by continually wearing these honourable instruments of knight-errantry, I enure my body to them; and they become easy, according to the maxim in philosophy, *Ab assuetis non fit passio*. The other reason is, because a discreet man should be always upon his guard. For I remember to have read in the wonderful book of the adventures of the Knight of the Sun, that the said knight having lost himself one day in a wood, with his friend Oristides the Trojan, they came at last into a certain meadow, where they found ten or twelve savages roasting a stag upon the coals. As they came near, the savages by signs invited them to eat. The knights, who stood in great

* The adventures above alluded to, are recorded in Book II. Chapter 2. of the romance of Amadis de Gaule. The history of the Arch of Loyal Lovers, &c. is as follows. Apollidon, son to a king of Greece, fleeing with his mistress Grimanefa by sea from the court of Rome, is driven upon the Firme Island, which was then inhabited by a mighty giant. Apollidon slays the giant, and assumes the government of the island. Soon after, being summoned to mount the throne of Constantinople, which devolved to him by the death of the emperor his uncle; he establishes in the Firme Island, before his final departure from it, the following system of enchantment. He causes an arch to be made, over which is placed the image of a man formed of copper, holding a horn; and on the gate of his palace he erects the portraits of himself and Grimanefa. Should any man or woman, who hath falsified their first love, attempt to pass under the arch, the image shall blow so terribly with flame and stench through his horn, that they shall be thrown down in a swoon before the arch. But should any loyal lover assay the adventure, the image shall sound his horn melodiously, and the lover shall pass under the arch without difficulty. With respect to the rich chamber,

' need of such relief, accepted of the offer. They alighted; and having unbridled their horses, that they might graze freely in the meadow, they sat down among the savages who had shewn them so much civility. However, they would not take off their helmets, and only lifted up their beavers; but as soon as they began to eat, the savages treacherously fell upon them, and gave them so many blows on the head with their clubs, that had not the rare temper of the helmets defended them, the two knights had been pounded to death. They fell down senseless; and the savages, believing that they were dead, would have stripped them; but not being used to disarm knights, they were unable to accomplish their purpose. While they were busied in this attempt, Oriñides and the Knight of the Sun recovered their senses; and perceiving the danger they were in, leaped up, drew their swords, and charged the savages with such resolution, that they soon made a wonderful havoc. No stroke was lost; here tumbled a head, there fell a leg or an arm——' As Don Quixote recounted this sharp expedition, he drew his sword; and, the better to represent the prowess of the Knight of the Sun and his companion, began laying about him so furiously, that the company, justly apprehensive of being mistaken for savages, retreated as far off as they could, making a large ring about him, in the centre whereof he stood. This scene diverted all the assembly; but Don Carlos thinking fit to put an end to it, said to Don Quixote, smiling—' Enough, invincible knight! those savages have long since been destroyed. Let us talk no more of them, I beseech you.' Don Quixote stood still on a sudden, and put up his sword again with such deliberation as was scarcely to be expected from him. Don Carlos then drew near; and taking him by the hand, conducted him into another great

hall, where the table was ready covered; but, before they sat down, Don Alvaro missing Sancho, sent one of his pages to look for him.

Sancho, who had followed his master to Don Carlos's house, took occasion to walk into the kitchen, where he was wonderfully attentive to the preparations for supper. ' Master Sancho,' said the page, ' you are wanted in the supper-room. They will not go to their meal without you. Come and taste of the delicate dishes, and exquisite wines.'—' By my faith, Master Page,' quoth the squire, ' those gentlemen take me at a time when I am very ready to oblige them; for I have not put one bit into my belly these three hours!' So saying, he went into the hall. Then taking off his cap with both hands, and making a low reverence to the company—' Gentlemen,' said he, ' God rest your souls for thinking of me!'—' How now, Sancho,' said Don Carlos, ' you compliment us as if we were dead; we are still alive and well, God be praised! unless these gentlemen be out of order with the ill entertainment they have.'—' Mother of God!' quoth Sancho, looking at the dishes on the table, ' how can that be? Then these gentlemen would be like a countryman's geese with us, that died of the pip in a pond. This table needs no compliments: I see so many dishes full of ostriches, ragouts, and fiddles, that my mouth waters for joy.'—' Well, my friend,' said Don Carlos, giving him a capon on a plate, ' eat that to whet your stomach: I am told you dispatch those creatures with an extraordinary air.'—' You are not misinformed,' replied the squire; ' and it shall cost you nothing to see the experiment tried.' This said, he asked for bread, and laid about him so vigorously, that the capon vanished in a trice. The pages, who waited at table, were as well pleased to see him as their masters; and therefore took

chamber, which had witnessed the fruition of his own and Grimanesa's loves, it is provided, that no male shall enter it, until some man, who shall surpass Apollidon in prowess, shall have first entered the same; and that no female shall enter it, until it has been entered by some woman fiercer than Grimanesa. Over the entrance of the chamber is written—' He which shall enter her in, shall exceed Apollidon in arms, and shall succeed him as lord of this country.' The other circumstances of this enchantment, and the penalties which are ordained for the unsuccessful candidates, are too long for a note. Suffice it to say, that Amadis achieves the adventure of the Arch of Loyal Lovers; and succeeding also in that of the Forbidden Chamber, obtains the signiory of the Firme Island.

care to furnish his plate with all that was left on those they took off the table; and did not fail to fill him wine at every turn. This courtesy put him into such a rare humour, that he could not forbear crying out—'In truth, Don Carlos, your pages and you are the very picture of plenty, you make so much of your friends.'—'Friend Sancho,' answered Don Carlos, smiling, 'you deserve our love for being so frank and open-hearted; and therefore, in reward of your plain dealing, take this plate of force-meat balls.'—'What do you call these balls?' replied the squire, taking the plate: 'I never saw any of them before.'—'Taste them, friend Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'and give us your opinion.' Sancho needed not twice bidding; he began to swallow them down, one after another, as if they had been grapes; saying to Don Alvaro—'By my troth, Don Alvaro, these balls are pretty baubles; I fancy the children in Limbo play with such balls: when I go home to my own country again, I will sow a peck of them in our garden; and if they come up well, I will sell them at a good rate. All that I am afraid of is, that I shall eat them before they are ripe; but to prevent that, whenever I go near them, my wife shall gag me.'—'Your wife!' said Don Carlos; 'then it seems you are married, Sancho! Is your wife handsome?'—'Handsome, quotha!' replied the squire; 'I would not change her for the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; whose true name is Aldonza Lorenzo, alias Nogales. It is true, my wife will be fifty-five years old next grass, and the sun has somewhat tanned her face; but for all that she is a woman would puzzle a doctor. She prates like a magpye. The only thing the curate twits her with is, that as soon as ever she has scraped together a groat or fivepence, you may sooner take her by her honour, than hinder her going to John Perez, the vintner in our village, to change her money for the juice of the grape.'—'Have you any children?' said one of the guests. 'Body o' me!' replied the squire; 'why,

what do you think we have done that we should not have any? Yes, indeed, we have. And among the rest we have a little Sancha, who is as cunning as her mother already. Faith and troth she is a dainty-shaped girl, and as wise as a gipsy! As for her beauty, they are best judges of it who say nothing can be more like our curate; and he is the handsomest man in all La Mancha.' All the company laughed at the squire's simplicity; and Don Alvaro, observing that he had nothing left to eat, said to him—'Friend Sancho, see whether you can find an empty corner in your belly to lay up this plate of white-meat*.' Sancho took it, saying—'Master Tarfe, I thank you; and I hope, by help of God, this shall not be left out.' Immediately he clapped his hand into the plate, and in one moment all the white meat vanished, except what stuck to his beard.

When supper was over, the master of the feast led his guests to the other end of the hall, and seated them there till the servants had cleared the table; and it being his design that Don Quixote should have all the honour of the entertainment, he placed him between Don Alvaro and himself, and desired Sancho, who that night well deserved the surname of Panza†, to sit down on the ground at the feet of his master: then Don Alvaro began to tax Don Quixote with having been thoughtful during supper-time, not making merry with the rest of the company, or so much as tasting the meat that was set before him. 'It is a sign,' answered Don Carlos, 'that Don Quixote did not like the dressing of our meat, and we need not wonder at it: how can the entertainments of private gentlemen, like ourselves, please so curious an appetite as his must needs be? Can he find any thing to relish with him here? he who, after gaining the prize of tournaments, and finishing unheard of adventures, is treated every day in the courts of emperors, sultans, and caliphs, such as those of Trebisond, of Niquea, and of Syria; all of them so renowned for the delicacy and sumptuousness of

* This white meat is the flesh of fowls bruised, and made into a mass with sugar and other ingredients.

† Panza, in Spanish, signifies Paunch.

'their tables?'—'Pox take me!' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, 'I cannot endure to hear all these hard names and dainty tables you talk of! They that told you all this, Don Carlos, are little better than false knaves and liars. We are not for the most part treated with any thing in our chivalry, but thumps of stones; and if we chance to eat melons, on my conscience they make us pay for sauce! It is true we sometimes meet with good people, such as master Valentin: but Shrove-tide comes but once a year; and as for those emperors and calphases you mention, the devil take him that ever saw any of them, unless it were in my master's head, who is a fool if he does not pitch his tent here for ever.' Don Quixote could not bear with Sancho's impertinence any longer; and, giving him a good kick on the rump—'Thou base scoundrell!' said he to him in a passion, 'will you hold your prating tongue? What evil genius moves thee to trouble this illustrious company with thy follies?'—'Worthy Don Carlos,' continued he, turning to the master of the house, 'I beseech you to forgive my squire's indiscretion, and rest satisfied that if I have not eaten, it was not for want of relishing the dainties your table was furnished with; but because we knights errant have always a guard upon ourselves against sensuality: we make use of food only to support nature; and when the emperors, to whose courts fortune is pleased to guide us, are desirous to give us entertainment, we make less account of the dainties served up, than of the honour they do us in admitting us to their tables. In short, we despise a life of ease and pleasure; and whilst we go about to redress wrongs, and to re-establish good order in countries, we consider it as pleasure and luxury to cross barren deserts, to be exposed to the rigour of seasons, and to pass whole days without eating, like Amadis de Gaul*, who lived above three months on the poor rock, without sleeping, or taking the least sustenance. There is another thing yet, Don Carlos, which hindered me partaking of the publick satisfaction; it is, that the wife Urganda, on whose

favour I relied, has very discourteously refused the prize with which you rewarded my dexterity; which any person, except herself, would have valued above an empire. This refusal is enough to damp the most undaunted courage; and I confess I am fain to call up all mine to bear up against it. I know not whence her hatred to me can proceed. Some perfidious enchanters must have given her a false character of me, as finding no surer expedient to undermine the very foundation of knight-errantry, than by sowing discord among the most solid supporters of it, and their wise protectress.' Don Quixote would not have stopped here, so much was his heart interested in the subject before him, but that a company of musicians and dancers, whom Don Carlos had sent for to divert the company, then entered the hall.

For two hours there was a delightful concert of vocal and instrumental musick, intermixed with dancing; and this diversion concluded with a grotesque entry of a man clad like a peasant, who danced to admiration. During this performance, Don Carlos asked Sancho aloud, whether he could exhibit the like. The squire, grown heavy and sleepy with the weight of meat he had crammed down, yawning and making the sign of the cross on his mouth with his thumb, answered—'By my hand, Don Carlos, I could cut capers better upon a good straw-bed than in this hall! As for that fellow, who shakes himself as if he were possessed, there is no making any hog's-puddings of him, for I believe he has no guts in his belly.' Sancho's conceit set the company a laughing; but it lasted not long: a dreadful giant suddenly strode into the hall, and struck terror through the whole assembly. His height was little short of twelve feet, and his limbs were proportionably bulky: he was obliged to kneel down to enable him to enter the apartment; and when he raised himself again, his head touched the ceiling. He was clad, after the Persian manner, in a long robe of scarlet cloth; and by his side hung an immense basket-hilted scymetar, which was supported by an iron chain: about his neck he wore a

* When, being in disgrace with Oriana his mistress, he assumed the name of Beltebros.
vast

vaſt ruſh, and on his head a high cap encircled with the tail-feathers of turkeys, in form of a coronet. As he entered, all the company ſtarted up in a fright, and gathered cloſe about Don Quixote, as a flock of ſheep gathers about their ſhepherd, at ſight of a wolf: as for the knight of La Mancha, he made it evident that he was born to diſpel terror and to embolden timidity. Preſerving his temper undauntedly on this dangerous occaſion, he cried out, with a reſolute voice—‘ Fear nothing, gentlemen! this affair belongs to me: I underſtand well adventures of this nature; they frequently occur in the palaces of emperors: lay aſide your apprehenſion; and let us hear wherefore this enormous giant preſents himſelf before us.’ The gentlemen being again ſeated at Don Quixote’s requeſt, the giant, with a hoarſe voice, ſuch as is natural to all giants, ſpoke theſe words—‘ Princes, pages, and lacquies, here aſſembled, inform me who among you is The Loveleſs Knight, formerly The Knight of the Sorrowful Aſpect?’—‘ I am he, giant!’ replied Don Quixote ſternly. ‘ What would you have with me?’—‘ O, ye immortal gods!’ replied the monſter, ‘ how ſhall I requite you, ſince it is your pleaſure that I find in this city what I have been ſeeking with ſo much coſt and trouble theſe fourteen hundred years!—Be it known to you, princes and knights, that hear me, that you have here before you the dreadful Bramarbas Iron-ſides, puſſant emperor of the kingdom of Cyprus, which I conquered from it’s lawful ſovereign by the force of my invincible arm! The fame of the knight Don Quixote’s adventures and wonderful actions has reached my imperial palace; and I muſt own, there is no place in the world, no town, ſtreet, tavern, or ſtable, where that great bully of knight-errantry is not ſpoken of. I have left my kingdom to ſeek him, not being able to endure that ſo extraordinary a perſon ſhould live in the world. I deſign, therefore, to fight him; and, having cut off his head, to carry it to Cyprus, there to nail it up at the gate of my palace; that it may be known I am ſtronger than he is, and that all ſhall come after him.—And, therefore, illuſtrious Don Quixote,

‘ if you feel any unwillingneſs or diſinclination to encounter with me, you need only ſuffer me to ſeize your head from your ſhoulders, and that ſpeedily; for I am in haſte to return home. There is alſo another buſineſs brings me hither: I have been informed that Don Carlos, the lord of this ſtrong caſtle, has a young ſiſter, whoſe beauty is celebrated in all parts; now, it being one of my failings to be fond of all pretty young girls, I deſign alſo to carry away that princeſs with me, and place her in my ſeraglio; and if Don Carlos ſhall oppoſe it, I challenge him, and all here preſent, to ſingle combat.’ The King of Cyprus ſtopping here, all the audience expected with amazement what Don Quixote would answer; when the knight, kneeling down before Don Carlos, ſaid—‘ Great Trebatius, ſovereign emperor of Greece, who, in the abſence of thy ſons, haſt taken the name of Don Carlos, to confound the falſe enchanter who is contriving the ruin of thine empire! grant that I may here ſupply the place of the invincible Knight of the Sun, and of the valiant Roſclair his brother, to whom it would belong of right to chaſtiſe the inſolence of this monſter!’ Don Carlos, who was fain to bite his lips to avoid laughing, graciouſly held out his hand to the knight; and, raiſing him up, ſaid—‘ Illuſtrious Prince of La Mancha! this affair, in reality, concerns us both; to deal plainly with you, I feel myſelf ſo terrified by the menaces of Bramarbas, that I cannot avoid giving him the Princeſs Trebaſina my ſiſter, unleſs you ſhall order otherwiſe: do, therefore, as you ſhall think fit; for whatever you ſhall decree will be moſt for our honour.’ Don Quixote, hereupon, advanced towards the giant, and accoſted him in theſe words—‘ Proud and inſolent Bramarbas! had not the reſpect I owe to the emperor, and the other princes here preſent, reſtrained my vengeance, thou haſt already received the puniſhment thou deſerveſt; but I accept of thy challenge, and I make all the vows uſually made upon ſuch occaſions by the moſt renowned knights; and particularly, that I will not lie with the queen till I have laid thy monſtrous head at my feet, which I deſign

' I design shall feed the crows and owls.' — ' O, ye immortal gods!' replied the giant, with a dreadful voice, ' must I endure a single man thus to threaten me? I vow by the whiskers of Briaricus and Enceladus, my ancestors, that I will not eat my bread on the ground, and that I will not lie down upon the point of my sword, till I have made fast your arms to your shoulders, and fixed your thighs to your haunches*.' — ' All these threats,' answered the knight, ' are to no purpose: it shall be decided by combat, which of us twain deserves to be esteemed the prime knight in the world. Go, then, prepare to make good your boasts, and rid the emperor of your odious presence!' Sancho, frightened at the King of Cyprus's vast bulk, could not forbear quaking when he heard these threats; and, getting between him and his master, he cried—' Good master Barrabas, do not do my master so much harm! I conjure you, by Malchus's holy ear, to leave him all his limbs as God has given them!' It was well for Sancho that Don Quixote had then turned to the Emperor Trebatius to beg that he would be pleased to honour the appointed combat with his presence; for, had he heard his squire talk in this manner, he would not have failed to chastise his cowardice. Bramarbas, drawing near to Don Quixote, and throwing one of his gloves in his face, said—' Knight, take up that little glove of mine, which I give you as a gage that I will expect you to-morrow, after dinner, in the Great Square; for I

' never fight till I have eaten and drank heartily.' When he had spoken these words, he went out of the hall in the same manner he had entered it. Don Quixote was so overjoyed to receive a challenge in the usual forms of knight-errantry, that he took no notice of the affront Bramarbas had done him in throwing the glove in his face, but delivered it to Sancho, who, seeing it was above two feet in length, cried out, ' Mother of God, what dreadful hands! Son of a whore, what a cuff he will give!' This adventure being over, Don Carlos ordered flambeaux to be brought to light home the guests, who, after taking leave of one another, returned to their homes; and the history says, they all rested well, except Don Quixote, who had the worst night in the world; as will appear in the following chapter.

CHAP. VI.

WHO THE GIANT BRAMARBAS WAS.
DON QUIXOTE'S DREAM, AND
THE CONSEQUENCES OF IT.

OUR Arabian author, presuming the reader's curiosity would be excited to know who the giant Bramarbas really was, has not omitted to inform us with respect to that matter. He recites, that Don Carlos and Don Alvaro having borrowed one of those pasteboard giants, clad in long robes, which are carried about the streets of Spain upon great festivals to please the multitude; Don Carlos's secretary, a youth

* This farcical vow is an admirable ridicule of those very absurd ones so frequent in knight-errantry. Some of these heroes restricted themselves to the use of a bed or a table-cloth; others went without some certain piece of their armour; and some carried it so far as to wear their armour night and day, or sentence themselves to shirts of hair and sackcloth, till they had effected their particular purpose. In conformity with this practice, Trompart, Braggadochio's squire, upon being questioned by Archimage concerning his master, returns the following answer.

- ' He is a great adventurer,' said he,
- ' That hath his sword through hard assay foregone,
- ' And now hath vowed, till he avenged be
- ' Of that despight, never to wearen none;
- ' That speare : him enough to doen a thousand grone.'

Spenser's *Fæerie Queene*, Book II. Cant. 3. Stanza 12.

Ferrac, also, a Pagan knight in the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, having been reproached with breach of promise by the ghost of Argalia, Angelica's brother, makes a vow never to wear any helmet: upon his head, till he shall have gained, in combat, the helmet of Orlando. See Ariosto, Book I.

of a pleasant disposition, played the part of Bramarbas. He held up the pasteboard head on a pole, and spoke through a long tube of tin, the other end of which was brought up to the mouth of the giant; and the better to deceive the Knight of La Mancha and his squire, the lights were placed at such a distance, that the giant's own shadow prevented the detection of his pasteboard face.

Don Quixote's fancy was so full of this adventure, that he could not rest all night; for as soon as he fell asleep, he was waked again by the earnest desire he had to try his strength with the King of Cyprus. However, towards day, sleep overcame him, which yet only served to disorder him the more: for he dreamed that Bramarbas had treacherously stolen into the castle to kill him basely; and, in this consternation, he started up, crying—'Stay traitor! you shall soon find that all your artifices will not save you from my sword.' Thus saying, he clapped on his back and breast-plate upon his shirt; and laying hold of his lance and shield, with his helmet on his head, he searched all the corners of the room, and even under the bed, to find the King of Cyprus; never considering that such a giant as Bramarbas could not very easily be concealed. That done, he rushed down into the hall, and thence into a small room where Sancho, as ill luck would have it, lay in a little bed without curtains. The honest squire had covered himself over head and ears, that the light of the day might not disturb him; and on the pillow lay the King of Cyprus's great glove, which his master had committed to his custody. As soon as Don Quixote espied the glove, he concluded it to be that which remained in the giant's possession; and that, therefore, the man asleep was doubtless his arrogant enemy, who, wearied with scaling the castle, rested there till he could find opportunity to put his design in execution. With this conceit he raised up the butt end of his lance, and discharging a furious blow upon the ribs of his unsuspecting squire, exclaimed—'It is thus, cowardly Ironsides! it is thus those men deserve to be treated, who, having such enemies as I am, do endeavour treacherously to surprize them!' Such an uncourteous smack

was enough to waken the most profound sleeper in the universe. Sancho started, almost stunned with the blow, and roared most pitifully under the blankets; nay, Alifolán assures us, that he began his outcry even before the lance reached him. At length, he looked out to see who it was that handled him so roughly. The knight soon made himself known; for laying aside his lance, which he could not wield conveniently in that narrow compass, he began a vigorous assault with his fists upon Sancho's nose, still crying with a terrible voice—'Perfidious giant! here thou shalt end thy days in my hags, for having dared to scale this castle.' At this fresh attack the squire redoubled his cries; and though he was half crippled already, he threw himself out of the bed, and ran into the hall, crying lustily to his master, who followed him close at the heels—'For God's sake, good master Don Quixote, consider, I have not scaled this castle! I am Sancho Panza, your trusty squire!'—'That artifice is too gross!' answered Don Quixote; 'it will not avail you to conceal your name! I know very well, traitor! thou art no other than Bramarbas! The glove, that lies on the bed, is proof sufficient!' The hall was dark in itself, and the window-shutters being closed, Don Quixote could not well distinguish his squire; and therefore, still taking him for Ironsides, notwithstanding all Sancho's protestations to the contrary, he continued the pursuit and verberation, the poor wretch calling more saints to his assistance than are to be found in the legend. The unfortunate squire would fain have slunk away to the hall-door; but the knight still cut him off whenever he made that way. At last Sancho's cries waked Don Alvaro's servants. They ran out in their shirts to see what was the matter; but their presence, instead of pacifying Don Quixote, served only to heighten his fury: he no sooner saw them, than he fancied they were all giants, brought thither by enchantment to succour Bramarbas, and therefore prepared to engage them all together; but having left his lance in the little room, he was forced to convert his buckler into a weapon of offence; wherewith, throwing some down, bruising others, and tearing shirts on all hands;

hands; he performed such exploits as will be talked of in Saragossa for all ages. Nothing was to be heard but cries and curses against our knight, who hitherto had the better of it; because he being in armour, and his enemies naked and unarmed, they could not strike him without doing themselves more hurt than their adversary. But at length, his back and breast plates, which were ill buckled on, happening to break loose, they fell off in the scuffle. Then his antagonists assumed fresh courage; and a lusty groom, clapping him in his arms, lifted him up from the ground. Whilst he thus held him in the air, some of the pages turned his shirt over his head, and day beginning to brighten, the knight's posteriors visibly appeared, and received at least a thousand launes. Nay, it is reported, that Sancho himself, unwilling to lose so good an opportunity of being revenged on his master, had the presumption to exercise his hands on him: but since the discreet squire never boasted of it, the historian does not deliver this as a certainty; for he will not, without good authority, avouch any thing that might be so injurious to the memory of Sancho. However, a terrible peal was most assuredly rung upon the haunches of the knight-errant; and, being in the hands of people who were tickled with the sport, there is no doubt but it would have lasted much longer, had not Don Alvaro come into the hall. He was in his night-gown and slippers, and had his sword under his arm. The first thing he saw, was Don Quixote in the posture he has been represented. The fight was pleasant enough; but he was too good-natured to suffer his servants to carry the jest any farther, and therefore made a sign to the groom to liberate his patient, and to the rest to make their escape. Then drawing his sword, and placing himself by the side of Sancho, he said—'Redoubtable Don Quixote, you see Sancho and I are here ready to second you! Down, then, with all the villains that have wronged you! But first tell us who they are, and what they done?'—'Don't you see,' quoth Don Quixote, (who, as good luck would have it, knew the Granadine) 'that they are all giants! Brambarbas scaled this castle last night, with a design to murder me; but his treason was prevented, for I was pri-

vately informed of it by the wise Licentius. Let us run, then, my dear Don Tarfeyan, let us run after those traitors, and pursue them into the closest woods in Cyprus!' He was for making good his words, and hastening after the pretended giants, who fled with all the speed they could into their chambers; but Don Alvaro stopping him, said—'No, no! believe me, over-valourous Don Quixote! such a vile generation does not deserve that you should take so long a journey in your shirt. Retire to your apartment, and do not appear in publick till we hear what Brambarbas designs. In the mean while, Sancho and I will oblige all his motions, and faithfully report them to you. Go, then, and take your rest; for you may at present rest satisfied; since, having put your enemy to flight, he has left his glove behind him, which will remain as a monument of your own valour, and his cowardice, to posterity.' Don Quixote approving of the advice, retired to his chamber; and Don Alvaro, to make sure of him, double-locked the door on the outside, and took away the key. He then went back to look for Sancho; who, having returned again into his little room, was dressing himself, not without swearing and cursing at his master. 'Well, Sancho,' said Tarfe, 'how do you find yourself after the battle?'—'Very well,' quoth Sancho; 'I have but one rib broken, and all my bones bruised to a jelly! Faith and troth, I am quite weary of all these frolicks; and, in short, were it not for fear of losing the good island my master has promised me, knight-errantry might go to the devil for me!'—'Then the King of Cyprus has hurt you,' answered Don Alvaro. 'The King of Cyprus, quotha!' replied the squire; 'it was the madman my master, who fancied I was Barrabas, and has beaten me like stock-fish; but he had as good, if he pleases, leave off seeing things like a knight-errant, for I don't at all like his way of seeing. All my comfort is, that his good deeds have been rewarded: his buttocks have been curiously handled by your pages, whom God reward for the good they did in coming to my assistance.'—'Friend Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'you must not say they were my pages that whip-

‘*poor Don Quixote; but enchanters in the shape of my pages.*’—‘*Very fine!*’ quoth Sancho; ‘*that is always the burden of the song. We can read but in one book, and dance the same dance over again. There is nothing but enchanters here and there, and every where. God forgive me! I believe, in a little time, they will enchant the very bread in our mouths.*’ The Granadine was so well pleased with Sancho’s simplicity, that he took him up to his chamber with him, to hear him talk whilst he dressed himself.

C H A P. VII.

WHY AND IN WHAT MANNER THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA LEFT SARAGOSSA TO GO TO COURT.

AS soon as Don Alvaro was gone into his chamber, Don Carlos’s secretary came to him, to acquaint him that his master had received letters from court, which obliged him to repair thither with all speed, to conclude a marriage between his sister and one of the king’s prime-ministers. ‘*I am glad of that, by my faith!*’ quoth Sancho; ‘*for then that great flat-foot Barrabas will not have her.*’ Don Alvaro, taking the secretary aside, told him in his ear, that he should be glad, with all his heart, to bear him company as far as Madrid. ‘*But,*’ said he, ‘*how shall we get rid of our knight-errant? If we take him along with us, he will be sure to stop us by the way with new adventures, which his madness will suggest every day to him.*’ Then he told the secretary what had happened that morning; and when they had both laughed till they were weary—‘*I must own,*’ said he, ‘*both the master and the man are so diverting, that I would gladly give the court the pleasure of seeing them: but how shall we draw them to Madrid, so that they may not go along with us?*’—‘*Let me alone for that,*’ quoth the secretary; ‘*I will go about it this moment.*’ He presently took leave of Don Alvaro, as it were to give his master an answer; but, instead of going out of the house, he searched all about to find such things as would make up a very extravagant habiliment: he wrapped himself up in a great black cloak, girt

about him in several places with leathern-straps; he made himself an uncouth cap, beset with cocks feathers of various colours, and garnished with abundance of clasps, plates, shells, bits of glass and jet; about his neck he had nine or ten gold, silver, brads, and iron chains, and as many strings of great and small beads, with an infinite number of medals; and over all a prodigious ruff, full of red and green spots and withered leaves; at his side he wore a musket by way of sword, and his fingers were decorated with a profusion of rings; he daubed his face with soot, and made himself a pair of mighty whiskers with ink. In this superb equipage, not unlike the figure of King Melchior, as he is represented on Twelfth-day in country villages, the young secretary sent to desire leave to speak with Don Alvaro; who, in the presence of Sancho, said to him—‘*Tell me, beautiful stranger, who you are, and what you seek?*’—‘*I seek,*’ replied he, ‘*the invincible Prince of La Mancha, the great Don Quixote, to deliver an embassy of the greatest consequence to him; and I have been informed he dwells in this stately palace.*’—‘*You have been truly informed,*’ answered the Granadine; ‘*and I will conduct you to his apartment.*’ This said, he conducted the ambassador to Don Quixote’s chamber-door; and opening it, very gravely said to Don Quixote, as he went in—‘*Re-doubted Knight of La Mancha! here is an ambassador from I know not what prince, who will not deliver his embassy to any but to you.*’—‘*Let him come forward,*’ replied Don Quixote very gravely, and as yet in his shirt; ‘*whatsoever he has to say, let him speak freely: the law of nations and the dignity of his character are his protection.*’—‘*Are you, I must take leave to enquire, the Loveless Knight?*’ said the ambassador, counterfeiting a hoarse and broken voice. ‘*Yes, I am!*’ quoth Don Quixote. ‘*Know, then, great prince,*’ replied the ambassador, ‘*that the invulnerable Bramarbas my master, sole Emperor of all the Giants in the world, and most puissant King of Cyprus, and of the adjacent provinces, isles, and meadows, sends you word by me, his most eloquent squire and secretary, Morocco the Smoaky, that a certain*

K ‘adventure

adventure which happened this night, has obliged him to repair to Madrid immediately; and whereas, to answer the gage he flung in your face last night, you were to have fought him in this city, where he is jealous he should not meet with fair play, he now defies and challenges you anew to fight him in the King of Spain's court, where you have not so many friends, seconds, bastards, and mistresses: he therefore requires you, by the aid of the afore said Morocco the Secretary, that you appear at Madrid within forty days at farthest, upon pain of forfeiting the dignity of knighthood, and of losing your reputation among all the princesses of Galicia, and the infantas in all the inns upon the face of the earth. In this famous combat my master will try whether all those mighty things be true which Fame so lavishly reports of you. If, after this solemn challenge, you fail to appear at Madrid, Bramarbas will go even to the empire of the moon, to make known your cowardice: but if, on the contrary, you happen to conquer him, you shall be master and lawful king of our delicious kingdom of Cyprus, where you will have a thousand rich governments to bestow; among the rest, that of the Island of the Forcemeat-Balls, which is one of the best of them.—'I design that for myself,' quoth Sancho, interrupting him, though till then he had given great attention to the ambassador's words; 'but pray tell me, Mr. Morocco of the Smoaky Face, is that island of the Balls very far off or no? Whether it is towards Seville or Barcelona, or beyond Rome and Constantinople?'—'If I mistake not,' said the black ambassador, directing his discourse to Sancho, 'you are the most cudgelable squire to the matchless Loveless Knight: that Sancho Panza, whose moderation and politeness are every where applauded?'—'Yes, I am he,' quoth Sancho, 'in spite of all envious knaves!'—'I am very glad of it,' answered the ambassador. 'But, worthy Sir Loveless Knight,' added he, turning to Don Quixote, 'give me my answer quickly; for I have a great way to go before I can overtake my master, who by this time is very far off?'—'Discreet squire,' replied Don Quix-

ote, looking sternly, 'tell the haughty Bramarbas, from me, that I accept of the new challenge he sends me, and that he shall see me on the day appointed, in the Great Square of Madrid, as he saw me this morning on the famous bridge of this strong castle. Withdraw; and be thankful to Heaven that the character you bear, as ambassador, protects you from the just indignation I have conceived against your master and all that belong to him! But, before you go, pray inform me what unexpected adventure it is that obliges him to disengage his word?'—'To tell you the truth, Sir Knight,' answered the ambassador, 'it is no adventure, but only a piece of news: he has been informed that Don Carlos, otherwise called the Emperor Trebatius, is tomorrow to conduct his sister the Princess Trebasina to Madrid, to marry her to one of the king's prime-ministers.'—'Nay, by my conscience,' cried Sancho, 'Master Morocco does not lie this bout! for Don Carlos's secretary came, in my presence, to bring Don Alvaro Tarfe that good news: and God be praised for having delivered the princess out of that scoundrel Barrabbas's clutches! A pretty dog to have such a dainty bit; but he may now go whistle after her!'—'This news,' replied the giant's squire, 'threw my master into an unparalleled fury; for he is of a very amorous disposition: when he has once set his mind upon a young maid, it is a hard matter to get her from him; and he has vowed, by the Thirteen Swiss Cantons, that if the Princess Trebasina is married to the minister she is designed for, he will incapacitate her husband and all the barons in the court of Spain!'—'I will take care to hinder him!' answered Don Quixote in a heat; 'bid him have a care of harping upon that string, or I shall deal with him! I here take under my protection not only the Princess Trebasina and her lawful husband, but also all the court barons.' The King of Cyprus's squire durst make no return to those words; but departed, making our knight so profound an obeisance, that the top of his cap touched the ground. He was scarce gone out of the chamber before Sancho ran after him, saying—'Master Morocco!

'a word

'I word with you, if you please: pray tell me whether the governor of that island is subterraneous lord of all the Forcemeat-Balls?'—'Yes, friend,' replied the ambassador; 'he is sovereign lord of them; but he is to eat an hundred of them every morning for his breakfast: that is the greatest sanction of his government!'—'God for ever bless you!' quoth Sancho; 'I submit to that duty with all my heart; and I will certainly perform it, though I burst!' This said, he returned into his master's chamber; and the secretary went away to wash and dress himself.

After receiving this embassy, Don Quixote thought of nothing but setting out for Madrid. He apprized Don Alvaro that he could not in honour stay one moment longer in Saragossa; that he was going in pursuit of this haughty enemy, who had conceived such outrageous designs against all the barons and baronesses of Spain. 'Dispense with me,' continued he, 'from returning you tedious thanks for all the obligations I have received from your friendship; but be assured of the assistance of my invincible arm against all who shall attempt to offend you.' Then directing his discourse to his squire—'Away, Sancho!' said he; 'get ready my arms and Rozinante immediately; let us hasten to slay the King of Cyprus, and by his death take possession of that delicious island, the government whereof you claim!'—'That's well said, Sir!' quoth Sancho; 'but I am of opinion it were better to go away directly for Cyprus, whilst Ironsides is abroad. It will be easier for us to conquer this kingdom in his absence, than when he is at our heels.'—'You do not know what you say,' replied Don Quixote. 'How can I fail of meeting him at the place appointed? I should then lose my honour, which is to be preferred before all the kingdoms in the world!'—'There is no doubt of that,' said Don Alvaro; 'and the noble Don Quixote must take heed how he fails in that particular.'—'Why so much

céremony?' quoth Sancho, very earnestly. 'He is not so very punctilious, me thinks. He promised us that he would cut off your head this day in the great square of this city; and what is come of it? You may go and wait for him till your heels grow to the ground! He is now trudging away for Madrid, as if he had a squib tied to his tail.'—'Giants,' quoth Don Quixote, 'are faithless and lawless persons; their example is no authority for me to offend against my honour! The word of a knight-errant is sacred; the very foundations of the earth should be shaken, and nature turned topsy-turvy, before a knight should be perjured!'—'Besides, Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, 'how justly might your illustrious master be blamed, should he by his absence give the lewd Bramarbas the opportunity of ravishing the Princess Trebasina, and disabling all the officers of the crown? Would not that be an eternal shame to knight-errantry?' The squire could have wished that the government of the Island of the Forcemeat-Balls had not depended on a combat; but finding himself compelled to submit to the solid reasons of Tarfe and his master, away he went to saddle Rozinante, and put the pannel upon Dapple. Whilst he was preparing for the journey, the knight made an end of dressing himself. Don Alvaro gave them their breakfast; and Don Quixote then bidding farewell to the Granadine, vaulted into his saddle, and set forth, laden with his buckler, and a lance which he had caused to be made the day before the running at the ring. Sancho staid some time behind, to store the remains of the breakfast in his wallet; then taking leave of Don Alvaro and his pages, he got up heavily on his ass, who, having been well pampered in so good a stable, trotted away merrily. When our adventurers were gone, Don Alvaro went to Don Carlos's house; where they both agreed that they would set out for Madrid the next day, taking a different road from that chosen by Don Quixote.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

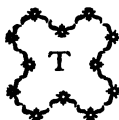
DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

OF THE SCUFFLE SANCHE EN-
GAGED IN WITH A SOLDIER, AS
HE WAS GOING OUT OF SARA-
GOSSA.



THOUGH Sancho made all the haste he could, yet he did not overtake his master till he was just going out of the town: he found him jogging gently along with a ragged soldier, and a good hermit, who were both travelling towards Castile, as well as himself. When Sancho came up to them, he heard Don Quixote ask the soldier from whence he came. The soldier made answer—
‘I come, Sir, from Flanders, where I have served the king a considerable time; but a certain misfortune has befallen me, which made me quit the service so hastily, that I had not time to get my discharge; and, to add to my misery, I met with four robbers on the way, who stripped me of all I was worth. Though I was but one to four, I would have defended myself, and perhaps have saved my purse, had they not asked it with fiery mouths!’—‘With fiery mouths!’

quoth Sancho, in amazement; ‘then they were souls from the other world!’ The soldier, casting an eye upon Sancho, and imagining from his looks that he was some sly peasant from the environs of the city, who had a mind to play upon him, took huff at his reflection, and answered, in a passion—‘How now, slouch! do you pretend to railly me? By the dreadful piece of cannon which Mahomet brought to the siege of Constantinople, if I take you in hand, I will give you more knocks with my staff than there are hairs in the goat’s beard of you! I will warrant him, the scoundrel does not know I have beaten more clowns like himself than I have drank gulphs of water, since I have been in the king’s service!’—These words, though delivered in a threatening tone, did not a whit scare Sancho; who answered—‘Fair and softly, master shaver! Your hand shakes a little, methinks! Why, you good-for-nothing fellow you, have you been and beaten your younger brothers? Sure, Don Tatter-rag, we have seen otherguess men than you are! Don’t you know that I could mumble a crust before you were born? The owls and sparrows shall feed on your dog’s-head, I warrant you!’ Thus saying, he attempted to drive on his

his ass against the soldier, as it were to trample him under foot; but the soldier, who did not understand jesting, immediately drew out his tilter, and bestowed half a dozen good strokes on Sancho's shoulders so nimbly with the flat part of it, that Don Quixote and the hermit could not save one of them; and, at the same time catching hold of his foot, whirled him about like a gig, and threw him neck and heels on the farther side of his ass. Not thinking this enough, he was moving forwards to ring a peal upon his ribs, when Don Quixote interposed; and, thrusting him aside with the breast of Rozinante, said to him very magisterially—'Hold, rash man! and pay a respect to what belongs to me!'—'Sir,' replied the soldier, 'I beg your pardon for my rashness; I did not know that gentleman had the honour to belong to you!' This satisfaction appeased the knight's wrath; but Sancho, still more enraged, caught up a great stone, and began bel-lowing to his master very briskly—'Stand aside, Sir! stand aside! and I will send that rake with one blow to the old hawd that bore him!' Don Quixote being slower in getting out of the way than he thought expedient, he cried out again—'Stand aside, I say!' In the devil's name, let me finish my own adventures! I don't disturb you in yours! How shall I learn to cut giants in two, and to disenchant rocks and palaces, if you will not let me so much as chastise that scoundrel? Don't you know it is practice on beggars beards that teaches the barber his trade!' As soon as the words were out, he raised his arm to throw the stone at his enemy; but the hermit laying hold of him, exclaimed—'For the love of God, brother, hold your hand! Do not bring yourself into more trouble!'—'I will yield to nothing,' quoth Sancho, 'unless the knave owns himself conquered!' The hermit perceiving some hope of an accommodation, quitted Sancho, and ran to the soldier, saying—'Good gentleman soldier, that poor peasant is more than half a fool; pray let him alone!'—'I will not meddle with him any more,' answered the soldier, 'since your reverence desires it, and he belongs to that gentleman.' Upon this promise, the hermit took the soldier by the hand; and said to Sancho—'Honest man, the

gentleman soldier yields himself conquered, as you desire: now you may be friends, and shake hands.'—'No, no, father!' quoth Sancho, 'that is not all; I perceive you do not understand chivalry; master Bumpkin shall not come off so easily!' Then directing his discourse to the soldier—'Thou haughty and monstrous soldier!' said he, in a very grave manner, 'since I have conquered thee, I do command thee, according to the custom of knight-errantry, to go with a chain about thy neck, and appear before the lady-admiral, Mary Gutierrez, my wife! Thou shalt fall down at her feet, before my daughter little Sancha and the curate, and shalt tell her how I have overcome thee in single combat, or ten to ten!' Having spoken these words, the squire turned to his master, and said—'Well, Sir, what do you think of this? Is it thus adventures are to be finished? By my faith, you see a man may learn to bray, if he keeps company with asses!'—'Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'you might have made choice of a nobler comparison; and have said, "A man might learn to roar among lions!"'—'As you please,' replied the squire; 'it all comes to the same. In brief, I can read no book but my own: every man talks as he can, and not as he will; and when a word is once gone, there is no calling it back. But, to conclude, a man must not always be a warrior: besides, the curate often tells us, in his lectures, that we must be charitable, that God may be merciful to us. So there's an end of all quarrels, master Soldier; let us think no more of what is past, nor of our debts: here, take my hand, and be thankful and proud of it; and let us be as loving as the four fingers and the thumb. As for the journey to Argamassilla, I allow you to defer it till Master Valentin has cured you of the incurable wounds I have given you.' The soldier took Sancho's hand very graciously, and expressed a kindness for him, which the honest squire affectionately embraced; and, drawing forth a good piece of cold meat from his wallet, gave it to him immediately. The soldier returned him most hearty thanks; and, to shew that he valued the present, fell to it without delay, by the help of a crust

of bread which he pulled out of his pocket.

Thus terminated, in peace and good fellowship, an affray which at first bore a very sanguinary complexion. Sancho mounted again on his ass, without remembering how he had quitted it; and all four went on their way together. Don Quixote, after musing a while, said to his squire—'My son Sancho, I am reflecting that you begin to exhibit great tokens of courage: if you continue them, you may be capable of taking your degrees in knight-errantry.'—'Pray, why should I not?' replied Sancho. 'Am I not already injured to the fatigues of the profession? And can any body tell me better than I know myself, what basting and tossing in a blanket is? No, surely! Like master, like man: the apprentice often comes to be master.' The hermit hearing this talk, which sufficiently made known the character of our heroes, whispered in the ear of the soldier—'I am much mistaken if these be not the two madmen we were told of in Saragossa.' The soldier agreed that there could be no doubt of it; and resolved, with the hermit, to divert themselves at the expence of their fellow-travellers, as long as they journeyed together. Don Quixote asking them who they were, the hermit answered that his name was Brother Stephen; that he was born at Toledo, and came now from Rome, whither he had been about affairs of moment. The soldier informed them that his name was Don Antonio de Bracamonte, and that he was born in the city of Avila. They travelled all that day without resting; and towards night, Sancho, being unable to descry any house near them, said—'Gentlemen, I have looked all about, and the devil of any thing can I see that looks like an inn, and now night draws on!' Bracamonte, who knew the country, assured them that they must travel two leagues at least before they came to one. Don Quixote, hereupon addressing the company, said—'I observe yonder a fair meadow, where, if you will be ruled by me, we will pass this night: methinks we, being all four of us what we are, need not much trouble ourselves about an inn. Brother Stephen is used to live in solitude, and lie on the ground; and the soldier having

served long, must needs be injured to fatigue, and can sleep any where. As for myself and my squire, knight-errantry, which we profess, has made us enemies to all daintiness; we are better pleased to lie upon the grass than in emperors palaces: and I declare to you, that the most delightful nights I pass, are those in which I lie exposed to the injury of the elements.' Sancho, though not precisely of the same opinion with his master, was observed, however, on this occasion, to hold his tongue; not that he was afraid of offending the dignity of knight-errantry, for he never spared it when he was in a merry mood, but because he considered this as a case of necessity. The soldier and the hermit, who were very low in cash, and relied chiefly on Sancho's wallet, answered the knight, that they were ready to do whatsoever he pleased: they all, therefore, struck out of the highway, and followed a path which led them into a meadow; where a rivulet, more pure and transparent than crystal, purled in fanciful meanders along. Here Don Quixote alighting, said to his squire—'Dismount, my son, and take off Rozinante's bridle, that your ass and he may graze more freely; the herbage to me seems good.'—'I will answer for it,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no cause to complain; they will live here like two patriarchs.'—'You are in the right,' said Don Quixote; 'make haste, and do what I bid you.' The squire instantly obeyed his master; and, having laid hold of his wallet, which was made fast to Dapple's pannel, went and sat him down by the rest on the grass, saying—'So, gentlemen, what think you of it? Is it not time to see what is in this wallet? What a blessed condition should we be in, had I not taken care to fill it this morning? By my faith, we had made but a sorry supper!'—'Brother Sancho,' quoth Bracamonte, 'your forecast can never be sufficiently commended: you do not look like a man that would go to sea without biscuit!'—'No, by my troth!' quoth Sancho; 'for I have often heard say, that he who does not look before him; falls into the ditch.' This said, he emptied the wallet on Brother Stephen's cloak, which served for a table-cloth; and all four fell to with very good stomachs;

machs: I say all four; for Don Quixote, contrary to his usual custom, kept pace with them; and all had been compleat, had they not wanted wine; but as for water they had their fill.

Whilst they fed, Don Quixote put several questions to Bracamonte; and, among the rest, whether he had been at any siege.—‘I have,’ replied the soldier; ‘and could give you a very good account of the siege of Ostend, for I was at it; and, by the same token, I there received two musquet-shots in my thigh; and, if you please, I will shew you one of my shoulders half burnt by a granade the enemy threw among five or six of us, who were attacking a half-moon. If time and place would permit, I could chalk you out exactly the principal fortifications about Ostend; I would describe to you the mouth of the harbour, and the quarters of the general officers; where the batteries are placed, and where the attacks were carried on; but that must be some other time. All I can tell you at present is, that Ostend cost the lives of very many brave men.’ Sancho, who had listened attentively to Bracamonte’s discourse without losing one word, here interrupted him, saying—‘Is it possible, Sir, that there should have been never a knight errant among you at that time, to cut off that giant Ostend’s ears? I don’t question, if my master Don Quixote had been there, but he would have eaten him with a grain of salt.’—‘Nimscull,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘Ostend is a town, and not a giant.’ The hermit, smiling, said to the squire—‘I perceive, friend Sancho, you don’t trouble your head with geography; it is quite out of your way.’—‘On my conscience,’ answered Sancho, ‘I have lived very well till this time without knowing what geography is; and I believe I shall never go about to learn it, unless it be in the other world: and, by my troth! it does not belong to me, who am a plain countryman, to understand all that sort of lingo. Every man must cut his coat according to his cloth. Like to like, as the devil said to the collier. Give me drink, and do not ask me how old I am.’—‘Away with it, Sancho!’ said Don Quixote; ‘heap proverbs upon proverbs, according to your cursed cus-

tom!’—‘Nay, indeed, Sir,’ answered Sancho, ‘I believe you have had little cause to complain this year; for I have taken care to mend that fault. As for last year, I have not much to say to it. I own I tumbled them out right or wrong; the truth is, a million of them escaped me, which they might well enough have spared putting into our history.’—‘You ought rather to have spared uttering them,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘and then they would not have been printed.’—‘O ho!’ cried Sancho; ‘that’s worth all the rest! Why must every foolish word that is spoken be printed? But no matter; if they print no more than I shall say for the time to come, the printers will not have so much employment. Let them alone, I will take care of myself; all the proverbs I shall make use of for the future, will amount but to a small parcel: I will chew them a good while before I spit them out.’ As Sancho spoke thus, he stretched himself out at full length; and, the provision being all eaten, resigned his carcase, with a loud yawn, into the arms of slumber. The hermit and the soldier being both very weary, laid them down upon the grass, and soon fell asleep. Even Don Quixote himself, casting aside, for some short time, the heavy burden of his weighty designs, tasted the sweetness of a quiet repose.

C H A P. II.

OF THE DEATH OF BROTHER JAMES, AND WHAT HAPPENED AT HIS FUNERAL.

AS soon as day appeared, our travellers continued their journey, to take the cool of the morning. They had scarce gone two leagues, before they spied abundance of people gathered together at the foot of a mountain. Curiosity leading them to the place to know what was the matter, they saw, as they came near, an ecclesiastick talking to about fifty or sixty peasants, who stood round him. Don Quixote and his companions hereupon advancing close enough to listen to his discourse, heard him speak as follows:—‘You know, my friends, what a strange life brother James has led for these ten years

'years in solitude. So carefully he avoided the conversation of men, that I believe there is not a man among us can boast that he ever saw his face. He fed on nothing but roots, refusing all the provisions your charity offered him. He was for the most part shut up in his cave; and we should not now have known that he was dead, had not some shepherds, who sometimes used to see him, mistrusted the matter. In short, the austerity of his life has been such, that he is nothing inferior to the ancient anchorites. Let us, then, pay him the last duty with the greatest devotion in our power.' Having thus said, the clergyman ordered them to dig a grave near a cavern which appeared in the side of the hill, whence he caused the body of brother James to be brought out, that every body might behold it. The deceased hermit had a white beard, which reached down to his middle, but what seemed much more extraordinary was, that his hair appeared blacker than jet. The clergyman, looking on him attentively, cried out—'Gracious powers! This is, surely, not natural!' At the same time, laying his hand rather roughly on the beard, it fell off, to the great amazement of the spectators. Brother Stephen then examining nicely the face and features of the deceased, seemed greatly agitated. 'We must look into the cave,' said the clergyman, 'whether there be nothing in it that may explain this mystery to us.' Having so said, he went into the cave; and soon returned with a little casket in his hands, but half shut, which he opened—'God be praised, gentlemen,' quoth he, 'I see a paper which will doubtless discover what we are so anxious to know!' Hereupon, taking out the paper, he read these words with an audible voice—'You behold, under the habit of an hermit, a religious woman, whom lewd love drew out of her monastery! Behold the miseries of a soul given up to that fatal passion! Happy shall I be, if ten years penance can satisfy Divine justice!'

Brother Stephen had scarcely heard these words, when he was seized with such an agony, that it shook his whole frame: his eye-sight failed him, and he swooned away in the soldier's arms. All the spectators, surprized at this ac-

cident, the cause whereof they were far from imagining, ran hastily to help brother Stephen; whom Don Quixote, Bracamonte, and Sancho, removed a few paces from thence, under some trees, where they used all possible means to bring him to himself. In the mean while, the false brother James was put into the grave; and the countrymen desiring some relick of him, divided his cloak, of which every one carried away a piece. When the burial was over, the clergyman went to see brother Stephen, whom, after many endeavours, they had at length brought to himself, though he was not yet able to speak. He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and every now and then sighed so bitterly, that it gave cause to suspect there was something extraordinary passed within him. The clergyman, imagining this hermit might be some way concerned in the religious woman's story, was resolved to sift it out; and therefore said to him—'Cheer up, brother; and come along with these gentlemen to repose yourself at my house, which is in a village on the other side of this hill, where I am curate.'—'That is well said,' cried Sancho: 'let us go, father Stephen; do you endeavour to sit my ass, and let us follow master Curate; the smell of his kitchen will soon cure your distemper.' The hermit having by this time recovered his speech, in a few words thanked the clergyman, and accepted of his offer. Bracamonte and Sancho helped him to rise, and set him upon Dapple; but being yet too weak to sit alone, they placed themselves, one on each side, and, supporting him with their hands, proceeded towards the village. Don Quixote remounted Rozinante, and followed the rest, without speaking a word; but with all the gravity becoming his character. The clergyman, whose attention had been engaged by the situation of brother Stephen, was not, hitherto, very observant of the strange figure of the knight-errant; but, at length, looking at him from head to foot with greater earnestness, the more he eyed him the more he was amazed. Desirous, therefore, to discover something concerning him, he drew near Bracamonte; and, in his ear, asked Don Quixote's name and quality. Bracamonte made no scruple of telling him the whole truth; and

and the curate every now and then casting his eyes at Don Quixote whilst the soldier satisfied his curiosity, the knight, who perceived it, endeavoured to carry himself with more than ordinary stateliness and gravity, that he might confirm the magnificent account of himself, which he supposed Bracamonte to be communicating.

They soon reached the curate's house, who immediately ordered breakfast to be provided for them, and advised brother Stephen to go to bed; but the hermit finding his strength return, would not yield to it. He breakfasted with the rest, and then said to them—"I must own, gentlemen, I am much obliged to you; and yet I know not whether I ought to thank or to blame you, for having prolonged my days, since the idea of the spectacle I saw but now, will remain imprinted in my soul as long as I live. I will acquaint you who the religious woman is that died in this solitude; and, at the same time, will let you know my own misfortunes: for I cannot tell you her story without giving you my own." The hermit having paused a while, as it were to consider what he was going to say, went on with his discourse, as it is delivered in the ensuing chapter.

CHAP. III.

THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS.

DONNA Louisa (for that is the religious woman's name) was born at Toledo. I am the only son of a gentleman of that city, and my name Don Gregory. Donna Louisa was, in birth and fortune, equal to me, and almost of the same age, and our parents were neighbours and friends. Being brought up together, and seeing one another every day, we formed a mutual attachment for each other; which, however, being but children, was forgotten as soon as we were parted. When I grew old enough to handle a sword, my father sent me into Flanders, and Donna Louisa's friends placed her in a monastery, where she became a nun, and fulfilled all the duties of her profession very commendably for several years. For my part, I thought of no-

thing but honour, and only studied how to advance myself in the service. At length, Spain concluded a peace, and I returned to Toledo. It happened that, going to a monastery to visit a kinswoman of mine, whilst I was discoursing with her, Donna Louisa came into the parlour where we were: I knew, and saluted her; and we had some talk, but she soon withdrew, after whispering something in my kinswoman's ear. All the remainder of the time I staid in the parlour, I felt myself greatly disordered, though without suspecting the cause. I asked my kinswoman a thousand questions concerning Donna Louisa, yet I thought I did it out of mere curiosity; and I attributed my discomposure merely to the surprise of seeing Donna Louisa so unexpectedly. As soon as I was alone, I discovered my mistake; my religious woman came too often into my thoughts to need any other help to undeceive myself: in short, I felt that passion rekindle which had been first conceived in my infancy, and which I thought time had quite extinguished. This incident sufficiently evinces how difficult it is to efface the first impressions of love: I used no efforts to curb my passion; though, at the very time I gave way to it, I foresaw a part of those misfortunes which have since befallen me. Solely occupied with the desire of pleasing Donna Louisa, I figured to myself the rapture of possessing her heart, and became insensible to every thing else: accordingly, the very next day I went to visit her; and I disclosed my passion. She turned all my words into railery; and I departed, without discovering anything of her thoughts. Two days after, I visited her again; she was willing to renew her pleasantries: I represented my sufferings to her in such a lively and moving manner, that at length she grew serious; and, perceiving the tears trickle down my cheeks—"How now, Don Gregory!" quoth she. "Do you think you are still talking to that Donna Louisa who could then hear you without offence? Those days are past. I am a religious woman: I have renounced the world. I must not cherish your love: fly from me! Since abstinence once banished me your thoughts,

"you

"you will easily forget me a second time." In uttering these words, she quitted me so abruptly, that I had not time to answer her. I plainly perceived her design was to put me out of all hope; and, having no cause to complain of a severity which was the duty of her profession, I withdrew, resolving to be gone from Toledo: in short, my father having given me leave to travel, I set out, soon after, for Italy. I went to Barcelona; and thence, by sea, into Lombardy. I visited the courts of Mantua, Parma, Modena, and Florence; but all to no purpose; Donna Louisa pursued me every where, and triumphed over the most beautiful women I could behold: in a word, all the benefit I reaped by my travels, was only the conviction that they heightened my passion. Despairing to overcome it, I returned to Spain. When I reached Toledo, I hastened to the monastery, to enquire for Donna Louisa; but she sent word, that she could not speak to me; and returned the same answer for several days following. All this did not daunt me; I assumed various disguises; and once, among the rest, I habited myself in the dress of a Franciscan friar, and with a false name endeavoured to draw her into the parlour: but she was as ingenious in discovering my frauds, as I was in contriving them; and disappointed all the various shapes which love made me put myself into for the sake of seeing her.

"So many difficulties, one might think, would have brought me to myself; but when passion is raised to a certain pitch, there is nothing in nature can curb it. At length, I fell sick through grief; and the fever was so violent, that for two days it was not known whether I should live or die. Youth, at length, prevailed; but my love, instead of declining, seemed to gather more strength: in this desperate condition, I refused all helps from physick, and was resolved on death. This was my condition, when an old woman came one day into my chamber; and, desiring to talk to me in private, told me that Donna Louisa had sent her to let me know she was very much troubled at my sickness: "And here is a little note," added the old woman, "which

she charged me to deliver into your own hand." I was so surprized at this unexpected accident, that I gazed on the old woman a good while, without speaking a word, not daring to believe what she said. However, I took the note, and in it found these words—"Live, Don Gregory! Donna Louisa commands you: she would be ever comfortless, should she have cause to accuse herself of your death." Imagine to yourselves my transports at that moment! The emotion I sustained was so great, that it heightened my fever: however, I did not fail to call up all my strength; and, with a trembling hand, wrote this answer—"I will live, Madam, since you command me; but it shall only be to die at your feet, for joy that I have excited you to compassion." The old woman having quitted me, I resolved to commence my obedience to Donna Louisa; and demanded of my physicians, who entered the room at that moment, a medicine which I had hitherto refused, in hatred of my life: they found me too much disturbed to give it me; and, by unanimous consent, contrary to their former practice, judged it expedient to defer it till the next day. However, my mind being more at ease, I began to mend; and in a few days found myself in a condition to go and make my acknowledgments to Donna Louisa. She did not refuse to see me this time; she received me with a smiling countenance. "Well, Don Gregory," quoth she, "are you perfectly recovered of your indisposition?"—"Yes, Madam!" replied I; "and I come to return you thanks as my deliverer."—"I could not find in my heart," said she, "to suffer the death of a man whom I so much esteemed: but I hope you will not make an ill use of what I have done for you; and that you will endeavour to cast from you all that may be destructive to your inward peace. I am willing, for your comfort, in the circumstances you are in, to overcome myself; and to own, that had I staid in the world, I would have preferred you before all mankind. After this, be not so unjust as to complain of Donna Louisa; endeavour to forget her, as

she

"the will endeavour to shun you: this is what I require of you."—"Alas!" said I, interrupting her, "that is the only thing you must not exact of my obedience; the will and reason are but feeble weapons against so fierce a love as mine. I have already tried the cure of absence: grant me, Madam, the liberty to love you, and sometimes to tell you of it. You know with how much respect I served you, even when you might have been mine! I will not deviate from myself hereafter; and I will so govern my passion, that your severity shall be satisfied."—"Alas! what would the world say of me," said she, in a languishing tone, "if I should continue seeing you, when I can no longer permit you to love me? What trouble would you expose me to!"—"I will conceal my love," replied I, so carefully, that all the world shall be a stranger to it."—"And shall not I know it, Don Gregory?" said she. "Do you think I make no account of my own esteem? What opinion could I entertain of myself, were I sensible I was guilty of failing in my duty? But could I overcome that nicety, yet I should be afraid of forfeiting your esteem, by condescending to what you propose."—"How, Madam," quoth I, "should I value you less, if you loved me? Let me beg of you not to plunge me into despair! my passion is so pure and disinterested, that you may allow of it without any scruple."—"No, no!" cried Donna Louisa, in disorder; "I am not now what I was: withdraw! and never talk to me of a love I neither will nor ought to hear of!"—"Well, then, Madam," answered I, in a heat, "I must rid you of the complaints of an unhappy man! I must die, to avoid evils a thousand times worse than death! I see plainly that my life or death is equally indifferent to you, since you will no longer endure my presence!" As I spoke these words, I made some steps to be gone; but Donna Louisa stopped me, saying—"Don Gregory, what are you going to do? Alas!" added she, dropping some tears against her will, "what would become of me, if I were to answer for your death? Live, to spare me a trouble which would be the utmost trial of

"my constancy!"—"Madam," said I, "either be more cruel, or make me at once happy by giving me leave to love you! Come to some resolution."—"I know not what I wish, nor what I am to do," answered she; "all I know at present is, that I cannot consent you should die, nor forbid you to live for me." This said, she blushed, and withdrew, not daring to stay any longer with a man who had gained so much upon her. For my part, I went away well pleased with this visit, and did not despair of overcoming all those niceties of virtue and honour, which stood between Donna Louisa and my love. I was not deceived in my expectation: after some few visits, she owned her affection was not inferior to mine; and she gave me leave to love her, provided I always kept my passion within the bounds of respect and innocence.

No day passed without seeing her; but such frequent visits necessarily exciting the suspicion of the nuns, who are generally curious and jealous, we agreed that we would see one another but twice a week. By this precaution, we thought we had secured the secrecy of our affairs: we wrote to one another every day, and reciprocally sent a thousand little presents. All this while I had violent impulses, which I durst not discover to Donna Louisa, for fear of incurring her displeasure: but an accident happened, which gave me the opportunity of disclosing my mind. Some of the nuns had taken notice of our visits, and acquainted the prioress; who, to break off our correspondence, ordered Donna Louisa to forbid my coming to the monastery. She told it me with tears in her eyes; and seemed so concerned and exasperated against the prioress and the nuns, that I thought I could never have a better opportunity to propose carrying her off. She was not so much offended at the proposal, as she would have been if this affair had not happened; yet she rejected it with so much harshness, that I had almost resolved never to mention it to her again. However, a separation threatening us, and the time being short, I conjured her to come to a speedy resolution: I begged, I wept;

'I made so many vows, that I perceived her resistance was only a small remainder of honour, easy enough to be overthrown. In conclusion, after some difficulties, she consented to be stolen away: we contrived the plan of it; and we put it in execution eight days after, in the manner following. I opened my father's closet with a false key, and took out as much gold as I could conveniently carry away; I also found means to seize my mother's jewels; and one night, when I thought all the house was fast asleep, I took the two best horses out of the stable, and went away to the monastery, between the hours of eleven and twelve. The nuns were all retired to their cells; Donna Louisa was also in hers, in order to throw off her religious habit, and to put on a suit of cloaths I had sent her the day before. I should inform you, that at this time she had the charge of the church and vestry, the keys whereof she was wont to carry to the prioress; but that night, instead of shutting the doors, she left them all open. Thus she got out at the church-door, and came to the place where I expected her. I was so overjoyed to have Donna Louisa in my power, that I could not forbear holding her a long time clasped in my arms, without considering that we had not a moment to lose. She put me in mind of it; and, having helped her on the horse I thought the most gentle, I mounted the other, and we took the road for Lisbon, both of us equally pleased that we were now in a way to follow our inclinations without restraint; but not without such apprehensions, as in a great measure moderated the excess of our pleasure; for we did not question but that the next day men would be sent out every way in pursuit of us. We travelled all that night and the following days without stopping any longer than was absolutely necessary to rest our horses, and gained the frontiers of Portugal as expeditiously as possible; then we began to be out of fear, and made easy journeys to Lisbon. There we took many servants, hired a fine house, furnished it richly, and set up an equipage. We began, like strangers, to admit of company; and, in a short time,

'our house became the rendezvous of all the young people of the city. We counterfeited a marriage certificate; and, under that protection, gave ourselves up to the fatal pleasures of a guilty passion, living as contentedly as if we had been conscious of no crime.'

Here the hermit was interrupted by the outcries of Sancho; who, returning from the kitchen, where he had been at breakfast with the curate's servant, came blubbering into the room, tearing his beard and hair. 'What is the matter, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote. 'O, Sir!' answered the disconsolate squire, 'we may now have done with chivalry, and go home again! A clodpate of a peasant that was below, has taken away our enchanted club, and is run off with it as swift as an elephant.'—'You mean as swift as a fawn,' said Don Quixote; 'but you are in the wrong, Sancho, to be as much concerned at an accident of this sort, as if you had lost your wife and children.'—'O my dear club!' cried Sancho, without minding his master, 'club of my own bowels! I shall never see you again then! Unhappy mother that begot you! A curse on the clown that stole you! May you only serve to break his bones!—Now we may even give ourselves up to the enchanters! they will steal the very teeth out of our mouths!'—'Take comfort, child,' said Don Quixote; 'I own we have a considerable loss of Archbishop Turpin's club; but the enchanters cannot take my valour and my strength from me; and I need no other weapons to overcome them.' The soldier and the curate, uniting their consolations to those of the knight, at length made shift to pacify Sancho; and the hermit then prosecuted his story as follows.

CHAP. IV.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE TWO HERMITS. DON QUIXOTE IN A DREADFUL RAGE,

DONNA Louisa and myself 'were at Lisbon,' continued the hermit, 'in the condition I have already told you. Having jewels to

the value of twenty thousand ducats, we might, with good management, have secured ourselves a long time against want; but we lived so extravagantly, that at two years end our money was gone. We were forced to part with our equipage, to dismiss our servants, and to sell our goods by piece-meal, for present subsistence. Being now reduced to the last extremity, I disposed of all my cloaths for ready-money, and went away to a gaming-house to try my fortune, resolving either to win a sum sufficient to set us up again, or to hasten our ruin: the latter of these happened. I lost all, to my very sword and cloak; and, having no more to lose, returned home to Donna Louisa, who expected me, making sad reflections on our deplorable condition. Her affliction was doubled at being informed that I had lost all the remainder of our money: she wept bitterly; and I myself could not forbear shedding tears. "Madam," said I, "you have sufficient cause to hate me; I have forced you from your sanctuary, to make you miserable: had it not been for me, your days had still glided on in innocence and peace. Alas! why did not you rather suffer me to die? Why have you preserved a life so fatal to yourself?"—"My dear Don Gregory," answered Donna Louisa, "cease to impute to yourself my misfortunes! I have drawn them on myself by my crimes, and Heaven punishes me as I have deserved: it is rather you who ought to hold me in abhorrence. I have been the cause of your parents' inconsolable grief; perhaps of their death; by taking from them their only son; and that, too, in such a manner as admits of no comfort: in a word, I have ruined you!" In this manner, Donna Louisa and myself, instead of reproaching each other, did but mutually condole and affect ourselves; and, what is yet stranger, our calamity was so far from extinguishing our passion, that it rather seemed to give it new life.

However, it being absolutely necessary to come to some resolution, I told Donna Louisa, that, having made such a figure in the city of Lisbon, it was requisite we should immediately remove to some other place; where,

having never been known to any body, we might easily conceal our quality, and live in obscurity; I serving some man of quality, and she working at her needle: she approved of my project; and that very night we set out from Lisbon on foot, and very ill clad. We stopped at every village we came to, and begged from door to door: my greatest affliction was to see the sufferings of Donna Louisa, whose feet were blistered with walking. I made her rest often; and sometimes carried her upon my back. In this manner we went to Badajoz, a frontier city of Castile. We were forced to take up our abode in the hospital, having no money to pay for a lodging: but we lay there only one night; for the next day an accident befel us which might be looked upon as fortunate, considering our condition. It is to be observed, that the magistrates of Badajoz, to keep the city free from vagabonds, appoint inspectors to visit the hospital every day, and to take a particular account of the wants and of the circumstances of all strangers that repair to it: as soon as the inspector, whose turn it was that day, saw Donna Louisa, he asked her what countrywoman she was. I answered, that we were both of Valladolid, and that we were man and wife; and then drew out the certificate which I had forged at Lisbon: the inspector, having seen it, seemed satisfied, and asked what brought us to Badajoz, and what was our profession. Donna Louisa answered, that she was by trade a sempstress, and that she had always served persons of quality; and that we were now come to Badajoz, wishing to settle there. The inspector told us that, if what we said was true, he would take care of us; and, if we did not want the will, we should not want for employment: then he ordered one of his servants to carry us to his house. We thanked him, as the thing seemed to deserve; and when he was gone, we desired the servant to tell us his master's name and quality. "His name is Don Francisco de Furna," said the servant: "he is of one of the best families in this city; he is an old bachelor, very rich, who spends all he has

"in

"in relieving the poor." We were very glad we had met with that inspector, from whom we hoped to receive some relief. He came home soon after us: he asked us several questions concerning our marriage; and the reasons that obliged us to leave Valladolid. He examined us apart, to try whether he could catch us tripping: but we had framed such a plausible story, and concerted it so perfectly, that he thought us worthy of his compassion. He, therefore, hired a chamber for us, and purchased all the necessaries for house-keeping: besides this, he gave us a month's subsistence in money, and clothed us from head to foot. In short, he plentifully supplied all our wants: we were so sensible of his goodness, that we gave him a thousand blessings; but we were too wicked to deserve that Heaven should suffer us long to live happy.

Though Donna Louisa wore only a plain stuff suit, yet she looked very lovely; and I soon suspected that Don Francisco de Furna was not insensible of her charms. It is true, he had never yet, in his discourse with her, suffered any thing to escape him that could justify my jealousy; but he seemed to me to look upon her with a tender and passionate eye; and, perhaps, because I was so fond of her, I fancied every body that saw her was equally enamoured. Donna Louisa, who had not taken notice of what I imagined myself to have observed, ridiculed my penetrations; but one day, having left her at home alone, she was convinced that I was not mistaken. Don Francisco went to see her; and, after talking of indifferent things, looking on her very amorously, he said—"I cannot but blame you, Madam, for concealing from me who you really are; since your behaviour sufficiently betrays you: you are too witty and polite for one of mean condition; and your husband has too much the air of quality to be of low birth. I am wholly yours, Madam; I offer you my estate and my service: is not this enough to deserve that you should put some confidence in me?" Donna Louisa looked down blushing, and said—"Sir, since I have received so many favours at your hand, I can

no longer conceal myself from you; and must own, that my husband and I are of the best families of Toledo: and, to give you our story in a word, we loved one another; but there being a mortal hatred between our families, we thought they would never give their consent to our marriage; and therefore my husband, after having married me privately, stole me away. We have lived some time at Lisbon, where we spent all our money extravagantly, still hoping that our parents might be reconciled, and that our marriage might give them occasion of becoming friendly to us: but we are informed that they are more our enemies than ever, and would use us with the utmost severity if we were in their power. This induced us to come to Badajoz, for the purpose of concealment, resolving to endure any hardships whatsoever, rather than return to Toledo." Don Francisco believed all that Donna Louisa said to him, and made her fresh tenders of his service; but in terms so lively, that she had no reason to doubt any longer of his being in love with her. The next day he sent a piece of fine silk to cloath her, and a purse of ducats; and few days passed without his making her some present.

As soon as we began to appear in better garb, ill tongues did not spare Donna Louisa; and it was believed that Don Francisco had an unlawful familiarity with her. Upon this supposition several persons were desirous of becoming acquainted with Donna Louisa; and some attached themselves very closely, in hopes of participating her favours. So many lovers began to be offensive to me, and I was many times in the mind to fight them; but considering the ill consequences of such a step, I left it to Donna Louisa's contrivance to rid me of my rivals. She treated them so harshly; that some of them desisted; but others were the more inflamed, and redoubled their courtship. By day they followed us wherever we went, and they spent the nights under our windows, singing and playing on all sorts of musical instruments. All this seemed to confirm the ill reports which were spread abroad against Donna Louisa's reputation, and we thought

' thought of nothing but the means of
 ' ridding ourselves of these gallants.
 ' At length, they one night fought in
 ' the street; and one of them was left
 ' dead upon the spot, who proved to be
 ' the son of one of the chief magi-
 ' strates of the city. As soon as the
 ' nature of the thing was known,
 ' Donna Louisa was seized and thrown
 ' into prison. I should also have been
 ' apprehended had I been at home; but
 ' I was then at Francisco's house: and
 ' as soon as ever I heard the news,
 ' fearing to fall into the hands of jus-
 ' tice, which I had so much cause to
 ' be apprehensive of, I left Don Fran-
 ' cisco abruptly; and it being then
 ' night, I got safe out of Badajoz, and
 ' departed for Merida. I had scarce
 ' gone half way, when reflecting that
 ' Donna Louisa was left behind, ex-
 ' posed to the utmost calamities, I felt
 ' myself unable to withstand the ap-
 ' prehension; and therefore, despising
 ' the danger that had at first terrified
 ' me, I returned to Badajoz, and went
 ' directly to Don Francisco's house.
 ' He told me, that by his interest he
 ' had procured the release of Don-
 ' na Louisa; but that the very night
 ' after her discharge she had disappear-
 ' ed; and though he had made the most
 ' diligent search and enquiry, he could
 ' never hear of her. I at first ima-
 ' gined that Don Francisco had con-
 ' cealed her, in the hope that, during
 ' my absence, he might prevail on her
 ' to gratify his passion; but his afflic-
 ' tion for her loss appeared so sincere,
 ' that I no longer suspected him of that
 ' artifice. I spent several years in
 ' seeking Donna Louisa in most parts
 ' of Spain and Portugal; and not find-
 ' ing her, I believed Heaven had taken
 ' compassion on her, and inspired her
 ' with the thoughts of shutting herself
 ' up in some monastery to lament her
 ' sins. At the same time, I felt I
 ' know not what divine impulse, which
 ' carried me away. In short, I went
 ' to Rome; and having received the
 ' Pope's absolution, as I desired, I re-
 ' turned to Spain in the habit you see,
 ' resolving to dedicate the remainder of
 ' my life to penance, as some atonement
 ' for my former irregularities. I was
 ' desirous of becoming a Carthusian;
 ' but Providence, having brought me
 ' hither, seems to require me to follow
 ' the example of Donna Louisa; and

' that, like her, I should breathe my
 ' last in this solitude.'

Don Gregory having ended his dis-
 course, the curate commended his re-
 solution; and said it would be opposing
 the will of God to contradict him.
 Don Quixote took upon him to talk in
 his turn; and inveighing against such as
 blindly devote themselves to the plea-
 sures of love, proved, by a thousand
 instances gathered out of history, that
 man could never be too much upon his
 guard against that dangerous passion.
 In short, he discoursed on this subject
 so sensibly, that the curate began to
 think all false that he had been told
 concerning the knight's insanity; and
 the hermit himself was so much sur-
 prized, that he could not forbear say-
 ing—' In truth, Sir, there is no hear-
 ' ing without admiring you. How is
 ' it possible that, being a man of so
 ' much good sense and judgment as
 ' you have now made appear, you can
 ' persuade yourself there ever really
 ' existed any knights-errant?—Mr. Cu-
 ' rate,' continued he, ' you see here a
 ' person of extraordinary worth; he
 ' has but one fault, which is, that he
 ' will not be undeceived as to the false-
 ' hood of books of knight-errantry,
 ' but believes them to be true and au-
 ' thentick. Alas! me, I beseech you,
 ' in convincing him of his error.' The
 curate, who was a very pious and un-
 derstanding man, offered to second the
 hermit. Accordingly, they both began
 to discourse with Don Quixote, and la-
 boured to undeceive him. They used
 every argument to dissuade him from
 continuing the practice of knight-er-
 rantry, alledging all that sound reason
 could urge on the subject. They em-
 ployed entreaties, examples, and per-
 suasions. The curate proceeded so far
 as to quote the canons of the church;
 and brother Stephen cited the constitu-
 tions of ancient anchorites. But their
 eloquence was all lost; for the knight
 waxed into as great a passion as if they
 had persuaded him to permit the giant
 Bramarbas to cut off his head; and,
 looking on the clergyman with a scorn-
 ful disdain, said—' Pray, Mr. Cu-
 ' rate, do you mind your lectures; and
 ' take notice that there have not only
 ' formerly been knights-errant, but
 ' that there are such still, and will be
 ' to the end of the world, in spite of
 ' all the country curates upon the face
 ' of

'of the earth!—And as for you, brother Stephen—or Don Gregory,' continued he, turning to the hermit, 'or what other name forever may be given to a ravisher of nuns; remember, that I know better than you, whether the books of knight-errantry contain truths or falsehoods. You talk to no purpose: all your words will not move me; I am not so easy to be deluded as a poor silly nun. Take my advice; and, instead of losing time about what does not belong to you, begin, without farther delay, that rigorous penance you propose to yourself; for you stand in great need of it.' Having spoken these words, he ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante; and, in spite of all they could say to him, departed that instant. The soldier, who hitherto had observed an exact neutrality, was now obliged to declare himself; that is, either to quit Don Quixote, or brother Stephen: taking, therefore, that side which seemed most for his interest, he accompanied the knight, who he reckoned would bear his charges as far as Sigüenza.

CHAP. V.

THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE HELD WITH BRACAMONTE AND SANCHE. AND THE FINE STORY OF THE GEESE.

THE hero of La Mancha was so enraged against the curate and the hermit, that Bracamonte and Sancho had enough to do to appease him. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'that I must every where meet with people who call in question the existence of knight-errantry?'—'For my part,' answered the soldier, 'I never made any doubt of it; but I believe it as firmly, as if I had really seen them in flesh and bones. We must not speak ill of our neighbours; but, to say the truth, I would not trust too much to brother Stephen: perhaps he has been debauched by enchanters to cry down chivalry. What do we know! A man who could be so wicked as to steal a nun, may likely enough contrive to debauch a knight from knight-errantry.'—'That's likely enough,' quoth Sancho; 'and the spark would come off again with going back to

Rome for his pardon.'—'It may very well be,' replied Don Quixote; 'for you can never imagine, Don Bracamonte, the various contrivances of enchanters to suppress knight-errantry: and it is not long since Archbishop Turpin, whom they bribed for that purpose, employed all his eloquence to persuade me to forsake this noble profession.'—'Archbishop Turpin!' cried Bracamonte, laughing; 'good God! sure you don't say so! Is that prelate in this world still? I thought he had been dead I know not how many ages ago.'—'It was generally so believed till now,' replied the knight, 'because he vanished about seven hundred years since. But I, who am acquainted with all that relates to him, do know, that an enchanter going over to Asia to seek him among many other Christian princes, who had engaged in a crusade for the delivery of the holy city out of the hands of Infidels, enchanted him for some ages.'—'If so, Sir,' said Bracamonte, 'enchanters have power to prolong the lives of those they enchant.'—'Who doubts it?' answered Don Quixote. 'Orlando has been so preserved by the Moorish enchanter, as may appear by the combat I had but the other day with that Paladin.'—'According to that,' quoth the soldier, 'the enchanters themselves never die.'—'They are not immortal,' replied the knight; 'for all mankind is subject to death: but enchanters outlive hundreds of ages; years to them are like moments to us, and therefore it is that they generally have venerable aspects, and long grey beards.'—'Why, then,' quoth Sancho, in his turn, 'has the Moorish enchanter a red beard? I durst lay a wager it is because he is too young as yet, not being perhaps above seven or eight hundred years old.'—'That may very well be,' said Don Quixote; 'for all enchanters have not grey beards; and some of them grow grey towards their latter days.'—'But, pray, Sir Knight,' said the soldier, 'tell us, to what purpose did the necromancer enchant Archbishop Turpin?'—'To dissuade me from knight-errantry,' replied Don Quixote; 'and the whole matter was thus: the enchanter even then foreseeing that I should follow knight-errantry at this time, and might

'might be the means of restoring that order, made choice of Archbishop Turpin, a crafty and eloquent person, to seduce me from it. To this purpose he inspired into him a perfect aversion to knight-errantry, which he had till then professed with honour; and having at length prevailed upon him to quit his archbishoprick of Rheims, he made him a prebendary at Ateca; placing him there by the name of Master Valentin, as well knowing I should pass through that place in the course of my adventures.'—'Od's my life!' quoth the soldier, laughing at such a mad conceit, 'the enchanter served him a base trick; then, to make him quit an archbishoprick for a prebend at Ateca! By my troth, had I been the archbishop, I would never have consented to so ill a bargain; that is, as the proverb says, for the bishop to turn clerk!'—'Don't think much of that,' quoth Sancho; 'for I have heard our curate, who understands the ways of forcerers very well, say, that they will often make us take oaken leaves for pure gold, and bits of gials for diamonds; and therefore the enchanter might very well make Master Valentin take a prebend for an archbishoprick; for, let me tell ye, the devil is very crafty.'—'I am of your opinion, brother Sancho,' answered the soldier; 'I believe the magician has made that juggle pass upon him.'—'The cowardly archbishop,' said Don Quixote, 'made a very formal hangover to me in his house, to induce me to forsake knight-errantry; but I listened to him as Ulysses did to the singing of the Syrens, and quitted him abruptly.'

Our adventurers having travelled four good leagues conversing after this manner, began to be much fatigued with the heat, which that day proved excessive. The foot-traveller being in particular unable to advance a step farther for weariness, applied himself to the knight of La Mancha, saying—
 ‘ Sir, since the sun is so exceeding hot that it scorches us to the very bones, and there being but two leagues from hence to the village where we must lie to-night, I would advise to get out of the road, that we may rest a little under the willows you see there. We may spend a few hours in the shade,

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on the bank of a pleasant rivulet that waters the feet of those trees; and when the sun is somewhat lower, we may proceed on our journey with more ease.' The advice was approved of; and more especially by Sancho, who from that time forward, looked upon Bracamonte as a very judicious man. Accordingly, they went to the willows; where they found two canons of Calatayud, and an alderman of Sigüenza, who were withdrawn thither with the same design of resting themselves. They saluted one another; and Bracamonte said to the canons—'Gentlemen, will you be pleased that the great knight Don Quixote de la Mancha take the cool air a while with you in the shade?' As soon as the canons heard the knight of La Mancha named, they accosted him with a thousand compliments. The adventure of the melon-field had made such a noise throughout the country, that there was scarce any body ignorant of Don Quixote: besides, the canons had heard all that passed at Mr. Valentin's; so that they were apprized of the true characters both of master and man. When they were seated on the grass, the knight said to them—'Gentlemen, I am of opinion that, to avoid idleness, the bane of the best dispositions, it were fit for us, whilst the heavenly charioteer abates the heat of his rays, to divert ourselves with the relation of some important story, such as is worthy the consideration of wise men.'—'That was well thought of,' quoth Sancho, very abruptly; 'and if that be all, I will tell a pretty tale, for I have choice of them. And to begin, gentlemen, you must understand that, once upon a time, there was what there was. But be that as it can, if it be but all for the best. "Let ill be gone for aye, and good be-tide, I pray."—"Hold your peace, dunce!" cried Don Quixote, interrupting him in a passion. "Why don't you listen to these gentlemen, and not trouble them with your own importunences?" The canons, who were eager to hear Sancho, entreated the knight to let him go on. "Come, good master Spin, quoth one of them, proceed; I am convinced these gentlemen will be as well pleased as myself, to hear you tell a story your own way."—"Thank you, master Licen-



was absolutely requisite to carry them to Calatayud, they mounted their mules, and departed after the usual compliments upon such occasions. Don Quixote and his company, for the same reason, left the willows, and went their way. The alderman of Sigüenza being upon his return home, and intending to pass the night at the same village with our adventurers, bore them company; concluding the Knight of La Mancha to be really a madman, though not knowing as yet the particular quality of his phrenzy: of this, however, he was soon fully informed by the occurrence of a very strange adventure; which those who take the pains of reading the ensuing chapter will presently discover.

CH A P. V.

OF THE STRANGE AND DANGEROUS
ADVENTURE DON QUIXOTE'S VA-
LIANT SQUIRE HAD THE HARDI-
NESS TO UNDERTAKE.

DON Quixote and his companions were now about half way on their journey to the inn where they were to lie that night; when, passing by the side of a little wood of fir trees, they observed a doleful voice issue from among them, as it were of a woman in distress. They halted, the better to listen to it; and, being near enough, heard these words distinctly—'Alas! unhappy woman that I am! shall I find nobody to relieve me in this extremity? Must I end my days miserably torn to pieces by the cruel beasts that inhabit this place?' As soon as the knight heard these words, he said to his companions—'Behold here, gentlemen, the most glorious and most dangerous adventure I ever met with since I received the order of knighthood! The wood which we now see is enchanted, and very difficult to be penetrated; the wise Fris-ton, my ancient enemy, has in it a spacious cavern, wherein he holds a great number of knights and princesses enchanted. To these he has lately added the sage Urganda the Unknown: she is cruelly bound with mighty iron-chains to a vast mill-stone, which two deformed demons continually whirl about; and every

p>time her body violently strikes the rock on which the mill-stone stands, the terrible pain she endures makes her cry out in the manner we have heard.' Information like the foregoing was perfectly new and strange to the alderman; who, being by nature not over wise, answered with the utmost simplicity—'Sir Knight, enchanters are not at all used in this country; and I do not believe there is any thing of what you say in this wood: all we can judge of it is, that some highwaymen have dragged some woman into the wood, where they have robbed and abused her. It behoves us to go in and see whether she is still in a condition to be helped.'—'Mr. Alderman,' answered Don Quixote very sternly, 'do not you know I do not love to contend, and especially with little aldermen, who ought to hold their peace before knights-errant!' Bracamonte, to prevent any contest, drew near the alderman, and in few words let him into Don Quixote's character; who, as one deeply concerned in Urganda's deliverance, had already drawn his sword, and was entering the wood; affirming, that to him alone it belonged to finish that adventure. But Sancho, having hold of Rozinante's bridle, stopped his master, and kneeled down before him with his cap in his hand. Don Quixote, judging by this posture that the squire desired leave to speak, demanded what he had to say. 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'you saw how, the other day, as we came out of Saragossa, I made my party good with Mr. Bracamonte; I humbly beseech you to leave this adventure to me, that I may one day, by my own feats, deserve to become a knight-errant, and to be inserted, as well as you, in the legend. I will go up fairly upon my ass to see who this princess is that makes such a grievous complaint; and if I can catch that scoundrel of a Frisquin our enemy asleep, I will drag him before you by the collar, and give him a score of good bangs before he awakes. However, since none can tell who is to live, or who is to die; and that very often a man is himself thorn when he goes for wool; therefore I desire that, if my Dapple and I should fall in the combat, we may be both buried together.'—'Friend Sancho,'



'is the matter, Sir Future Knight?' quoth the foldier. 'O good Mr. Bracamonte!' replied Sancho, 'do not forsake me, I beseech you; for all the souls in purgatory are at my heels! My sinful eyes have seen one bound to a pine tree, and clad in white, as our curate describes them: and had I not made use of my heels, and recommended myself to the good thief, she had swallowed me down like a stewed prune; for she has not eaten any thing else these six thousand years, but only my ass, who is certainly devoured, since I see him not!' Don Quixote and the alderman, upon this, began to search all about; and Sancho crying out to them to look to themselves, the woman who was bound hearing a noise, conceived some hope of relief, and began her complaints again. Don Quixote and his companions espying her at last, drew near to her; the squire, however, kept close behind the soldier, and durst not look at her but by stealth. Nevertheless, he could not refrain saying to her, quaking as he was—'Madam Soul, be pleased to restore me my Dapple, or I swear to you by the Fl-flut-um, that my master Don Quixote will fetch him out of your maw with his lance!'—'Peace, Sancho!' said Bracamonte, laughing; 'this Lady Soul is an honest and conscientious soul, and has stolen nothing from you. See there, your ass is grazing very quietly!' All this while, the Knight of La Mancha earnestly viewed that wretched woman, whose body seemed covered with bruises. When he had eyed her for some time, he said to Bracamonte and the alderman—'Gentlemen, I own I was deceived: this lady, whom you see, is not the sage Urganda, but the famous Zenobia, that great Queen of the Amazons. She went forth from her palace this morning, attended by the principal ladies of her court, to divert herself with hunting: her retinue was great. She was clad in a rich green velvet, embroidered with gold and precious stones, holding a bow of ebony in her hand, and put her back hung a quiver full of gilded arrows; she was mounted on a Tartarian white horse, dappled with black and red, whose bit was silvered with his foam, and whose proud neighings made the air rebound; her

beautiful flaxen hair, covered with a slightly cap adorned with white and green feathers, played in the wind in large tresses on her shoulders. Being intent in the pursuit of a fierce bear, that had already devoured some of her dogs, the swiftness of her horse soon parted her from her company; she lost herself in this wood; and, having alighted to refresh herself on the bank of a crystal stream, which is but a little way off, she was surprized by a troop of insolent giants, who have taken away her mighty courser, robbed her of her cloaths and jewels, and then bound her, in her flight, to this tree, as you behold; therefore, Mr. Bracamonte, unbind her quickly, and let us hear from her royal mouth the particulars of this adventure.' The soldier obeyed his commands out of hand, to the great comfort of the poor wretch, who was not so well pleased as the soldier and the alderman with the knight's relation of the chase.

CHAP. VI.

WHICH CONTINUES THE ACCOUNT OF THE HAPPY DELIVERANCE OF QUEEN ZENOBIA, OTHERWISE CALLED BARBARA HACKLED-FACE.

THE Queen Zenobia was apparently near fifty years of age; and, besides that the general expression of her features exhibited what is usually denominated a hanging-look, her right-check was, moreover, adorned with the seam of a long wound, which extended even to her ear, and which had probably been inflicted in her younger days, for her holy life and modest conversation! The soldier having viewed her well, said to Don Quixote—'I can assure you, Sir, that I have nothing of that in her face any thing like Queen Zenobia; and I am much mistaken if I have not seen her at Avela among the little toppling haunts; and I think her name is Barbara Hackled-Face, or something like it.'—'You have said all in a word,' Mr. Soldier, quoth the princess: 'that is my name; and God reward you for your reasonable relief!' The alderman considering the naked condition of the Queen of the Amazons, whole

whose proper name, as has been said, was Barbara Hacked-Face, alias Machicona the Tripe Woman, charitably took off his cloak to cover her, that she might appear more decently in the town where they were to lie that night. Barbara wrapped it about her without any ceremony; and, judging by Don Quixote's garb, and the air of authority he assumed over the others, that it was to him she ought to make her compliment, she said to him—"Sir Knight, I return you thanks for your generous relief: had it not been for you and this noble company, whom Heaven was pleased to bring this way, I must infallibly have died this night!" Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, answered her thus—"Beautiful Zenobia, mighty queen! whose valour was so dreadful to the famous Princes of Greece, and so advantageous to the Sultan of Babylon, whom you assisted against the warlike Emperor of Constantinople; I account myself most fortunate that it has this day been in my power to do you this small service! Hereafter, I trust, I shall be able to render you others more important." The queen, who as yet did not know Don Quixote, thought his compliment passing strange; and, being at a loss how to answer it, said—"Sir Knight, I must beg your pardon for taking the freedom to tell you that I am nothing akin to Queen Zenobia, nor the Sultan of Babylon; but, if you call me so in derision, because I am old, you must understand there was a time when I was not despised. When I was a young wench at Alcala, the finest scholars in the university were as fond of me as of their own eyes. True it is, that ever since a great rogue of a tutor (God reward him in this world, or in the next!) made this mark you see in my cheek, I was not so much in vogue as before; and yet, for all that, I have lived merrily enough; "for every blemished apple is not rotten."—"O Heavens! O just Heavens!" cried the Knight of La Mancha, "what do I hear? Never was I so sensible of the need there is of knight-errantry as I am at present!—Do but observe, Don Bracamonte, how far the malignity of enchanters extends! Those vile wretches thought

it not enough to cause this beautiful queen to be inhumanly stripped and tied to a tree by a parcel of giants, the proper instruments of their malice; but they have also distracted her understanding by their forceries, blotting out of her memory all the ideas of her grandeur, and making her think herself old, ugly, scarified in the face, of the vilest condition, and of a very lewd conversation!" The enchanted tripe-woman, a little nettled at these last words of Don Quixote, said to him—"Sir Knight, with your leave, I am not quite such a lewd liver as you have been informed; for though I have a little wronged my honour, yet I never did any body harm."—"Cease, great princess! cease to debase your high birth, and the majesty of your race!" quoth Don Quixote. "I know you think yourself a poor wretch; a servant to a tipping-house, if you please, because the vile enchanters have cast a mist before the light of your understanding; but I am not to be imposed upon; I still, in you, behold that mighty Queen Zenobia, whose valour is equal to her beauty! God forbid I should be so unjust as to believe you could ever stoop to prostitute your matchless perfections to scholars, or even to tutors, when I know the greatest princes of the east have pined for love of you; and the brave Hyperborean, of the floating islands, has performed so many glorious exploits for your sake! On him alone ought you to lavish your favours, to requite the victory he obtained over the four giants of bronze, and the phantom of fire, the guardians of the crystal tower; in which the sage Pamphus, the king your father's enemy, detained you prisoner by his magical incantations."

Bracamonte and the alderman were amazed to hear Don Quixote talk so extravagantly: as for Sancho, having by this time got the better of his panick, and finding nothing in Barbara answerable to the harangue of his master, he could not forbear saying—"By Dapple's soul, Sir, you do not consider what you say! Why, where the devil are all those beauties you see in this Madam Segovia? I have viewed

* Segovia is a city of Old Castile, the name of which Sancho naturally enough mistakes for Zenobia.

'her all over; and God knows what I feel! I will be hanged, if my ass had but a hood on, if he would not look more like a princess than she; and I will lay a wager Mr. Bracamonte and the alderman are of my mind!'—'I do not question it,' said Don Quixote; 'but be not deceived, my friend: the queen appears to me, as well as you, ugly, old, dirty, and impudent, because the eyes of the body are charmed by Pamphus the enchantor; but I make use of the eyes of the understanding to frame a true judgment of the rare qualities of this princess. I lift myself above the senses; and, by means of a peculiar privilege inherent in knight-errantry, which ever tends directly to the truth, I discover in this object, so disagreeable to outward appearance, a complexion of lilies and roses intermixed; a head of delicate flaxen hair, more beautiful than that of Apollo; heavenly conquering eyes; coral lips; teeth like oriental pearls; a neck and arms as white as alabaster; a pleasing and delightful air; a charming smile; an elegant shape; a majestic mien; and easy modest action: in short, Sancho, when I shall have overcome Pamphus's enchantment, you will perceive which of us was in the right.'—'Nay, I have done with you, Sir,' replied the squire; 'you are an absolute natter at those things: but is it possible that Dame Barbara, with her great scar, and her tanned leather hide, should have coral eyes and teeth, and all the rest you talk of? Well, I long to be a knight, that I may see things otherwise than they really are.'

This dialogue had not ended so soon, but that the alderman put Don Quixote in mind that the sun was set, and that it was time to proceed on their journey. Upon this, the knight said to his squire—'Sancho, bring Dapple hither; and let him have the honour of this day to serve the queen, instead of a white palfrey.' This said, he gravely saluted Zenobia, and went forward on his way alone, to mediate the revenge he would take upon Pamphus. Sancho willingly obeyed his master: he brought his ass; and, throwing himself down on all fours, that the queen might mount with more ease—'Lady Princess,' said he, 'you may sit your

feet on my back, and mount Dapple: he is so gentle, that he would not wrong a child; but, the deuce take me,' added he, looking up under her nose, 'I did not know you was so handsome! Lord, how I long to see you with the eyes of the understanding! for, to deal plainly with you, that villainous tutor Pompous has made you as ugly as Lucifer.' Barbara did not well like this compliment; and therefore, in revenge, being of a gigantick stature, she trod so hard upon the poor devil of a squire, as she was mounting, that she overthrew and half crippled him. 'Help!' cried Sancho, falling; 'I am a dead man!'—'What is the matter?' quoth the soldier, going to help him up. 'O, master Bracamonte!' answered Sancho, 'that carrion carcase of a queen has broke two of my ribs at least. Would the dogs had eaten her to her finger's ends!'—'Fair and softly, Sancho!' replied Bracamonte, laughing; 'prythee, pay the Queen Zenobia more respect; and do not fancy it was her that hurt you: she is too tender a princess; and has such delicate light feet, that she scarce treads down the grass or flowers.'—'O ho, Mr. Soldier!' cried Sancho; 'why you talk like a knight-errant! and a body would think you saw the queen with the eyes of your understanding.'—'No doubt of it,' quoth Bracamonte; 'for there being no other difference betwixt a soldier and a knight but only the dubbing, all martial men enjoy most of the privileges belonging to knight-errantry, and particularly that you speak of; however, if you will be advised by me, we will talk no more of this matter; but, as we travel on to our lodging, will I listen to the queen, who is going to tell us how she fell into this misfortune.'—'Mrs. Barbara,' asked he, directing his discourse to the Amazon, 'pray, if you please, tell us what robber has used you so ill; and why you left Alcala, where you lived like a queen?'—'Did you then see me, Mr. Soldier?' said Barbara, 'in the time of my prosperity? Was you ever in my shop? Did you ever eat any of that pure fried tripe I used to dress so curiously?'—'No,' replied Bracamonte; 'but I was then a commoner in the college of the Three Languages; and

'and I remember you were reckoned the best in the world at souling of hogs-feet, and making black-puddings.'—'Black-puddings!' quoth Sancho, in a rapture: 'nay, faith, if her majesty's grace has such a knack at making of black-puddings, I will hire her this moment to be my cook in my government.'—'With all my heart!' quoth Barbara; 'and I assure you I will make you such rare black-puddings, and such dainty hotch-potches, that you will lick your fingers after them.'—'God be praised!' said the squire, 'I could wish I were at that sport already! But may it please your majesty to tell us the cause of your misadventure?' Barbara, who never denied any man, soon granted the request, and said—

'Since you desire it, gentlemen, you must understand that my mother, being convinced there is no better inheritance than a good education, taught me to make black-puddings, to soule hogs-feet, and to fry tripe: so that, before she died, she had the satisfaction of seeing me in a way to get my living. I had a little cook's shop in the Tavern Street, whither the scent of my cookery drew abundance of scholars: among the rest, there was one, who made a curious figure, and was about twenty-three years of age. I found him so courteous and civil, and grew so fond of him, that I was never well any longer than I was in his company: I treated him like a prince at meals; and I bought him books, shoes, stockings, bands, and, in a word, whatever he wanted; nor was he sparing, but had every thing he could ask. When he had lived with me in this manner almost a year, he told me, one day, making much of me, that he must go to Saragossa, where he had some estate; and, if I would go with him, he was so in love with me, that he would marry me. Lord, what fools women in love are! I had so little wit that, without thinking any harm, I told him I would follow him to the Antipodes: accordingly, the very next day, I began to sell all my goods, being the furniture of two rooms,

and a good quantity of linen, which brought me fourscore ducats. In short, we left Alcalá yesterday; but the devil being in him, as we were passing by this wood this morning, he proposed to go into it to take the cool air—God grant he may take it after the same manner! But I will not curse him; for perhaps we may chance to meet again, and I am apt to believe that, should he repent, (God forgive me!) I could love him again. Well, into the wood I went with that villain; who, looking stern on a sudden, and drawing his dagger, bid me deliver all the money I had; and, because I did not comply soon enough to his mind, he began to pinch my nose and ears, to cuff me over the face with his fist, and to hunch my belly with his knees, saying—"You old witch, will you be quick? Will you make haste and deliver me the money you have got foill, and which I know better how to spend?" I must confess I am still in a passion, when I call to mind the ill language he gave me; and he lyed like a rogue, when he called me witch; for though I was tied to the ring* upon the steps of the church of Santa Justa, I may thank some of my neighbours, who did me that good turn, and swore falsely against me: a pex choak them for a parcel of envious jades! But I was revenged of one of them, for I poisoned a pretty little dog he had.'—'Lord, Madam Queen!' quoth Sancho, interrupting her, 'what harm had the poor beast done you?' 'Was it he that swore falsely against you?'—'No,' replied Barbara; 'but they that cannot hurt the master are revenged on the dog.'—'There is no reason for that,' answered the squire; 'the vicar is not bound to pay the curate's debts.'—'I grant it,' quoth Hacked Face: 'but, to return to my story. When I found there was no way to appease that wretch who abused me, without complying with him, I delivered him my fourscore ducats to a farthing; but yet that did not content him, he stripped me to my smock; and, tying me to a tree, went away with all my cloaths.'—'Oh, the contented son of a woman!' cried

* A part of the punishment inflicted on persons convicted of witchcraft, or superstitious practices.

Sancho. — 'What say you to that, Mr. Bracamonte? Ought not I to go from college to college, to find that outrageous scholar, and challenge him to fight man to man, or ten to ten? I vow, by the order of errant-squireship I profess, that I will cut off his head, and carry it sticking upon the point of a lance to a tilting! All I am afraid of, (for a man must have a care when he gathers a rose that he does not prick his fingers) is, lest I should fall in with some of those scholars of Beelzebub, such as I met with in a college at Saragossa. O the profligate vermin! One of those rakes, whom Heaven burn like Gomorrah! hit me such a furious cuff on my left-jaw, that my cap fell off; and, as I was stooping to take it up, another gave me such a kick on the breech, that I came over upon my nose. This was not all neither; for when I got up, there poured down upon my face such a shower of glanders, that I knew not which way to turn myself.'

CHAP. VII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE ALARMED A WHOLE VILLAGE, WHERE THE FRIGHT WAS GREATER THAN THE HURT.

SANCHO's hand being once in for talking, he never gave over till they came to the village. There they found the Knight of La Mancha at the door of the inn, surrounded by a considerable number of people, and very earnestly holding forth after this manner— 'Brave warriors, whose valour and vigilance defend this famous city, I come to warn you to make ready for battle! The enchanter Pamphus will soon be at your gates with a dreadful army of giants: he designs to ravish from us the chaste Queen Zenobia, to expose her again to the cruel death from which my invincible arm has but now delivered her. Let us not suffer such an indignity, my friends, to be put upon the most amiable princess in the world. Stand by me, and we will easily rout Pamphus and all his giants, and will pursue them to the farthest parts of their dominions! But take heed, I entreat you, lest

'emulation in point of valour, and about dividing the kingdoms we shall conquer from them, do not sow discord and animosities among you; for it is absolutely necessary that we be always unanimous to put a happy end to this war!' The inhabitants of the village were so astonished at this extraordinary exhortation of Don Quixote, that they knew not what to think of him: some looked upon him as a madman; but others, by the richness of his armour, and gravity of his discourse, judged him to be some famous general whom the king had appointed to command his armies against France, a rupture being then expected between that court and Spain. That which most puzzled them, was the approach of the enchanter Pamphus, and the protection of Queen Zenobia; and these particulars they were about enquiring into, when they saw a coach, drawn by six mules, attended by five or six men on horseback, advancing towards them on the road that leads from Sigüenza. No sooner had Don Quixote descried this cavalcade, than, with a burst of martial ardour, he exclaimed— 'To arms, my friends, to arms! Behold here the enchanter advancing towards us with all his forces!' Those who had been duped by the first part of the knight's discourse, were fools enough to fancy the enemy was at hand; and as generally it happens that fear multiplies objects, that small retinue looked to them like an army: they were all full of confusion; and began to run into their houses for weapons, when Bracamonte and the alderman set all right, by telling them that Don Quixote was a poor distracted gentleman, who was going to the hospital at Toledo to be cured. In the mean while, the knight had posted himself in the midst of the street, covered himself with his buckler, fixed his lance in the rest, and was now courageously waiting to encounter the enemy: but the soldier, to prevent any disaster, coming up to him, said— 'Noble Don Quixote, no man knows better than yourself, that it is always requisite to view the numbers, and the disposition of an army, before engaging: give me leave, therefore, to advance upon discovery; you may stay here; I will observe the enemy so nearly, that you shall not fail of a particular account

'account of them.' The Knight of La Mancha approving of what he said, the souldier went towards the coach, and desired leave to speak to those who were in it, to give them an account of Don Quixote's madness; but as soon as he cast his eyes upon a gentleman who was in the coach with two ladies, he was struck dumb with surprise, and could not utter a syllable. The gentleman was no less amazed at the behaviour of the soldier; but having viewed him well, he leaped out at the door of the coach, and stretching forward his arms to him, exclaimed—'Oh, my brother! my dear Bracamonte, is it you! The wretched condition I see you in, does not hinder me from knowing you!'

They embraced one another several times, weeping for joy; for they had not seen each other during fifteen years, and had been mutually anxious on that account. After the death of their father, they had divided betwixt them a small inheritance; and the soldier, who was the youngest, took to the army: but though he had behaved himself bravely in Flanders, yet he had gained nothing but the honour of his actions. The elder, whose name was Don Raphael de Bracamonte, was now returning from Peru very rich, with two ladies, one of whom was his wife, and the other his mother-in-law. The two brothers never ceased embracing one another, and that with the warmest transports that kindred and friendship could produce. As soon as the ladies understood the character of the soldier, though his appearance did little honour to the alliance, they received him with such excess of civility and politeness, that he could hardly make suitable acknowledgments.

Whilst this happened, Don Quixote, finding that the soldier did not return, and fancying he had been taken by the enemy, advanced to rescue him, and spurred on towards the coach; but before he could come up to it, the soldier had in a few words acquainted his brother and the ladies with his madness; and having thus prepared them to receive him, he suffered him to draw near; and then, with a loud voice, said—'Sir Knight, whose redoubted arm has thunderstruck more giants than Jupiter! you must understand that the enchanter Pamphus is not here. The

personages you here behold are no enemies to the Princess Zenobia: on the contrary, it is the queen her mother who is in the coach, and who, attended by a damsel and a squire, comes to return you thanks for having delivered her daughter from a death she could not have avoided, but by your undaunted courage!' Don Quixote, hearing these words, drew near to the coach; and, after saluting the ladies gravely, without alighting from his horse, or giving them time to speak, he directed his discourse to Don Raphael's mother-in-law, saying—'Great queen, who mayest justly boast that you have brought forth the most famous princes in the world, as being mother to the peerless Zenobia! I am sorry you have left your dominions for my sake, and undergone the fatigue of so long a journey! I have not yet performed any thing worthy your acknowledgment; but I hope, when I have overcome the giant Bracmarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus, in single combat; I hope, I say, I shall then cause the infantia your daughter to be crowned queen of that delicious island, formerly the place of abode of the goddess of love. Though Zenobia's mother was forewarned of the knight's extravagance, she knew not very well what answer to return to so preposterous a salutation: the soldier, therefore, to ease her of that trouble, told Don Quixote, that the queen being extremely wearied with her journey, they must make haste to the inn, where they might discourse more at their ease. When they came thither, Don Quixote would needs himself introduce to the ladies the beautiful Queen of the Amazons; who, being still wrapped up in the cloak of the alderman, excited no moderate surprise. The knight perceiving this, said—'It doth not at all astonish me, most unparalleled empress! that you continue to look round in search of the amiable Zenobia, notwithstanding that she is now before you; nor do I marvel, that even her own mother knows her not! This horrid metamorphosis is the work of the enchanter Pamphus; but I swear by all that is most sacred in knight-errantry, that I will dispel the fatal spells which surround this renowned queen, and will soon restore her to her former beauty!' Don

Raphaël

Raphaël's mother-in-law, having had leisure to study a compliment, applauded the knight's generous resolution; and spoke to him in such language as fully convinced our hero that she was the parent of Zenobia.

At this instant Sancho, who till now had divided his time between the stable and the kitchen, came into the room, all in a heat, clapping his hands for joy, and crying—'Good news, my masters! Good news! We shall be all littered up to our bellies!'—'Why, what is the matter, Sancho?' quoth Don Quixote; 'have you found out where the giants are that stripped the queen?'—'That's well enough, faithful' quoth the squire; 'that's likely to be the matter that pleases me!'—'Perhaps it is,' replied the knight, 'that Bramarbas is come to this village, to put an end to our combat.'—'God deliver us!' answered Sancho, 'I have better news than all that; what I can tell you is, that I saw a delicate soup below stewing upon the fire; and it is that has rejoiced me.'—'Scoundrel!' cried Don Quixote in a passion; 'can you never open your mouth without discovering your greediness?' Then turning to the ladies, he entreated them to forgive his squire's impertinence; and fell into a discourse with them, which held till supper. In the mean while, the soldier, who had acquainted his brother with Sancho's ingenuity, drew him into the corner of the room; and, in the presence of Don Raphael, said to him—'Dear Sancho, we have a great deal of business upon our hands; perhaps you don't know who that old lady is that your master is talking with: she is a princess, my friend; she is Queen Zenobia's mother!'—'Master Bracamonte,' quoth Sancho, 'carry that candle to another saint. Don't think to make me take rials for ducats. I remember very well her ladyship the queen told us, a while ago, that her mother was dead.'—'That's true,' answered the soldier; 'but have you forgotten already, that Pamphus the enchanter has disturbed the Princess Zenobia's understanding? Nay, do not you perceive that the whole history he has just told us is to be regarded, from one end to the other, as nothing but a fabulous suggestion of the same enchanter?'—

'By my soul, I am sorry for it!' replied Sancho; 'for, if so, I dare lay a wager she has forgot how to make black-puddings.'—'Nay, as for the black-puddings,' quoth the soldier, laughing, 'it is possible she may know how to make them still; for the princess has had an excellent education. But be it as it will, there certainly is her mother, who has been thanking your master for releasing Queen Zenobia.'—'In troth,' quoth the squire, looking upon the ladies, 'I am glad of it. And who is that young damsel by her?'—'It is her maid of honour,' said the soldier—'and this is her squire,' added he, pointing to Don Raphael. Sancho saluted him; and they soon grew acquainted. When supper was ready, there arose a controversy about sitting down to table. Don Raphael's mother-in-law having seated herself at the upper-end, said to Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, will you permit my damsel and squire to sup with us, that they may hereafter boast they have had the honour of eating with the great Don Quixote.' The knight having signified his consent by a profound bow of approbation, Don Raphael and his wife placed themselves by Zenobia; the alderman and young Bracamonte by Don Quixote. All were seated but Sancho; who, drawing a chair, took his place without any ceremony at the lower end, saying, with a loud voice, to his master—'Sir, you give leave for the princess's squire to eat with you, perhaps she will give me leave to eat with her: and why not? I am a Christian as well as another; and, God be praised, I ban't the itch!—So, gentlemen,' added the squire, 'here goes without farther ceremony! "Faint heart never won fair lady!" In this place the sage Alifolan stops to remark a circumstance worthy of attention. He observes, that Don Quixote did not manifest the smallest token of displeasure at the liberty just taken by Sancho; because, being himself naturally very haughty, he was well pleased that his squire should be treated with equal ceremony as the squire belonging to the princess. The discourse during supper turned entirely upon knight-errantry; and the soldier having ordered his brother's servants, who waited at table, to ply Sancho with wine pretty often, the honest squire

was soon ripened into a pleasant humour, and afforded high diversion to the company, by reciting the unheard-of exploits of his master; who did not fail to interpret, to his own advantage, the favourable attention that was paid to his squire's narrative. When it was time to go to bed, the innkeeper conducted the two ladies into the best room in the house; and the hostess led Barbara into a closet which looked out over the stables. The two Bracamontes staid in the room where they had supped; the alderman went to bed in another, and Sancho was disposed of in a garret. As for Don Quixote, his admirable sagacity at smelling out adventures determined him to continue under arms in the inn-yard, and to watch all night for the protection of the princesses; foreseeing, as he said, that the enchanter Pamphus would make some attempt to carry off Zenobia.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON RAPHAEL DE BRACAMONTE.

WHEN the two Bracamontes were left to themselves, they began to ask one another what had befallen them since their separation upon their father's death. 'For my part,' said the foldier, 'I have served ever since in Flanders, and have been always unfortunate; which, in truth, is at present the whole I have to tell you. But as for you, brother, I find you in such a flourishing condition, that I am impatient till I hear where, and in what manner, you have advanced yourself so considerably.'—'I shall satisfy your curiosity,' replied Don Raphael; 'and acquaint you with such things as it most highly concerns me to conceal from all the world: but I will hide nothing from a brother I love so entirely as yourself; and, besides, every thing which regards my honour, personally concerns you also.' Don Raphael then began his story as follows.

'You will remember our parting, after we had divided the small fortune Don Bernard our father left us. You went away for Flanders, and I to Corunna, where I shipped myself aboard the first vessel that sailed for

Peru. When I arrived at Nombre de Dios, I there found many Spaniards who purposed, like myself, to proceed to Lima; but hearing that Gonzalo Pizarro had made himself master of that kingdom, we durst not go thither. Though we were very eager to make our fortunes, yet we were too loyal to side with Pizarro; and therefore staid a considerable time at Nombre de Dios, without knowing which way to bestow ourselves. At last we learned, that one Melchior Verdugo, a Spanish commander, was arrived at Panama. He came to rouse up the king's loyal subjects, and to raise forces against Pizarro. This information sufficiently determined our plan. We immediately went away to Verdugo at Panama. He received us with extraordinary tokens of joy and affection; and, asking every one of us from what part of Spain he came, as soon as I told him my country and my name, he embraced me; saying, he was also of the city of Avila, and had been formerly my father's particular friend. Verdugo was a very rich man; the whole province of Caxamalca belonged to him; and he was, at that time, the only man in Peru able to cope with Pizarro. I determined, therefore, to attach myself closely to Verdugo; and I studied his temper so successfully, that, within a year's time, I insinuated myself into his particular confidence. I shall not trouble you with recounting our various successes against several officers whom Pizarro sent to oppose us. A detail of this nature would be too prolix; and it is not my purpose at present to enter upon the wars of Peru. I shall only tell you, that the king, hearing of the troubles of that kingdom, cast his eyes upon the licentiate Pedro Gasca, one of the council of the inquisition, a man of known wisdom, and whose prudence had been tried in several negociations. This man his majesty sent to Peru, with the title of President of the Royal Audience; and with full power to use such means as he should judge most expedient for restoring peace in that country. As soon as the president came to Nombre de Dios, and the cause of his going to Peru was known at Panama, all persons openly declared for the king; and even some of Pizarro's officers came

‘ came in to him, and avowed their resolution to submit themselves to his majesty. The president thanked them in the king’s name; assuring them of his intention to pardon the rebels, provided they returned to their duty. It would now have been Pizarro’s wisest course to have embraced his majesty’s mercy; but he obstinately stood out, and refused to submit. The president therefore levied troops, and joined Verdugo: in fine, we fought Pizarro; who was routed at Xaquixaguana, and afterwards executed. After his death, and the entire defeat of his party, the president punished those who had supported him, and divided their effects among us. I had a good share in this dividend; for the president, upon the application of Verdugo, allotted me a considerable number of Indians; with whom I went and established myself in the territory of Potosí, where some very rich mines had lately been discovered. These are only silver mines; but the veins are so large, and the metal so fine, that they yield more than all the others in Peru. In short, an hundred weight of ore yielded fourscore marks weight of silver*, which is very unusual. I contracted with my Indians to pay me two marks a week each, and to keep the rest for their wages; which they did with such ease, that they gained more themselves than they paid me. I did not at all neglect so fair an opportunity of enriching myself; and in eight years time I had amassed near an hundred thousand crowns. I now grew very desirous of returning to Spain, that I might make you partaker of my good fortune, and that we might live reputably together. I therefore parted with my Indians, and set out with all my treasure for Lima. There I found some other Spaniards, who having, like myself, made their fortunes in Peru, were extremely anxious to revisit their own country. We joined companies, hired a ship, and put aboard our effects. Verdugo, who was then at Lima, used all his endeavours to dissuade me from my resolution; but I would not give ear to him, and went aboard.

‘ We set sail with a fair wind, and

‘ had no reason to doubt of a good voyage; nay, we even came in sight of the port of Panama; but the joy of the sailors on this occasion cost us dear: for the captain having made his crew drink to excess, and the pilot being also drunk, there was so little care of the helm, that about midnight, nobody looking out, the ship was driven by the wind and tide so furiously upon a rock, that we gave ourselves up for lost. It was then so dark that we could see nothing, and therefore did not presently discern that we had sprung a leak; but when day appeared, and discovered to us the whole of our misfortune, nothing was to be heard among the sailors but cries and lamentations: we, however, betook ourselves to planks, and other things that might bear us up, and endeavoured to swim to the shore. I was the first man who reached it, my good fortune having thrown me into a sort of little bay that stretched out into the sea between two rocks: from thence, I encouraged my companions to follow my example, and many of them fared the better for my advice. Some of the people of the country, having observed from land that our ship was near foundering, came off to our assistance in fishing-boats: but it proved too late; for above half the crew were already drowned, some because they could not swim, and others from being dashed by the violence of the waves against the rocks, or against the ship itself, which soon sunk; so that nothing of her appeared above water but the vane at the main-top-mast-head, which only seemed to rise above the water to shew where the wreck lay. When we were got to shore, I proposed attempting to weigh up the ship; but there was scarce any body else of the same opinion: they all said that the ship, being old and rotten, the iron grapples which must be fixed to it, would tear out the parts they laid hold of; and the vessel being thus moved by piece-meal, our silver would still be left at the bottom.

‘ We travelled along the coast towards Panama; and when we came into the town, some people hearing of our shipwreck, and taking pity on

* A mark weight is eight ounces.

AVELLANEDA'S QUIXOTE.

us, came to our assistance, and carried us to their houses; where they endeavoured, by all manner of courtesy, to mitigate our sorrow. I happened to be in the house of one Don Michael de la Vega, a man of great generosity. He omitted nothing that might raise up my spirits under my misfortune: he made me a thousand tenders of his service, and offered to employ his friends to procure me some establishment under the viceroy in New Spain. Whilst he was making interest for me, I took care to write to Verdugo an account of all that had happened, conjuring him to advise me what in his wisdom and friendship he should think best. In the mean while, Don Michael and I contracted a strict friendship for each other: he introduced me to the principal men in Panama; and one day he carried me to visit a lady that was his relation, whose name was Donna Maria de Almagro. This lady had a young daughter called Donna Theodora: they both received me so very courteously, that I had no sooner left them, but I wished to see them again. Don Michael asked me what I thought of them; and he might well judge by my answer, that he would oblige me in carrying me thither again. He did so; and, in short, I visited them almost every day for three months. This intercourse having produced much familiarity between us, it was not long before I discovered that the young Theodora felt some attachment to me; and I was soon confirmed in this opinion: for, one morning, a shrewd little Creole girl, of Moorish extraction, entered my apartment, who brought me a note from her, accompanied with several pair of Spanish garters, embroidered with gold and silver, and a very rich scarf of Spanish lace. The note was not written in very courtly language; but the stile had such an air of tenderness and simplicity, that it discovered a heart unused to these intrigues. That I might not be behind-hand in generosity, I sent back by the same messenger some of the few valuable things which I had saved from my shipwreck; a pair of ear-rings, and a ring worth fifty pistoles; together with an answer full of passionate expressions. That same

day I went, after dinner, to visit her; and finding her at work with only two little negro girls in the room, her mother being then taking her afternoon nap, I had all the opportunity I could wish for of acknowledging the favour she had conferred on me. Donna Theodora could not look upon me, after what she had done, without emotion. "I know not what you will think of me!" said she. "I shall think," replied I, "that you are the most lovely creature in the world; and I shall retain, as long as I live, the most grateful remembrance of your goodness!" Our conversation, after this, grew insensibly very lively; till, at length, Donna Maria's appearance interrupted it, and obliged us to change the discourse.

The next day, a fly-boat from Lima came to an anchor in the port; and the pilot brought me an answer from Verdugo, which informed me that he had received my letter, and advised me to return to Peru, where he would put me in a way to retrieve my fortune. This letter extremely embarrassed me; for I then felt myself so much in love with Theodora, that I could not think of leaving her: at the same time I could not guess in what manner my passion would terminate, my affairs not suffering me to flatter myself that Donna Maria, who was very rich, would bestow on me her only daughter. In fine, I shewed Verdugo's letter to Don Michael; who, being no stranger to the passion I had for his niece, told me that it was not worth while returning to Peru, to lay the foundation of a new fortune; since mine was already made, it being at my option to marry Donna Theodora. "I have had this marriage in my mind," added he, "for some time past; and I have managed so successfully, that Donna Maria is already disposed to consent to it." At these words, I clasped my arms about Don Michael's neck, and assured him, in the warmest terms I could think of, that I was most sensible of the favour he did me, and would use my utmost endeavours to deserve it, since I had done nothing to merit it, and owed it entirely to his goodness. He embraced me again, and returned me a
 ' most

most obliging answer. We went together to Donna Maria's house, with whom he discoursed a while in private: he then went out, and left me alone with her. Donna Maria presently led me into her closet; where, when we were seated, she told me, without any hesitation, that the pity she felt for my heavy misfortunes, the high commendations of Don Michael, and the good qualities she daily discovered in me, had at length determined her to bestow her daughter upon me, with a portion of four hundred thousand crowns, if I chose to marry her. I thought she had bantered, when she asked a man that was not worth a groat, whether he would marry a rich heiress; and I knew not what to answer, when she went on, and said—"I perceive, Don Raphael, you are astonished at my seeming to doubt whether you would marry my daughter; but though she is young, rich, and handsome, you must understand, perhaps, there is not a gentleman in this country but would refuse to be my son-in-law. This discourse surprizes you," pursued she; "but I will soon clear up your astonishment. About twenty years ago I had a brother, whom I loved most tenderly: he was unfortunate; he one night killed a gentleman, who was nephew to the governor of the town. Whatever measures he took for his escape, he was unable to elude the strict search of the governor, who caused him to be seized, and issued orders that he should suffer as a murderer, though he had killed his antagonist fairly. Our kindred and friends all united in soliciting his pardon; but the governor, who was both judge and party, proved inexorable. The day appointed for my brother's execution drew near; the danger that threatened a life I held so dear obliging me to lay aside all the reservedness of my sex, I hastened to the governor's house; I cast myself at his feet, and gave way, in his presence, to all the transports of piercing grief. He seemed touched at my affliction; and I at first fancied that my tears had moved his pity; but I soon found that I had excited a very different sensation. In short, the brute declared to me his wicked desires; and

assured me, that I must either resolve to gratify them, or to see my brother perish. I shuddered at this detestable proposition, and looked upon the judge as a monster; but, at length, the time he had given me to consider being almost expired, the idea of my brother's death, and of the infamy his execution would bring upon our family, so distracted me, that I yielded myself up to his embrace, having first bound him by an oath to restore my brother to me the day following. The villain did send him; but he first caused him to be strangled. This perfidy rendered me utterly frantick; so that, breathing nothing but vengeance, I repaired instantly to Mexico, and laid the whole affair before the viceroy. My despair touched his heart; and he was so incensed at the governor's perfidiousness, that he sent immediately several officers of his guards to Panama, with orders to seize and bring him to Mexico; which was accordingly done. I was there to confound him; and the viceroy, having drawn from him a confession of the fact, condemned him to suffer the same death which he had inflicted on my brother. After the governor's death, I returned to Panama, with the satisfaction of an entire revenge; but, at the same time, with the shame of having published my dishonour: for, in short, I was with child; and I was delivered of Donna Theodora. This, Don Raphael, is my story; and I was willing to tell it myself, that I might satisfy you as to my motives for offering you my daughter. I design to leave this country, where I have the misfortune of feeling my reputation lost, and the dissatisfaction of living among people who have something to upbraid me with. Besides, since my daughter is grown up, I imagine that every body who looks at her, does it but to my shame. I will go with you into Spain; where, my daughter and I being known to nobody, we shall live comfortably; and I am the more pleased with this resolution, because, at the same time that I provide for my own quiet, I flatter myself I am doing essential service to an honest man. Nothing now remains, but to inform me of
" your

"your sentiments on the occasion."—
 "I made answer to Donna Maria, that she could not propose any thing more pleasing to me; that her daughter was too well educated, and too desirous for a man to regard a chimerical point of honour; and that, for my part, a ridiculous delicacy should never induce me to despise worth and virtue. Donna Maria was well satisfied with my answer; and a few days after I married Donna Theodora*.

"We thought of nothing, after this, but our departure; and the appointed day being come, we left Panama, regretting nothing but our separation from Don Michael. We went to Nombre de Dios, where we embarked, with all our treasure, on board a man of war bound for Spain, in which we arrived safe at Cadiz: there we set up an equipage, and hired servants; for we had brought none with us, Don Maria not chusing to have any domestick, whose indiscretion she might have reason to be apprehensive of. From Cadiz we travelled towards Avila, hoping there to hear some news of you; but, when we came thither, we were informed that you had not been seen there for several years, and nobody knew what was become of you. We lived there half a year; and should have continued longer, had I not heard of a very desirable estate upon sale in the neighbourhood of Saragossa; we are now going thither to purchase it, if we like it, and to settle there. I bless God for having found you, and that I am in a condition to make some amends for the little regard the court has shewn to your long service. You shall go with us to-morrow; and I dare assure you my mother-in-law and my wife will be happy in whatever I shall do to relieve you from your present miserable situation."

When Don Raphael had done speaking, the soldier returned him thanks for his kindness; and the two brothers gave one another a thousand testimonies of mutual affection.

CHAP. IX.

HOW DON QUIXOTE PREVENTED PAMPHUS THE ENCHANTER FROM STEALING AWAY QUEEN ZENOBIA, AND OTHER MATTERS WORTH READING.

DON Quixote having resolved to remain under arms all night, as was said before, for fear of any surprize from Pamphus the enchanter, which there was reason enough to be apprehensive of, took upon himself the office of sentinel; and, grasping firmly his lance and buckler, paraded fiercely about the yard of the inn. All people were now retired to their rest, and beginning to enjoy the sweets of slumber, when the knight, wearied with the continual exercise of traversing the yard, leaned against the wall of a well to rest himself for a moment. As he cast his eyes around on every side, he descried, by the faint light of the setting moon, an object which called up all his attention. He saw sally forth from the stable, a man, naked to the shirt, who bore a ladder upon his shoulders. This was no other than the coachman of Don Raphael, who having been an old acquaintance of Queen Zenobia's, and knowing where she lay, was going to offer his service to her, designing to get in at the window, which he thought might easily be effected with his ladder. Barbara, who was not at all afraid of such attempts, had left the window open to let in the cool air of the night, which the coachman observing, he planted his ladder against it, not in the least doubting of the success of his enterprize, and with-

* The French paraphrast has used very little ceremony with respect to the incidental narratives introduced in Avellaneda's Don Quixote. He rejects those of his original, or inserts new ones of his own, just as inclination leads him. The present story (which in its chief circumstance resembles Shakspere's Measure for Measure, but which circumstance one might suppose to be actually copied from the act of savage iniquity perpetrated by Colonel Kirke, after the defeat of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, in 1685) is not, for instance, to be found in the Spanish original. There are, however, some things in the Spanish, which the paraphrast may deserve thanks for the omission of. There is a strange relation concerning the mistaking of a nun for the Virgin Mary. There is a tale of a man making his way into the bed of a lady, immediately after child-birth; and there is a very offensive medley of adultery and murder.

out considering that projects apparently the most easy are not always successful. He had not quite reached the top, when the Knight of La Mancha, who had observed him the whole time, and doubted not of his being the enchanter Pamphus, who was about to make his way into the castle, that he might carry off Queen Zenobia; approached quietly to the ladder, and laying down his shield upon the ground, grasped his lance with both hands, and with the butt-end of it discharged so terrible a blow upon the scull of the amorous coachman, that he fetched him down much faster than he had ascended. 'Thist! perfidious necromancer!' exclaimed Don Quixote, 'this is the reward of your desperate machinations! You imagined, then, to elude my vigilance, and to carry off the princess? But know, enchanter, that she is better guarded than the daughter of Inachus; and that the Loveless Knight is incapable of being surprized.' The poor necromancer, who was little less hurt by the fall than by the blow, made no answer but by his piteous cries, which roused and alarmed the whole inn. The ladies, fancying themselves in some harbour of robbers, expected their throats would be cut every instant, and began recommending themselves to God. The landlord and landlady bellowed—'Fire! fire!' without knowing what the matter was. Sancho and the alderman jumped up in dismay, and hurried down almost naked into the yard. The two Bracamontes, who were not yet gone to bed, were the first who reached the field of battle in consequence of the noise. There they found the knight-errant, who having by this time quitted his lance, was about to thrust his sword down the throat of the enchanter, roaring to him at the same time, with a voice of thunder—'At length, monster! thy final hour is come, and thou wilt receive thy death's wound at my hands. But before I cut short the execrable course of thy abhorred existence, inform me, traitor! inform me in what country of Asia or Africa thou imprisonnest in fantas and princes in thy horrible dungeons, that I may repair thither this instant with the happy tidings of thy death and their deliverance.'—'Hail Bracamonte,' continued he, recognizing the soldier by his voice, 'behold here Pamphus the enchanter,

whom I have felled by the force of my strokes. The traitor was about entering the chamber of Zenobia, to carry her off; and you may still see at yonder window the ladder he had brought for the purpose.' By this time Barbara appearing at the window, the two Bracamontes easily guessed at above half the truth; and Don Raphael observing that the enchanter was very like his coachman, in order to bring him off, said to Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, beware of killing that enchanter; his life is behoeful to your honour: forgive him, upon condition he go and publish throughout the whole world, that notwithstanding all the power of his art, you have vanquished him in single combat. You will gain more honour by this than by his death.'—'It is most certain,' said the soldier; 'yet that is not all; the enchanter must bind himself never more to disturb Queen Zenobia; and he must swear by every thing enchanters hold most sacred, that he will never more attempt to steal into the chambers of princesses by night, since he has no better fortune in such enterprises.'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Quixote, 'you are not so well acquainted with enchanters as I am; they will take as many oaths as you please, but they do not value their word, for they are a faithless and lawless race.'—'You are in the right, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'spare him not: nay, faith, since 'tis the first time we have overcome an enchanter, we must drub this dog till we are weary, that he may go tell the rest of them, and then they will trouble us no more.'—'Though he does not deserve to live,' said Don Quixote, 'yet I will pardon him, provided the queen, with her royal mouth, commands it from that golden balcony, to which the fame of my victory has brought her.' Upon this, Barbara, who began to grow acquainted with Don Quixote's mode of behaviour, cried to him, from her window—'Sir Knight, do not hurt him, I beseech you; I heartily forgive what he has done to me, though it had been ten times as much; for we ought not to bear malice in our hearts.' The coachman being let loose upon these words, got up with much difficulty, and slunk away to his truckle as he could. Don Raphael then acquainted Zenobia

that her majesty might return to bed again in safety; since, after what had happened, Pamphus the enchanter would not be soon in a condition to disturb her repose. The princess took his advice, and went to bed again without shutting the window, or so much as causing the ladder to be taken away, leaving all enchanters at their liberty to try whether they could prove more successful than Pamphus. The two Bracamontes conducted Don Quixote into the house, and ordered a room for him, where he was disarmed by the soldier and Sancho; whilst Don Raphael conjecturing the ladies must necessarily be frightened, went to satisfy them, by telling the adventure. He then returned to his brother, with whom he rested the remainder of the night. The alderman went back to his room with the same design; and Sancho remounted into his garret.

Next morning, when every body was risen, the ladies complimented the knight upon his encounter; and Donna Maria, as mother to the Hacked-face Queen, addressing him, said—'Sir Knight, I intended to have taken the princess my daughter along with me; but I fear lest her enemy Pamphus, seeing her so ill guarded, should attempt to force her away: I therefore am desirous that she may bear you company where you go; that, being under your protection, the enchanter may not molest her.' The knight returned the old lady thanks for the confidence she reposed in his valour, and swore to her by the order of knighthood, that he would place the princess her daughter so high, that Pamphus should not be able to offend her.

The two brothers and the ladies having a long journey to perform that day, and the coachman, notwithstanding his hurt, being in a condition to drive the coach, they soon took leave of Don Quixote and the alderman, with a thousand offers of service never to be performed. As soon as Don Raphael's retinue was gone, Sancho said to Don Quixote—'Do you really believe, Sir, that Queen Barbara's mother is in the coach?'—'No doubt of it,' answered the knight. 'O rare!' quoth Sancho; 'I durst lay a wager they are not a-kim in the hundredth degree, or I understand nothing. Who the devil ever saw a mother go away as this does?

'She has scarce looked upon her daughter; and pray, do but mind how she leaves her here naked, without giving her a rag to put on.'—'You take things wrong,' quoth Don Quixote; 'you attribute that to want of tenderness, which in reality is the effect of her politeness. Do not you perceive that Queen Zenobia, being under my protection, the queen her mother would have thought it an affront to me to give her any money? She durst not so much as leave one of her palm-fries to carry her to Madrid, for fear of offending my nice honour, she is so very observant and circumspect; a thing which, indeed, she might have done without offence to the laws of chivalry: so that the care of cloathing the queen, and getting her a white palfrey, lies wholly upon me; and I shall be well pleased to be at that charge.' The host, who stood by, laying hold of this opportunity, said to our hero—'Sir Knight, I have a good mule in my stable, which I will sell you, if you please.' Don Quixote desired to see her; and, liking the beast, he ordered his portmanteau, where his whole revenue lay, to be brought forth, and told out twenty-six ducats to the host upon the spot. The mule was then saddled; and Barbara mounting her, our adventurers set out with her for Sigüenza.

They got to the town between four and five in the afternoon, and alighted at the first inn they found. The alderman desiring to have his cloak again, a broker was sent for, who brought women's cloaths of several colours. The knight besought Zenobia to please herself, but she insisted upon consulting his opinion; and Don Quixote was not a little gratified to find his taste correspond with that of the queen. They both pitched upon a cloak and petticoat of taffeta, with yellow, green and black stripes; and their inclination being thus turned to striped commodities, they made choice of a satin gown, enriched with flame colour, violet and olive; in which Barbara arrayed herself immediately. Sancho seeing Zenobia thus clad, burst out a laughing. 'By our holy mother Eve's soul,' said he, 'methinks my lady the queen, in these fine cloaths, looks like an old house new white-washed! Pox take me, if this gay garb does not make her look like

'like——by my faith, she is comically elad!'

Don Quixote having paid the broker, and the queen now seeming to him worthy the design he had of defending her beauty in publick, he called for pen, ink, and paper; and, shutting himself up in his chamber, wrote the following challenge—

THE CHALLENGE.

THE Loveless Knight, the mirror and flower of La Mancha, does challenge to single combat him, or them, who shall refuse to own that the grand Queen Zenobia is the most noble and most beautiful princess in the world; and the said Loveless Knight, with the said edge of his redoubted sword, will maintain and defend the rare and singular beauty of the said princess to-morrow, from morning till noon, and from noon till night. Those who shall think fit to combat the said knight, though they be an hundred thousand in number, need but to subscribe their names at the foot of this defiance!

He wrote several copies of this challenge; and then, calling his squire, said—'Here, Sancho, take these papers, and fix them up at all the cross-streets of this city; but place them so that every body may read them, and give ear to what the knights say to them: be sure you remember all the blasphemies which zeal for their own ladies honours will make them utter against the queen, that I may hasten immediately to teach them the respect they owe such a beautiful and chaste princess.' This commission did not much hit the fancy of Sancho. 'Pox take such princesses,' quoth he, 'who are the cause that we are every day engaged in battles, when we might live in peace with the Holy Catholick church! Suppose any knight-errant takes huff at this challenge, and for my pains gives me a thousand——' 'Coward!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'and is it you, then, who set forth pretensions to receiving the glorious order of knighthood? Away, wretch! that

'honour is not to be granted to any but men of courage; never to such heartless things as thou art.' These bitter reproaches touched the sluggishness of Sancho; who, passing at once, like the heroes of Homer, from terror to intrepidity—'Well, then, Sir,' quoth he, 'give me your papers; I will go paste them up, one by one, at the corners of streets; and if any man asks me my name, faith I know what to say to him.' These words pacified the knight, who answered—'Go, then, my dear Sancho, and observe all particulars nicely, as you value your life. Ron! Fly! and bring me back a just account.' The squire took the papers, and sallied forth to paste them up; but, as ill-luck would have it, they did not produce the effects Don Quixote expected; for all the knights of Siguenza, from the highest to the lowest, were so far from being in a rage at the perusal, that they only laughed at them. The corregidor*, and some other gentlemen, who had heard of the fame of our knight, had the curiosity to go and see him; and the corregidor undertaking for the rest, acknowledged, in the name of the city and suburbs, that Barbara Hacked-Face was the most singular princess in the world. Having received this publick confession, Don Quixote left Siguenza the next day, very well satisfied.

CHAP. X.

HOW DON QUIXOTE MET WITH TWO SCHOLARS, AND THE CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

DON Quixote being gone before, Barbara and Sancho followed without speaking one word; but the squire seeming to be melancholy and thoughtful, at last Hacked-Face asked him what he ailed. 'What ails me!' quoth Sancho; 'I wish I could see the dog hanged who was the occasion of our meeting. Faith, I know not what my master thinks of it; but I am of the mind that giving of mules and silk cloaths is not the way to be rich.'—'Be not troubled, friend

* The supreme civil magistrate in a city, appointed by the king.

'Sancho,' quoth Barbara; 'for if it please God to bring us safe to Alcalá, I will treat you there like a prince.'

—'Then the case is altered,' replied Sancho, smiling. 'Pr'ythee, what good meat will you treat me with?'

—'Nay, do not you trouble yourself for that,' replied Barbara; 'you shall taste of a pretty young wench about fifteen years of age, which you will like better than a partridge.'

—'Blessed Virgin!' cried Sancho in amaze, 'what do you talk of, mistress Queen?'

'Do you take me for one of those Lutherans of Constantinople, that eat human flesh? Body o'me! that is enough to have me condemned to the gallies for three hundred years.'

This discourse had not ended so soon, but that they overtook Don Quixote. They found him in conversation with two scholars, who were travelling on foot to Alcalá: as soon as Sancho perceived by their habit that they were scholars, he said to his master very earnestly—'Pray, Sir, have a care of yourself; these men are of the same race with those that belonged to the college where I was so curiously handled at Saragossa; and if they once begin to spit in our faces, we are utterly gone!'

The scholars, knowing who our adventurers were, as having heard of them at Sigüenza, one of them said to Sancho—'Mr. Squire, we are not so unlucky as the scholars of Saragossa, though we are of the same profession; and we are so far from designing you the least harm, that we are ready to serve you to the utmost of our power.'

This declaration having reassured Sancho, Don Quixote fell again into the discourse that had been interrupted, and said to the scholars—'Gentlemen, to return to what I was now observing; the order of knight-errantry, which I profess, is no enemy to learning: though I employ myself wholly in redressing wrongs, and combating giants, yet I admire works of genius; and if you have composed any thing of that sort, you will oblige me in letting me see it; I will give you my opinion with all the sincerity which an author ought to desire from those he consults. The great Queen Zenobia will also give ear to you: that princess has so curious and nice a taste, that if your works deserve her ap-

probation, you may then boldly expose them to publick censure, for they cannot fail of being admired.'

The scholars, who were no strangers to Queen Zenobia, felt a violent propensity to laughter; but the dread of enraging Don Quixote, whose lance and sword they stood in awe of, restrained their mirth: one of them, therefore, said to him—'Sir, since you love the productions of genius, my comrade the batchelor can divert you whilst we travel together: he composes for the stage, and has already written several things that have been well received by the connoisseurs. For my part, I write only trifles, such as rondeaus, sonnets, enigmas, and epigrams.'

—'Do not mistake yourself,' said Don Quixote; 'those trifles are not so easy to be done well; good sonnets are very rare; epigrams, such as Martial's are, require a quick and acute wit. As for enigmas, I own they are the easiest; but nothing, in my opinion, is more diverting: they sharpen the understanding by puzzling it in a pleasing manner; and you will oblige me by reciting some of yours.'

—'With all my heart!' replied the scholar; 'I will shew you two I made this morning, which I have not yet had time to put into verse; but it must be upon condition that Sancho shall expound them.'

—'Agreed!' quoth the squire; 'I will plunge into them up to my chin: it is true, I do not well understand all those affairs, but no matter; by God's help a man may do any thing.'

—'You are in the right,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The second,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The third,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The fourth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The fifth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The sixth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The seventh,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The eighth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The ninth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The tenth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The eleventh,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The twelfth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The thirteenth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The fourteenth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The fifteenth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The sixteenth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The seventeenth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The eighteenth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The nineteenth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

—'The twentieth,' replied the scholar. 'Now mind, this is the first.'

"ENIGMA."

"I am bright, and of great use to men, who unmercifully load me with chains, though I am no offender. I am day and night in the churches, and I cannot subsist without water, though it is that which destroys me."

Don Quixote made him repeat it; and, while he was studying the meaning, Sancho cried out very joyfully—'Victory, gentlemen! victory! I have found out the pigmy, or whatever you call it.'

—'I did not question,' said

said the scholar, 'but your sharp wit
' would find it out.'—'By my troth,'
quoth the squire, 'the very first time
' you spoke it, I understood it as well
' as my criss-cross row.'—'Well,'
' then, my son,' said Don Quixote,
' tell us what it is?'—'It is a holy-
' water-pot,' quoth Sancho; 'for that
' is day and night in the church, and
' there is always water in it.' The
scholars burst out a laughing; and
Don Quixote himself could not forbear
a smile. 'Mr. Scholar,' said Sancho,
' if it is not a holy-water-pot, it must
' be something else. Tell us what it
' is, and my master and I will submit.'
—'No,' replied the knight; 'give me
' leave, and I will expound the enig-
' ma; for, if I mistake not, it is a
' lamp.'—'Right,' said the scholar;
' you have hit the nail on the head.'
—'Nay, faith, gentlemen,' quoth
Sancho, 'I must put a pigmy to you,
' since you call those pigmies. What
' is it that is like a horse, that has the
' hair, head, and feet, like a horse, and
' yet is no horse?'—'It is a mare,'
cried Barbara. 'By my troth, you
' have hit it!' quoth Sancho; 'and is
' not a mare very like a horse?'—'Gen-
' tlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'at-
' tend, I beseech you, to the queen's
' readiness of conception; 'there is
' no need of repeating things to her
' over and over; she takes them at first
' sight, and is never in the wrong.'
The scholars pretended to be charmed
at it, which gave the knight great satis-
faction; addressing, therefore, the com-
poser of the enigmas—'Will you fa-
' vour us, Sir,' said he, 'with the
' other enigma you composed this
' morning; which I do not at all ques-
' tion is as ingenious as the last?'—
'Listen to it, then,' replied the scho-
lar.

" ENIGMA.

" I am great and little, and am often
" seen sitting on the heads of kings
" and emperors; but I am so ill seated
" on that height, that the least puff of
" wind can throw me down. I serve
" the poor as well as the rich; but I
" am of no use in several nations; as,
" for instance, among the Turks,
" where I am out of fashion."

'It is a gammon of bacon!' said
Sancho, very briskly; 'it can be no-

' thing else; for, as I have been told,
' the Turks do not eat bacon.'—'You
' are out again,' quoth Don Quixote;
' it is rather a hat; for the hat serves
' rich and poor; it is worn on the heads
' of kings and emperors, and a puff
' of wind blows it down. It is useless
' to several nations, for there are other
' people, as well as the Turks, who
' wear turbans instead of hats.'—
'Faith, and so it is a hat!' quoth the
squire. 'It is the easiest thing in the
' world to guess now; and Mr. Scho-
' lar need but tell me his two pigmies
' over again, and I will lay any man a
' wager I expound them.'—'You are
' very ingenious,' replied the knight;
' why, who cannot do the same? For if
' the word were named at first, it could
' be no longer an enigma.'—'Nay,
' what matter is it?' answered the
squire. 'Is it not better a man should
' have the word beforehand, than to
' crack his brains to find it out? In
' short, a man cannot tell a thing, if
' he does not know it; and I would
' defy the Pope himself to say his Pa-
' ter-noster, which is the easiest thing
' in the world, if he had not learned
' it beforehand.' The scholar having
owned to Don Quixote, that a hat was
the true exposition of the last enigma,
the knight said, he would desire him to
write them both out for him at the next
baiting-place, for he had a mind to
keep them. 'I have a copy here,'
said the scholar; 'and I will give it
' you.' He began to feel in his pock-
ets for it; and, having dropped another
paper, as he pulled it out, Don Quix-
ote had the curiosity to ask what it was.
'It is a rondeau,' replied the scholar,
' which I wrote upon a lady in Signi-
' enza, whom I am in love with, but
' who does not yet know that I love
' her.'—'Pray read it to us,' quoth
Don Quixote. The scholar did not
wait to be entreated, but presently read
these verses—

'AS to the powers above whom we adore,
' To you, in silence, I prefer my prayers:
' Alas! I dare no more!
' Nor can my lips my am'rous wish declare.
' Yet what my aw'd lips dare not shew,
' My eyes, my fever'd eyes, too plainly prove;
' And these would freely tutor you:
' Ah! would my Iris, would my love,
' Saw my heart open'd to her view,
' As to the powers above!'

Don

Don Quixote highly commended the rondeau; and Sancho would not omit speaking his mind. 'By my troth,' said he, 'these verses are not so bad, neither! and you will oblige me, Mr. Scholar, if you will make some upon Mary Gutierrez, who is my wife, and will be so as long as it shall please God and the four Evangelists: but I must put you in mind not to call her queen upon any account, but only lady-admiral; for my master Don Quixote is not likely ever to make me a king, and so I must even be satisfied with being a governor. We cannot expect to do as we would in this world; and had better take what offers. Had we, since we have gone about seeking adventures, looked directly for archbishopricks, instead of seeking to gain kingdoms and islands, we might by this time have had whole shoals of them: and, though they say I might not enjoy them because I have a wife and children, yet I might have sold them; and, though I sold them only at market-price, I should still get enough by them.'

When Sancho once got into the humour for talking, his tongue ran so fast that it was no easy matter to stop it: but Don Quixote having at last silenced him by his usual method of menaces, the author of the rondeau said to his companion—'Come, master Batchelor, it is your turn next: pray let the knight see that I have not commended you without reason.'—'I have not so great a value for my works,' answered the batchelor, 'as to think any body can take pleasure in hearing them: yet, such as they are, I would freely communicate them to Don Quixote, if I had them about me; but I am not like those authors who always carry their pockets full of their works; and my memory is so bad, that I cannot repeat two verses together of all that ever I made in my life—but, since I have not any thing to read to you, Sir Knight, shall I advise with you about the plot of a play I have in my head?'—'You will oblige me,' replied Don Quixote; but, pray, tell me whether in your plays you stick close to Aristotle's rules?'—'No, truly,' said the batchelor, 'I do not.'—'So much the worse,' answered Don Quixote; 'for Aristotle

is an infallible oracle in that point. Not to follow his rules, is to swerve from nature and reason; and that is the cause why strangers do not approve of our performances, which in all other respects are excellent.'—'I own,' quoth the batchelor, 'that most of our dramatick poets seem to make little account of Aristotle's rules. For my own part, I like them very well; I never depart from them out of mere levity or wantonness, but follow them, when they will suit with my plot: but, to deal ingenuously, I do not pay so much deference to them, as to lose any surprizing turn for their sake, which cannot subsist with them.'—'That turn must be cast away,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'all must be sacrificed to the severe rules of that wise master: but let us come to your plot.'—'This is it,' replied the batchelor. 'An Earl of Barcelona takes a voyage into England, where he falls in love with the king's daughter, and is beloved again; but the king, for reasons of policy, marries the princess to the King of Bohemia. The Earl of Barcelona, in despair, embarks, and returns to his own dominions. The King and Queen of Bohemia live very happily together, though that princess always preserves a tender affection for the Earl of Barcelona: but, soon after, a favourite of the King of Bohemia falls passionately in love with the queen, and has the boldness to declare himself to her; she reproves him, and threatens to acquaint the king her husband with his baseness. The favourite, changing his love into rage, prepossesses that weak prince, and accuses the queen of being in love with an officer of his guard. The king, who only sees with his favourite's eyes, causes the officer to be put to death, and would do the same by the queen; but she demands that, according to the custom of those times, she may have leave to find knights to defend her honour against her accuser: the king, not knowing how to refuse the combat demanded by the queen, appoints a day, which is proclaimed in Bohemia and England. When the day comes, the favourite appears in the lists to make good his accusation; but, no antagonist presenting himself,

the

'the queen is on the point of losing her life, when there arrives a knight, armed at all points, who fights her battle, and kills the favourite. This knight proves to be the very Earl of Barcelona, brought thither by the fame of the queen's accusation, of whose innocence he is satisfied. This, Sir, is the whole plot of my play.'— 'It is a very good one,' answered the knight; 'but I know not whether you can make a regular piece of it.'— 'It is true,' said the bachelor, 'our authors, who follow Aristotle the closest, would lay the first act in England, the second in Barcelona, and the third in Bohemia: but I am bringing this play to answer all the rules; and I do not despair of success.'— 'I am satisfied you will compass it,' said the other scholar, 'provided you omit the combat in the lifts.'— 'Let him have a care of that,' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'that is the best part of the plot!— 'But, Sir,' quoth the bachelor, 'if you would have me adhere to Aristotle's rules, I must leave out the combat.'— 'Aristotle,' replied the knight, 'was a man of parts, I admit; but his capacity was not unbounded; and, in short, his authority does not extend over combats in the lifts, which are above his rules. Would you suffer the Queen of Bohemia to perish? or, how can you clear her innocence? Believe me, combat is the most honourable way; and, besides, it will furnish your play with such a splendid and interesting spectacle, that all the rules in the world must not stand in competition with it.'— 'Well, Sir Knight,' replied the bachelor, 'for your sake, and for the honour of chivalry, I will not leave out the combat; and, in order to render it the more magnificent, the whole court of Bohemia shall be present at it, from the princes of the blood to the very footmen. But still one difficulty occurs; which is, that our common theatres are not large enough for such an exhibition.'— 'There must be one built on purpose,' answered Don Quixote; 'and, in a word, rather than leave out the combat, the

'play had better be acted in a field or plain*.' This discourse held Don Quixote and the scholars to Hyta, where they rested till the next day; a day memorable among enchanters, and which is marked down with red letters in the chronicles of the wise Alifolan, the faithful author of this true history.

CHAP. XI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN DON QUIKOTE AND A COMPANY OF PLAYERS; AND HOW THE UNFORTUNATE KNIGHT WAS STRUCK DUMB BY ENCHANTMENT.

THE Arabian author informs us, that Don Quixote and his company, having travelled all day, entertaining themselves with various subjects, at length came in sight of a tolerably spacious mansion, which, in its appearance, extremely resembled an ancient castle. One of the scholars, pointing to it with his finger, said to Don Quixote— 'Sir Knight, you see that house there; we may lie in it to-night, and find good entertainment.' It is an inn, called 'The Goblin's Castle;' because they say it was formerly a castle, and haunted. No sooner had the scholar spoken these words, than Sancho swore bitterly, by the bowels of his grandmother, he would never lodge there. 'Let us take heed, Sir!' cried he; 'let us take heed how we go lie in that castle of goblins; for it still looks to me very like one of those enchanted castles where phantoms and necromancers have so often made us bewail our sins! In short, my heart forebodes no good; and, you know, that when the partridge sings, it is a sign of rain.' Don Quixote, disregarding the apprehensions of his squire, answered thus— 'I have not forgotten, Sancho, whatsoever we have endured in such castles; but what remedy, my friend, would you propose to me? Knights-errant are no sooner out of one danger but they seek another; and they must be always in a readiness to meet whatever comes. I will

* From the above story, Mr. Jephson has apparently borrowed the ground-work of his tragedy, entitled, 'The Law of Lombardy.' The story is not to be found in the Spanish original.—For further particulars concerning it, the reader is requested to refer to the Preface at the beginning of this Volume.

therefore

'therefore draw near to that castle, to observe what sort of people inhabit it; you may all follow me at your leisure.' This said, he put on towards the inn. It happened that a company of players were there at that time, rehearsing a piece which was to be performed the next day at Alcala. As soon as they beheld Don Quixote, armed cap-a-pié, and covered with his magnificent buckler, they all sallied forth to gaze at so unusual a spectacle. The knight, observing that they thronged out in a body, and that they eyed him with uncommon attention, halted a moment to remonstrate; and then, turning briskly about, rode back again to his companions. Sancho, seeing him return upon a full trot, cried out—'What is the matter, master Don Quixote? Have the goblins stung you already?'—'O my son Sancho!' answered the knight, 'it was not without reason you had an ill conceit of that castle! My enemy Friston the enchanter expects me there to load me with irons, and cast me into a loathsome dungeon! He intends, by his magick spells, to stop me here, obstructing thereby my intended combat with the King of Cyprus, that he may then fly about the world, spreading dishonourable reports of me: but I have received intelligence of his designs from friendly hands; and, my valour being nothing inferior to his art, I am now going to attempt ridding the world of that execrable necromancer.' By this time, our travellers being within mustet-shot of the inn, the scholars soon recognized the players, with whom they were particularly acquainted by name; and the batchelor, desirous to undeceive Don Quixote, told him what he thought of the affair. The knight, however, resolutely maintained that they were enchanters. 'To convince you,' said he, 'that I am not mistaken in this matter, do you observe, amongst those soldiers who guard the gate of the castle, that large black figure, who holds a wand in one hand, and a book in the other?'—'That is the author to the company,' replied the batchelor; 'and his name is Pedro de Moya: the book he has in his hand is probably some play that he is reading to the actors.'—'I know, better than you, who he is,

'Mr. Batchelor,' answered Don Quixote; 'and I tell you once more, yonder great black man is no Pedro de Moya, as you imagine; Friston the enchanter himself, not you see that he is now circles with his wand, and magical characters, and that I use of his book to conjure devils? If you would satisfy yourselves concerning this truth, need only go both of you before I say you are my pages, and see what will be the event.' Scholars agreed to this experiment soon coming up to the play, told them all they knew of Don Quixote and Queen Zenobia, the latter of whom they were perfectly well acquainted, and them to their cost. The players laughing, and were very glad of so good an opportunity of convincing themselves. In the mean while Quixote drew near the inn; and being set the butt-end of his lance against the ground, he thus accosted the batchelor: 'O thou who, from the moment of thy birth till this instant, I have my enemy, and who hast never thought to no purpose, to fight the knights and giants who are the boldness to try their strength on me; tell me, wicked and pernicious necromancer! why dar'st thou be contrary to all the laws of God, to flout, folly forth upon the highway, to commit the greatest outrage against ladies and princesses, in search of the knights that tenderly, attended by their dwarfs and trusty squires? What far art thou from being ashamed of doing what I now say, thou art as pagan as thou art, thou art them off, to bury them alive in dark and gloomy dungeons, where light serves only to discover the horrors of their situation! So added he, seeing some actors come out at the window, 'set free, those damsels I behold, together with all the knights and princesses you keep close immersed in your prisons; and, at the same time, set up to me all the treasures most injuriously stolen! I swear by the peerless beauty of Zenobia, whose presence renders me invincible, I will this moment

'away that life you ought long since to have forfeited.' As he uttered these words, he spurred Rozinante from side to side, and made him curvet so awkwardly, that it was no small diversion to the players; a people naturally given to raillery, and accustomed to make sport with others. Sancho, who thought his master's harangue most curiously contrived to terrify the players, seeing them laugh as if they would burst themselves, was prodigiously offended; and said to them, very sternly—'Haughty and unmannerly players! deliver up to us instantly those princes, those infantas, those knights, and those horses, you hold enchanted, and which my master requires of you! Dispatch, I pray you, for we want to come in there; or else send my lady the queen and me some lunches of bread, for our guts begin to grumble furiously.' The author now, drawing near Don Quixote, thus addressed him—'Sir Knight-errant, your pages have acquainted me with your valour and your strength, which are such as this castle cannot resist: all these knights and princes, therefore, who have dwelt here with me these six hundred years, do yield themselves overcome by you; and we are ready to do you homage. Alight, then, from your beautiful horse; lay aside your lance, and that peerless buckler; and disarray yourself of your rich armour, that you may be more at ease. Though I am a Pagan, as my bulk and my tawny complexion sufficiently indicate, yet I am a man of honour: enter then, securely, into this stately castle, accompanied by the Queen Zenobia, alias Barbara the Tripewoman, and we will all sup merrily together.'—'O thou traiterous necromancer!' answered Don Quixote, 'hope not ever to deceive me by your fallacious courtesies, and to draw me into that deep pitfall which is at the entrance of your castle; I know you too well to suffer myself to be surprized by your artifices.'—'No doubt of that, by my troth!' quoth Sancho; 'they that sell onions, must needs know the smell of a leek.' 'We were not born for nothing in the wife village of Argamasilla; and, God be praised! we can tell that four and five makes nine.' As these words were spoken, Don Quixote,

pointing his lance downwards, spurred Rozinante forwards upon the author to run him through; but he stepping aside dextrously, avoided the stroke; and, laying hold of the knight's foot, threw him over the other side of his horse. At the same instant the players rushing upon him, seized his lance and buckler, and carried him by force into the inn, where they laid him on the ground, and pressed upon him so closely, that he was unable to stir. The author then giving him three strokes with his wand on the shoulder, pronounced these words:—'Loveless Knight! I enchant you for three hundred years; and, by the power of my dreadful art, I strike you dumb, yet without impairing your reason; because I will that you be sensible of your misfortune, without enjoying the satisfaction of complaint. Thus it is I treat all those knights who are so rash as to encounter me.' Don Quixote lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and let them fall again sorrowfully, without attempting to utter a word, so fully was he persuaded of the efficacy of Fritton's enchantment.

The author having ordered four giants, to wit, four servants belonging to the company, to keep the knight in the same posture, went himself in search of Sancho, who was scared out of his wits at the usage his master had met with. 'Are you there, then, you knavish scoundrel Iquire!' cried the author; 'I have caught you now, and you shall pay me all you owe, as well for last year as for this.'—'Good master chanter,' cried Sancho, 'I beg your pardon, if I ever wished you all the harm you have done us, and I do allow you to be a man of honour, though you are as much a Pagan as Judas.'—'I am glad,' answered the author, 'that chanced your master and you hither; for I give a supper to night to some enchanters my friends, who feed on man's flesh: ye could never have come at a better time; and particularly thou, Sancho, who art as gross and fat as a Benedictine.'—'Alas! good master Fritkin!' blubbered Sancho, falling down upon his knees before the author, 'I beseech you, by the fores of holy St. Lazarus, whose soul God keep in glory, have pity! have pity upon me!'—'Rise, friend,' replied the author, 'and lose no time in

'praying to me; tears and prayers do not move enchanters: you shall be eaten to the very bones!'—'Mercy on us!' roared Sancho, 'what have we brought ourselves into!—Pray, good Mr. Enchanter, give me leave at least, before I die, to go and take leave of Mary Gutierrez, my wife; for I can assure you she is so ill-natured, that should I suffer myself to be eaten without bidding her farewell, she would never look upon me with a good eye again.'—'You are very cunning truly, Sancho,' quoth the author; 'if you were once gone, I suppose you would not be such a fool as to come again.'—'Pray excuse me, Mr. Friskin,' said Sancho, 'St. Anthony shall be bound for me that I will come again upon the day appointed; and if I fail of my word, I pray to St. Barbara, the guardian against thunder and lightning, that this cap may fail me at the hour of my death!'—'No, no,' answered the author, 'this matter will admit of no delay.' Then raising his voice, he cried—'Here, somebody bring me hither that great three-pointed spit I use to roast fat men upon, and let this peasant be roasted out of hand!' Sancho fancying himself upon the spit already, and seeing Barbara laughing with some of the players, whined out to her, with a tone inexpressibly dolorous—'Oh! lady of Segovia, you see here your trusty dwarf, poor Sancho, in grievous tribulation! Be pleased, most impotent queen! to entreat master Enchanter to countermand the three-pointed spit!' Barbara then applying herself to the author, said, smiling—'Master Pedro de Moya, sovereign constable of this palace, spare Sancho this time, I beseech you, and he will never come again.'—'Beautiful princess,' replied the author; 'chaste Queen of the Tavern Street in Alcalá; I cannot spare you this peasant, or forbear putting him upon the spit, unless he will turn Mahometan.'—'Gad take me,' quoth Sancho, with much comfort, 'why did you not say so at first, without beating the bush so long? If there is nothing to do but to turn Mahometan, the great spit and I shall keep far enough asunder! I had rather be a Mahometan than be roasted.'—'Then from this time forward,' said the author, 'you shall follow the Alco-

'ran.'—'I will,' quoth Sancho; 'if he pleases I will follow him to the Indies, provided Dapple can carry me so far.'—'Friend,' said the author, 'I perceive you do not understand me; what I propose is, to embrace a new religion, and believe in Mahomet.'—'Well,' answered the squire, 'if you please, I will believe in all the Mahomets betwixt this and Jerusalem: in short, I will believe all our Holy Mother the Church will allow me to believe, for which I would lay down a thousand lives.'—'If so,' replied the author, 'you need but to be circumcised, and you will be as perfect a Moor as I am. Now with a sharp knife I must cut off—' 'O no, good Mr. Enchanter,' cried Sancho, 'pray do not cut any thing off, if you please; for all my goods are in common with Mary Gutierrez; and she has taken so exact an account of them, she will immediately miss it, if there want's but a farthing's-worth. But there is my cap; you may cut and round that as shall best please Mr. Alcoran.' Though the author possessed as much steady gravity of countenance as most of his nation, he could not refrain smiling at the simplicity of Sancho; and, taking him by the hand—'Comethen, Signor Moor,' said he, 'prepare yourself to depart for the kingdom of Fez, for I must send you thither very soon.'—'Hold a little, Mr. Enchanter,' replied Sancho; 'I must first take one turn into the country, that I may give orders about a couple of oxen I have at home: besides, I have six sheep, two goats, eight hens and a cock; and you know a man cannot leave all these at fixtures and sevens. Besides, when my wife understands that I am turned Mahometan, perhaps she may have a mind to be a Mahometan too. Who can tell? If so, we must circumcise her tongue; and, by my troth, we need not be sparing of the stuff, for there will be more than enough left, I warrant it!'

All this while Don Quixote lay in the posture before mentioned, bitterly reflecting on his enchantment. The sage Friskin having now quitted Sancho, went again into the inn to a new scene. He drew near therefore to Don Quixote, and accosted him as follows—'It is well; you are, at length, Sir Loveless Knight,

' Knight, fallen into my hands; and
' you shall now increase the number of
' those I detain enchanted, and loaded
' with irons in damp and dreary dun-
' geons. Yet shall there arrive a time
' when you will come forth: but ere
' you come forth, your beard shall be
' twelve ells long, and the nails of your
' fingers and toes shall be bigger than
' an elephant's trunk. But before you
' are shut up in the dismal dungeon I
' have appointed you, I restore to you
' your speech for one moment: I will
' hear you speak once more, that my
' ears may be gratified with your la-
' mentations; for the sufferings and
' the lamentations of knights-errant
' are the greatest delight of enchanters.'

When he had so said, he touched the
unfortunate knight of La Mancha with
his wand, who immediately addressed
him in these words.—' O treacherous
' necromancer! who hast overcome me
' by fraud; in vain dost thou display
' this terrifying picture of the pains to
' which thy cruelty has destined me!
' Knights errant, true and constant,
' know how to endure, unmoved, the
' uttermost torments; and nothing can
' terrify them. Thou mayest therefore
' at thy will strike me dumb, and re-
' store me to my speech, and vent all thy
' malice upon me; but know thou shalt
' never have the power to make me
' afraid! At worst, I shall be discharg-
' ed after three hundred years enchant-
' ment: nay, perhaps, my enchant-
' ment may be sooner at an end; for
' the wise Alquife, my protector, will
' not be long before he relieves me; and
' I very well know that a Grecian
' prince is to set out, one night, from
' Constantinople, under the conduct of a
' sage his friend, and to gain immortal
' glory, by exposing himself to all dan-
' gers. When he has run through all
' the kingdoms and provinces in the
' universe, he shall come and besiege
' this strong castle; he shall destroy the
' giants that guard the draw-bridge, he
' shall slay the two griffins that are at
' the first gate, and shall then enter the
' first court without opposition, where
' seeing nobody, he shall lie down on the
' ground to rest him a while; but shall
' soon hear a dreadful voice, which
' shall say to him—"Arise, Grecian
' prince, who to thy ill fortune hast
' entered this castle!" Then, when
' he least thinks of it, he shall see a

' dreadful dragon coming towards him,
' whose very looks are venomous, and
' whose hideous throat shall belch forth
' rivers of fire. Yet shall the undaunt-
' ed prince attack him, and combating
' with courage answerable to the great-
' nesses of the danger, he shall kill the
' monster, and defeat all enchantments
' by the assistance of the sage his friend.
' Then shall he enter the second court
' in victorious manner, and thence pro-
' ceed onward into a garden filled with
' sweet flowers and odoriferous trees,
' watered by a thousand pleasant
' streams; where he shall have the sa-
' tisfaction of hearing the harmonious
' birds celebrate his conquest. In the
' midst of the garden he shall observe
' a nymph, exquisitely beautiful, and
' clad in a long robe embroidered with
' diamonds, emeralds, topazes, and ru-
' bies. This charming nymph, having
' received him with a smiling coun-
' tenance, shall with one hand deliver
' to him a bunch of golden keys, and
' with the other shall place on his head
' a garland of amaranths and jasmins.
' The prince, then, shall with the golden
' keys unlock all the prisons and dun-
' geons, and shall knock off all the irons
' of the illustrious prisoners; and, direct-
' ing his discourse to me, shall request
' me to dub him a knight-errant with
' my own hands, and to grant him leave
' to become my inseparable companion
' in all my undertakings. Gratitude,
' and the respect I shall entertain for a
' prince of such prowess, obliging me
' to grant all he can demand, we shall
' both range the world for an infinite
' number of years, and shall finish all
' the adventures we shall meet with!

C H A P. XII.

CONTAINING A CONTINUATION OF
WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON
QUIXOTE AND THE PLAYERS.

THE players were struck with Don
Quixote's extraordinary madness;
and this last effusion of his extrava-
gance perfectly amazed them. Whilst
they talked of it, Sancho returned from
the stable, where he had been putting in
Rozinante, Dapple, and Barbara's mule.
As soon as he came in, he drew near
his master, and said to him—"Go to,
' Loveless Knight! here we are, by the
P 2 grace,

' grace of God!'—' My son Sancho,' asked Don Quixote, in a sorrowful accent, ' has our common enemy done thee no harm?'—' No, Sir,' replied the squire; ' but, by my faith! if I had not had the wit to turn Moor immediately, I had by this time been fairly turning upon a spit that has only three points; for Mr. Enchanter designed to have roasted me to-night to treat his friends.'—' What do I hear?' cried the knight. ' Is it possible you are turned Mahometan? What mean you, wretch? Can you be guilty of such baseness?'—' Ho, ho, Sir!' quoth Sancho; ' what, I had better have suffered myself to be roasted, I'll warrant you! Yes, faith, I turned Moor; and I would sooner have turned hermit, had he desired it, though it were in the face of the Sacristan of Toboso: when a man is once in the grave, he can neither be Christian nor Moor. But let us talk no more of that, Sir; if we can make our escape from this place, God knows my meaning!' Don Quixote was so deeply concerned at this apostacy of his squire, that it afflicted him no less than his own enchantment: but his sorrow was presently turned into joy; for the author, changing countenance all on a sudden, said to him, smiling—' Thus far all is good: noble Don Quixote, it is now time to undeceive you! Know, then, that I am not the enchanter Friston, as you imagine. On the contrary, I am the sage Alquife, your great friend; and I have done this to prove your constancy, and the confidence you repose in me. I am now satisfied; let us embrace, I beseech you; and assure yourself, that you shall never implore my assistance in vain!' This said, he caused the servants who held down Don Quixote to withdraw; and the knight, finding himself at liberty, and never doubting but that the author was in reality the sage Alquife, arose, and went to embrace him. He then embraced all the players in their turns, looking upon them as so many princes protected by the sage his friend. The actresses, seeing the ridiculous figure the knight made, had enough to do to forbear laughing in his face; however, they restrained themselves, which was no small matter among them: and, when they had made their obeisances, with all the tokens of profound

respect they could counterfeit, one of them, in the name of the rest, said—' Great Knight of La Mancha, North-star of gallantry, you see here several princesses who desire your protection! If it happen that any scoundrel giants steal us away some time or other, and only design to keep us enchanted as if we were made of wood, we beseech you to come to our assistance, and not suffer us to spend our youth to so little purpose!'—' Beautifully fantas,' replied Don Quixote, very graciously, ' it is needless to make me that request; so long as you are friends to the wise Alquife, you need fear nothing: but, laying aside his mighty power, did the whole universe conspire against your beauty; should all the magicians ever Egypt brought forth, come hither to hurt you; I would defy them to touch a hair of your heads!'—' Valorous Don Quixote!' said the author, ' these princesses are extremely obliged to you; but, until some giant shall give you an opportunity of employing your valour in their behalf, think of nothing but taking your ease, and so-lacing yourself in this castle with the great Queen Zenobia; whose arrival, I am sure, is a private satisfaction to some of the princes here present. Were not you in haste to be at Madrid, we would desire you to stay a few days with us; but I am too much concerned for your honour, to desire to stop you. I know that you have no time to spare; and therefore you may prosecute your journey to-morrow: in the mean while, let us all go and sit down to table; and, after supper, I will divert you with a play; for I have brought a company of players hither on purpose.' Thus saying, he took the knight by the hand, and led him into a great room, where they found a good supper provided for them. Don Quixote was so rejoiced to find himself in the company of his friend the sage Alquife, that it appeared in his countenance; and Sancho's heart was so full of satisfaction, that he could not contain himself; but said to the author—' By my troth, master Skiff, I am glad to see you, once in my life, face to face; for I never saw you before but in a dream; and, to say the truth, when my master Don Quixote, in our rambles, talked so much of you,

“you, St. Thomas knows what I thought. But, pray, Mr. Skiff, since all things are possible to magick, I beseech you to make me a Christian again, for I have been considering I am not at all fit to be a Moor.”—“And, pray, why not, Sancho?” quoth the author. “Because,” said the squire, “I love wine and bacon as I love my life; and these two things are forbid among the Moors more strictly than any sin.”—“The thing is not to be easily done,” replied the author; “but I shall make a shift to compass it, provided you will be three days without eating or drinking. I am sure, if you perform that small penance, you will become a Christian again, and it will never appear in the least that you were a Moor.”—“That penance,” quoth Sancho, “were very proper for my master Don Quixote, who does not mind eating or drinking. But I am of another constitution; for if I am, I will not fast three days, but three hours, without eating or drinking, I can hear my guts sing the Black Psalm.”—“How shall we contrive, then,” said the author, “to unmahometanize you?”—“How!” answered Sancho; “why, is there but one medicine in physick? You may command me, for instance, to lie only upon one side; or not to drink but with the left-hand; and I promise, before God, and on my conscience, to obey your commands!” Whilst they were thus talking, Don Quixote, Barbara, and the scholars, stood round about the table; but before they sat down, one of the scholars said grace aloud. The author perceiving that Sancho, who stood behind, had not taken off his cap during the prayer, said to the company—“Pray, gentlemen, observe what it is to be a Moor: whilst we stood with our hats in our hands, that irreverent Sancho kept his cap on his head.”—“It is true, gentlemen,” quoth Sancho; “and I am not ashamed to own it; for I do not take off my cap, or say grace, till I am to eat myself: but when others eat, I think I am no ways concerned; every man for himself, and God for us all.” The players laughed heartily; and insisted upon it that Sancho, as much Moor as he was, should sit down to table with them; and, being well taken care of, he made the best sport at supper.

The players, both men and women, having eaten and drank as it were for a wager, made ready to rehearse the play in the hall, which they were to act the next day at Alcala. They lighted some candles that were stuck in little wooden candlesticks, and drew a line on the floor, to divide the stage from the audience. Don Quixote, Barbara, Sancho, and the scholars, and some others that were in the inn, took their places to hear the rehearsal, which soon began. A prince of Cordova appeared first, accompanied by his confidante, to whom he said—“Yes, my dear Henriquez! it is resolved: a disdained lover becomes an implacable enemy. I will be revenged of the Queen of Leon! The king her husband, whom you know I govern, is already prepossessed against her, and contrives her death!” The Prince of Cordova would have proceeded; but seeing the queen appear, he withdrew. That princess stepped forward alone, with an handkerchief in her hand; and, after wiping her eyes, which seemed bathed in tears, and stepping a few paces forward in silence, she said—“Perfidious Prince of Cordova, who, not able to corrupt my virtue with your love, dost contrive to blacken it by your artifices! can you, without remorse, accuse my innocence? Alas, it is not death I fear! it is the dread of dying dishonoured! Great God, who seest the secrets of my soul, compassionate my sorrows! And will you, then, permit falsehood to triumph over virtue?” The actress, entering into her part with great energy, touched to the quick the susceptible Knight of La Mancha. He started up abruptly from his seat, drew his sword, and foaming with fury, cried out—“The Prince of Cordova is a traitor, a villain, and a slanderer! and as such I here challenge him to single combat: and I will soon, with the sole edge of my keen sword, cause him to confess, that the Queen of Leon is not less chaste than the Princess Zenobia herself!” The players, who were not provided for this adventure, burst out a laughing; but the knight going on with his challenge to the Prince of Cordova, the player who represented him drew his sword; and, stepping up to Don Quixote, said—“There is no such, Sir Knight, of so much noise
‘tuz

'for so small a matter: and since you
 'will espouse the queen's quarrel,
 'whose chastity you are not so well ac-
 'quainted with as I am, I consent to
 'fight you; not here, but in the Great
 'Square of Madrid, before the king
 'and all the court!' As he was thus
 speaking, he espied a mule's crupper,
 which hung to the ceiling of the room;
 this he took down, and, tendering it
 to Don Quixote, went on, saying—
 'There, Sir Knight, since I have nei-
 'ther glove nor gauntlet to give you
 'as a gage, take one of my garters,
 'which may serve in the stead; and
 'remember the combat shall betwenty
 'days hence.' All the company fell
 a laughing at the player's contrivance;
 which so highly offended Don Quixote,
 that he said—'Really, gentlemen, I
 'wonder that such wise and courageous
 'princes should laugh to see a traitor
 'accept my challenge: you ought ra-
 'ther to weep with the queen, who
 'has so much cause to be troubled;
 'but who ought now to take comfort,
 'since she has had the good fortune to
 'meet with me.' Then turning to his
 squire, and giving him the crupper, he
 said—'Here, Sancho, keep this gage
 'safe.'—'By my faith!' cried Sancho,
 'the crupper is none of the worst;
 'I'll e'en make it fast to my ass's pan-
 'nel, where it shall stay till we can
 'find out the owner.'—'Fool!' quoth
 Don Quixote, 'to call that a crupper!'
 —'What the devil is it, then,' re-
 plied Sancho, 'if it is not a mule's
 'cupper?'—'It is the Prince of Cor-
 'dova's garter,' answered the knight.
 'Why, sure, you will make me re-
 'nounce Antichrist!' said the squire.
 'One would think I had never seen a
 'cupper. Look ye, Sir, I have hand-
 'led more cuppers than there are stars
 'in Limbo!'—'Here, blockhead!'
 quoth Don Quixote, 'see whether ever
 'there was a richer garter! Observe
 'those golden fringes; and mark how
 'a diamond, or a ruby, or an emerald
 'of inestimable value, terminates every
 'thread.'—'Then I am certainly
 'drunk,' said Sancho; 'for let me be
 'hanged, if I see any of the gold
 'fringes you talk of, but only little
 'packthreads knotted at the ends! In
 'short, it is possible this may be a gar-
 'ter in the other world, for the devil is
 'a sad rogue; but, in this, I do affirm
 'it is a crupper.'—'Friend Sancho,'

quoth the author, 'do you banter us
 'in calling this a crupper? I can
 'assure you it is a garter of great va-
 'lue.'—'Nay, if you have any hand in
 'it, Mr. Skiff,' cried Sancho, 'I say
 'no more to it; for you gentlemen en-
 'chanters will turn white black; and,
 'if you have it in your head, this muft
 'needs be a garter, though it smells so
 'strong of a crupper.'

Whilst they were in this pleasant con-
 test, not unlike that about the helmet of
 Mambrino, a mule-driver coming in-
 to the room, and seeing the crupper in
 Sancho's hand, said—'Cousin, pry-
 'thee leave the crupper where you
 'found it; I did not buy it for your
 'diversion.'—'Gentlemen,' cried San-
 cho, 'do not you hear what this honest
 'man says? I am sure I did not bid him
 'say so. Then it is a crupper, by
 'Jove! I am glad of it. You may see
 'by this, that enchanters and knights-
 'errant are no such conjurors as they
 'take themselves to be.' Thus saying,
 he gave the crupper to the mule-driv-
 er; but Don Quixote, having no mind
 to part with it, went up to him, and
 snatching it away rudely, said—'It is
 'likely, clown, such a rich garter was
 'made for you, then?' The mule-
 driver, who did not understand jesting,
 and was much stronger than Don Quix-
 ote, laid hold of his arm, and giving
 him a thrust in the stomach, threw him
 over; then jumping upon him, he soon
 forced the crupper out of his hands.
 The squire, seeing his master fall, ran
 to his assistance, and greeted the mule-
 driver with two furious fifty-cuffs, one
 of which took him in the nape of the
 neck, and the other on the right ear.
 The mule-driver was stunned for a
 while, but soon revenged himself; for he
 laid on three or four smart strokes with
 the crupper across the chap of the squire;
 after which he went out of the room,
 because the players and the scholars
 threatened to second Sancho, if he did
 not give over. Sancho feigned great
 eagerness to follow him, crying aloud
 to the scholars, who held his hands—
 'Ay, ay! that's right! pray hold me,
 'gentlemen, I beseech you; for if I go
 'after that discourteous mule-driver,
 'I shall kill him and all his race, to
 'the twentieth generation!'—'No,
 'Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'let
 'the wretch go, since he flies before us;
 'he is not worth our anger. Knights

are

'are not to make ill use of their valour; and ought rather to make slight of, than to revenge a wrong, when it comes from a man of no note, one of the meanest of the rabble.'—'You are in the right, Don Quixote,' said the author; 'you take just measures in this affair: great men must shew moderation and calmness, that they may not do all the harm that is in their power to the little ones.'—'Well, then,' said Sancho, 'God speed the mule-driver with the two raps I laid him on about the ears!' Night being now far advanced, the author led Don Quixote into a room, where he double-locked him in; after which he returned to the actors, who performed their rehearsal, and then went to bed.

C H A P. XIII.

OF THE GRIEVOUS AFFLICTION OF
SANCHE, AT BEING UNABLE TO
SEE THINGS LIKE A KNIGHT-ERRANT.

THE next morning the players arose at day-break, paid their reckoning, and went away to Alcalá. An hour after they were gone, Don Quixote awaking, called his squire, who, hearing his voice, came up, and opened his chamber-door, which the author had fastened. 'Sancho,' said the knight, 'what news from Queen Zenobia? Did you take care she had an apartment worthy her person?'—'By my troth, Sir,' answered the squire, 'my head was so full of our combat last night, that I thought of the princess no more than if she had not been queen! but, in short, she did not lie abroad; two of the players took her along with them into their chamber, whither she followed them without any ceremony; and, by the same token, they eat a pasty, and drank a great pot of wine.'—'That cannot be!' cried Don Quixote; 'I am well acquainted with the queen's chastity, and there is no likelihood of what you say: you certainly dreamed all this last night.'—'No, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am sure the pasty was no dream, it was real flesh and bones; and but now I saw what little was left of it on a plate in the kitchen.'—'It is a strange thing,' replied Don Quixote, 'that, having so

long followed knight-errantry, and conversed with princes and emperors, thou shouldest still be as unpolished as thou wast the first day I raised thee from nothing! Will you never learn to see things as they ought to be seen? Will you ever confound the objects with the ideas? Will nothing ever appear to you in it's true shape? In truth, there is no enduring you any longer; I am weary of instructing you so often to so little purpose; and will send you back to your village again, as a brute incapable of being taught.' These words, and the tone in which they were uttered, had such effect upon Sancho, that he concluded for the present he was in the wrong; yet could he not comprehend the reason he made so little progress in discernment. 'My dear master Don Quixote,' answered he, weeping, 'I am as willing as any man in the world; but, do all that I can to see things like a knight-errant, I cannot compass it.' At this moment the two scholars entered the room; and finding Don Quixote in a passion, and the squire weeping, they desired to know the cause. 'Gentlemen,' said the knight, 'am not I to be pitied, in having for my squire this clown, this blockhead! who sees all things the wrong way; who takes helmets for barbers basons, paladins for peasants, and princesses for maids of inns? I dare say, should the Princess Landabrides arrive at this instant, with the very equipage she had when the Knight of the Sun first met with her, this simpleton would mistake her glorious triumphal chariot for a cart, and the two white unicorns that drew it, for heavy oxen.'—'Sir,' said the bachelor, 'you ought rather to pity than to be angry with your poor squire: consider, he is affectionate and faithful; and you ought to hope that, in time, his eyes may be opened. Let me talk to him a little, while you dress yourself.' Then turning to the squire, he said—'Friend Sancho, you have the best master in the world; but you know not how to deal with him: he requires nothing of you but what is reasonable, and yet he has not been hitherto able to force you to a compliance: if he required impossibilities of you; if he enjoined you to take the moon in your teeth; to find him out a woman, or a witty book, without a fault; I should ex-

cuse

'cuse you, and be the first to condemn him: but when he only desires that you would see objects as they really are, white unicorns as white unicorns, and not as oxen; in truth, friend, it is a great obstinacy to be so rebellious.' — 'Master Batchelor,' answered Sancho, 'I agree to all you say: but I know not what to do; and I could wish myself hanged! I often give myself good cuffs and thumps on the jaws; nay, sometimes I tear off my hair, eye-brows and eye-lashes; and yet all to no purpose: and I believe, God forgive me! that though I should pull out both my eyes, I should see never the better. I always see quite contrary to my master Don Quixote; certainly the wicked enchanters have bewitched my sight.' — 'I should be loth to swear for them,' replied the batchelor; 'those vile fellows have served others of my acquaintance so.' — 'O the wicked wretches!' cried Sancho, weeping again. 'Alas! how shall I govern my island with these purblind eyes! All my servants will look like animals to me: I shall take my pages for monkeys, my maid-servants for magpies, my steward for a fox, my stewards for swine, and my counsellors for asses; and, what is worst of all, I shall take another's goods for my own; and then the governor will go to the devil, or will be whipped out of his government.' — 'Be not so much concerned, my friend,' said the batchelor; 'I will take off the magical blemish you have on your eyes.' — 'O dear Mr. Batchelor,' quoth Sancho, 'if you have that secret, do not grudge it me, I beseech you!' — 'I will teach it you,' quoth the batchelor; 'do not trouble yourself.' — 'O Lord!' quoth the squire, 'why would you not teach it me at first? Is not work done better than work to do?' — 'Nay, but this matter,' said the batchelor, smiling at Sancho's eagerness, 'is not to be done so lightly; it is a very mysterious ceremony, and requires many preparations. It is enough for the present that you know the receipt is infallible, and that you shall have trial of it before we part.' — 'I would fain be at it already,' cried Sancho; 'for I have a great heart; I am mad to think I cannot see as well as others; but, in the mean while, Mr. Batchelor, pray resolve me one difficulty: I know I am enchanted; but how comes it my enchantment does not extend to all I see, and particularly to what I do; for I am very sensible I am not always deceived. As for instance, I see you all three as really as you are; and I do not take you for asses.' Besides, when I tell money, provided the sum be not above twenty shillings, I defy the best divine to bestir his fingers more nimbly, or tell truer than I do.' — 'Brother Sancho,' quoth the batchelor, 'I will give you the reason of that difference, which depends wholly on the caprice of the enchanter: it is in their power to give to objects all sorts of forms; they can metamorphose all mankind; turn solicitors into leeches, counsellors into syrens, attorneys into apes, courtiers into spaniels, and tolerable women into phoenixes; but, for the most part, they pass by those trivial matters, that they may wholly attend to knight-errantry, which they use their utmost endeavours to suppress. And therefore Frislon the enchanter, who studies nothing but how he may harm you, pleases himself with so disguising things to you, that you may be deceived every moment; and he flatters himself with the hopes that this blindness will hold you an hundred and fifty years.' — 'Nay, but how do you know,' replied the squire, in amazement, 'that I must continue enchanted all that while?' — 'I will tell you,' quoth the batchelor. 'When I was in Flanders, (for, different as I may look now, I have served six years in the army) there came thither a famous Jew from the extremity of Chaldea and Arabia*. He was the most expert man upon the face of the earth in affairs of magick; nature to him was quite naked, and he knew all that is to come as plain as what passed before the creation of the world. I had the good fortune to rescue him from a party of the enemy who had taken him prisoner; in return for which, he honoured me with the strictest friendship, and reposed singular confidence in me. We were inseparable companions during the two years

* The above is evidently a satirical allusion to the popular story of 'The Wandering Jew,' for an account of whom, see Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, Vol. II.

'he staid in Flanders. He bore me company in all our marches; he was always by my side in all the battles and sieges I was concerned in. You may judge how advantageous his company was to me. He brought me off safe from a thousand dangers, and preserved me by his art from four-score and three musquet-shot; fifteen whereof I should have received in my head, five in the lungs, nine in the liver, seventeen in the spleen, thirty in the optick nerve, and the rest in the great gut. He taught me abundance of curiosities; and, among the rest, the secret how to live four times as long as Nestor, without feeling the inconveniences of old age; and this secret is so infallible, that this rare Jew, at the moment when we parted, was thirteen hundred and sixty six years, seven months, fourteen hours, and sixteen minutes, old; and he had a complexion like a young girl, and was as strong as the giant Mandrake, who was killed by the valiant Sacridorus.'—'You mistake, Mr. Batchelor,' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'King Sacridorus did not combat with the giant Mandrake; it was Rosclair who took away his life. It is true, that the knights who followed the giant, being desirous to revenge his death, and falling all together upon Rosclair, his friend Sacridorus rushed in among them, and slew six.'—'Signor Don Quixote,' quoth the batchelor, 'you may very well excuse me that slip; for, besides that it is a long time since I read the story of the Knight of the Sun, you may remember I told you, but yesterday, that I had a very bad memory. But, to return to my Jew, and have done in two words; he taught me all the tricks of the mountebanks—and, to conclude, friend Sancho, he taught me the secret of disenchanting you; telling me, at the same time, that the enchanter Frisco had bewitched your fight for an hundred and fifty years.'—'Of all the Jew's learning,' quoth Sancho, 'that is what I like the best: I don't much want to live many ages; if I can live to six score, I desire no more. After that, come what will! "When a man has well sucked the cherry, he need not care much for the stone." The knight admiring what he had heard, said to the scholar, looking on him

with amazement—'Truly, Mr. Batchelor, I am mightily taken with the wonders you have told us, and it is a great misfortune that you are not a knight errant; for, what with the valour you displayed in Flanders, and the sublime knowledge you are master of, I question not but in a short time you would have made great proficiency in that most excellent order.'—'Incomparable Don Quixote!' replied the batchelor, 'I have always looked upon knight-errantry as the first and noblest of all professions; and, I must own, I would devote myself to it zealously, were I not subject to certain evil habits which I cannot master, and which I look upon as very repugnant to that holy exercise.'—'Pray, let me know them,' answered the knight; and no man shall inform you better than myself whether they ought to obstruct your becoming a knight-errant.'—'Well, then, Sir,' replied the batchelor, 'to acquaint you at once with all my frailties, I must tell you, in the first place, that I am nothing near so chaste as Amadis de Gaule. I should be apt to fall in love with all the maidens that came in my way, and should not disenchant one of them without making her pay for her disenchantment.'—'Chastity,' said Don Quixote, 'is doubtless a great virtue, but yet not absolutely necessary in a knight-errant; and though Amadis de Gaule was, like myself, a mirror of chastity; yet Don Galaor, his brother, and the worthy Don Rogel of Greece, did not make any scruple of receiving favours, when they met with ladies inclinable to bestow them; and this did not hinder them from becoming famous in the order of knight-errantry.'—'I grant it,' answered the batchelor; 'nor is the want of chastity my greatest obstacle. That is the least of my faults; and I must tell you freely, that, besides that lewd inclination, I have others more unpardonable: I am slothful, an epicure, a drunkard—' 'Out upon it!' cried Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'those are vile failings! O Heavens! why must the greatest men be subject to the greatest vices? Those faults are too opposite to our rules, to allow of your being admitted into our holy body: but exert all your endeavours to correct them; and if you

'can but compass it, I promise that I will myself dub you a knight; and will be your associate in the first combat you shall undertake.' The bachelor returned thanks for so special a favour; and the knight being by this time dressed and armed, they all four went down into the yard of the inn.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE CEREMONY THE BACHELOR USED TO DISENCHANT SANCHEZ, AND OF ITS SUCCESS.

THE innkeeper and Queen Barbara were talking in the kitchen, when our knight appeared. They both went out to meet him. The host, who was a pleasant fellow, made him a bow, saying to him, with a smiling countenance—'How fares to-day the noble Don Quixote, the flower and pearl of La Mancha, and the jewel of knights-errant?' Don Quixote, having replied to this compliment, saluted the queen, and then asked where the wife Alquise was, that he might take his leave of him. 'Sir Knight,' answered the host, 'the wife Alquise is no longer in this castle: he went away this morning to Constantine, whither he was obliged to transport himself upon affairs of the greatest consequence. But before his departure, he ordered me to entertain you handsomely during your stay; which, indeed, he needed not have done, for I naturally love knights-errant; and not one of them passes by this castle but I give him a taste of the best I have.' Don Quixote, knowing that enchanters appear and vanish as they please, was not at all surprized at this news; and, addressing the landlord—'Signior Castellano,' said he, 'I thank you for your good-will; but I am in haste to be at Madrid, and can stay no longer with you.' 'It so,' answered the host, 'I shall not presume to stay you; and you may depart when you please.' 'As for us,' quoth the bachelor, 'we must set out before you.' 'Ah, master Bachelor!' cried Sancho, 'if you leave us, farewell secret!' 'No, no, my friend,' answered the bachelor, 'we shall meet again at Alcalá.' 'By my land, Mr. Bachelor,' said

the other scholar, 'you ought rather to disenchant this poor devil Sanchez immediately! Don Quixote and I do beg it of you.' 'If it can be accomplished speedily,' quoth Don Quixote, 'Mr. Bachelor will oblige me by not postponing this ceremony till another time.' 'I grant your request, gentlemen,' replied the bachelor; 'and, since Don Quixote desires it, I am willing to put my secret to the trial immediately. The constable will be pleased to conduct us into the darkest part of the castle; because spirits do not love much light; they will not appear but in gloomy places.' Queen Zenobia, if she pleases, must not accompany us, for we shall behold things not fit to be seen by a princess.' The innkeeper, who was an arch fellow, guessed at the bachelor's design; and, being a man that would lose no pastime, lighted a candle, and led Don Quixote, Sancho, and the scholars, into a cellar so dark, that it might have satisfied spirits the most averse to day-light. When they were all in, the host set down the candle upon a little rotten table there happened to be in the place, and went out again with the bachelor to speak to two young mule drivers who were then in the stable, and whose assistance they thought they might stand in need of. When they had agreed together what part every one was to play, the host returned into the cellar, and soon after him came the bachelor with a great black cloak about his shoulders, and on his head four pasteboard caps half an ell high, made in the form of a sugar-loaf, and all four of them appearing as if they had been but one. He made a bow of reverence to Sancho, more profound than a novice to the general of his order: he also saluted Don Quixote and the rest; and, finally, all the casks in the cellar. Then, turning to the knight, he said—'Don Quixote, without doubt, is amazed to see me salute these casks; but he must understand, that on these hogheads there are several invisible enchanters, who are come to be spectators of our magical operation.' Having spoken these words, he took off one of his pasteboard caps, and placed it upon the head of the squire: the same he did to the other two spectators; and then he ordered Sancho to strip to his shirt.

The

The squire looked upon this prelude as an ill omen; he was all in disorder, and the sweat ran down in great drops. He was glad, it is true, to think he should be soon disenchanted; but judging, by the bachelor's discourse, that he might chance to see some sorry apparition, he began to be as much afraid of the ceremony as he was before desirous of it: however, come what would, he stripped; and when he had done, the bachelor said to the host—'Signior Castellano, I pray thee fetch three great crystal glasses, if you have any, and fill them with good white wine.'—'I have them,' replied the host; 'and they were made purposely for this ceremony.' In short, he fetched three of the largest he had, and filled them to the brim with the best wine in the cellar, the more to honour the operation. The bachelor took them, one after another, with mysterious gestures, and placed them in a triangular form on the table: he then uttered, with a loud voice, these words—'By Belfegor; by Leviathan; by Beelzebub; by Asmodeus!' He caused the squire to repeat them several times, making him walk round the table: then he ordered him to drink off the three bumpers, and said to him—'Courage, friend! I have a good conceit of your business: I find you have a good heart for the work.'—'Mr. Bachelor,' cried Sancho, 'you see I do not spare my body: I use my poor endeavours; the Lord must do the rest.'—'Nay,' replied the bachelor, 'you have hitherto played your part to admiration, bating one word, which you did not pronounce properly.'—'As for that,' quoth the squire, 'a word is a mere trifle: I would fain know whether all the canons say their matins without tripping. No, no; they do not go to Rome for a pardon every time they turn over two leaves of their breviary at once, and yet they are sure to find their dinner ready.' But, however, let us should lose a hog for a halfpenny's worth of tar, you may as well mean another bumper in lieu of the word I mistook, and perhaps one will make amends for the other.'—'That will not do,' replied the bachelor; 'but it is likely you did not murder that word distinctly; and since your intention was good, all is well.'—'By my faith, I

believe so!' answered the squire. 'I can assure you the wine has wrought wonders: I begin to feel like a knight-errant already; for methinks I see a thousand candles here.'—'You are out in your reckoning there,' quoth the bachelor: 'the ceremony is not yet ended, and the best part is to come; or rather, all that we have done hitherto is nothing in comparison with the sequel. Now there being two enchanters, who are your enemies; to wit, Friston, and a Moorish enchanter, whom you told me of yesterday; I must make a circle, and, by virtue of a charm which commands them, I will oblige each of them to send a devil hither to dis-entchant you. But, my dear friend Sancho,' added he, after making a great circle on the ground with chalk, 'I must give you some advice: the devils will be sure to use all their endeavours to make you step out of the circle, in the middle of which you are fast, because they cannot come within it; but you must be sure to stand fast in it, whatever they may do to you; for should you be so unfortunate as to stir out of it, they would swallow you like an oyster. If, on the contrary, you still keep within the circle, they will drop at your feet a skin of white vellum, which contains the charm, and will take their flight, howling for shame and vexation: take especial care, therefore, that fear does not cause you to step aside.'—'Fear!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'what can he fear whilst I am present?'—'No, Sancho,' continued he, 'remember I am with you: I say no more.'—'It is enough, Sir,' replied the squire; 'I know your word cannot fail in that point: God be praised, in your company I fear nothing.' The want of it is, that as to me, body, I perceive myself shaken a little. But let them give me another glass of wine, and I promise you I will then stand within the circle as stiff as a stake.'—'With all my heart, brave squire!' said the host, giving him at the same time a good bumper. 'Now, my friend,' said the squire, having gulped down this strengthening dose, boldly entered the circle. 'So, Sancho,' said the bachelor, 'now for the charm! but remember

'that you remain silent till the devils
'have thrown the parchment at your
'feet: for I must tell you, that if you
'utter a single word before that time,
'the spirits will vanish immediately,
'and there will then be no possibility
'of disenchanting you.'—'It shall
'never miscarry for that fault,' quoth
Sancho; 'you may begin the dance as
'soon as you please.' The batchelor
then fell upon his knees, and con-
tinued almost a quarter of an hour with
his eyes fixed on the ground; after
which, he started up; and, like one
agitated with the transport of a phren-
sy, sometimes stretched out his arms,
sometimes rolling his eyes and distort-
ing his frame with fearful gesticula-
tions, snote himself violently on the
breast and stomach. At length, raising
his voice, and gabbling, with surpris-
ing vivacity of action, he commenced
his conjuration in the following words—
'Beelzebub! Asinodous! ye fright-
'ful fiends who obey the enchanter
'Friston, and the Moorish enchanter,
'I conjure you listen to my voice!—

'By Juno, and by mighty Jove!
'By Pluto, and the god of Love!
'By Neptune's boots, and Mercy's shoon!
'And by the horns of Madam Moon!
'By Leo, Libra, and Aquarius!
'By Taurus, Cancer, Sagittarius!
'By the Twins, and the Ram's Horn!
'By Pisces, and by Capricorn!
'By the Scorpion's poisonous sting!
'By the Virgin, that rare thing!
'By P-n's pipe and bea of grass!
'By Silenus' gentle ass!
'By the killing bold physicians!
'By the senseless politicians!
'By the spirits, great and small!
'By the fairies, devils, and all!

'Ye cruel and mischievous spirits,
'who, in compliance with the malice
'of enchanters, enemies to the Knight
'of La Mancha, have, by your for-
ceries, infected the eyes of Sancho
'Panza, his trusty squire; I command
'you to appear here presently, and to
'cast into the circle the parchment
'containing the charm! Come away, I
'command you—

'By Proserpine's black footy coat!
'By Charon's oars, and rotten boat!
'By the flambeaux of the furies!
'By the sense of common juries!
'By their truth who buy and sell!
'By the three-mouth'd dog of hell!

'By the Sybils and the Oracles!
'By Mahomet, and all his miracles!
'By the conscience of a jailor!
'By the honesty of a tailor!
'By the spirits, great and small,
'By the fairies, devils, and all!

The batchelor stopping short here, a
noise was heard at the cellar-door; and
presently the two confederate devils
appeared. They were wrapped up in
tattered old reef hangings, tied about
them in several places with ropes, and
each of them had a jack-chain about
his neck; their caps had two horns,
and their faces were so daubed with
soot, that no white appeared but the
white of their eyes; each of them had
a whip in the right-hand, and an iron-
prong in the left: but that which most
of all deceived Don Quixote, and terri-
fied his squire, was a lighted match
which each devil held in his mouth,
so twisted with fine flax, that, whenever
they blowed it, they seemed to vomit
fire. They now drew near the circle,
grinning with a thousand hideous grim-
aces upon Sancho, who shut his eyes
to avoid seeing them; and, shaking in
every limb like an aspen-leaf, betook
himself to his prayers. The batchelor
then continued his conjuration as fol-
lows—

'Infernal spirits! who behold the
'intrepidity of Sancho, throw down at
'his feet your fatal parchment! I
'command you—

'By fair Hebe's god-like head!
'By Jove's love to Ganymed!
'By Orpheus' lute, guitar, or fiddle!
'By cruel Sphynx's fatal riddle!
'By Comus' revels in the dark!
'By warlike Mar., that bloody spark!
'By Venus, and her chaste embraces!
'By Vulcan's Cyclops' lovely faces!
'By Olympus, when it nods!
'By all the whole and demi-gods!
'By the spirits, great and small!
'By the fairies, devils, and all!

The devils, though so powerfully
conjured, were not over hasty to cast the
parchment into the circle; but, per-
ceiving that Sancho still kept his eyes
shut, began to jerk his haunches with
their mules whips; and though they
were only in jest, yet, being naturally
rough play fellows, and Sancho in his
shirt, they made him extremely sensible
of the lashes. Sancho gnashed his
teeth, shrugged his shoulders, and cut
capers,

capers, kicking his heels up to his very breech; he, however, bore all without stirring out of the circle, or uttering one word. The devils, who were determined to make him speak, yet wished rather to frighten than hurt him, now laid aside their whips, and began to tickle him with their pitchforks; till at length Sancho lost all patience, and blubbered out, with might and main—
 'O my good master Don Quixote! have pity on me, I beseech you, and deliver me from these cursed satans!' The knight was not deaf to his cries; but exclaimed, with a dreadful voice—
 'Hold, devils! and you shall see whether Don Quixote is afraid of your iron-prongs!' Thus saying, he drew his sword; but, in an instant, he found himself environed with such thick darkness, that he could no longer discern any thing; for, as soon as Sancho opened his mouth, the mule-driving devils, the host, and the scholars, who expected such a storm, extinguished the candle, and slipped out of the cellar as fast as they could.

Still Don Quixote threatened the devils, though the darkness checked his passion, and rendered his valour useless. Sancho was so frightened, that he fancied he still felt the forks.—'Master Don Quixote,' quoth he, 'pray keep me near you, if you please; for perhaps the devils have put out the candle that they may use me the worse: draw close, that I may know you are by me.' Our knight, upon this, drew nearer, to encourage him; and, as both of them held out their arms to feel for each other, the squire chancing to touch the lean hairy hand of his master, screeched out immediately—'I am a dead man! I have felt Lucifer's claw!'—'No, my child,' said Don Quixote, 'it is I; be not frightened.'—'Alas!' replied the squire, 'fear has overcome me!'—'The devils are not here,' answered the knight; but what I marvel at, is, that methinks we two are left alone in this dismal place! What can have become of the scholars and the Castellan? I do not hear them speak!' Thus saying, they both began to call upon them; but nobody answering—'By my troth,' quoth Sancho, 'the devils have certainly carried them all away! As for Mr. Bachelor's part, he is well enough served; and he deserves it for

his damned conjuring, which I shall never forget as long as I have a bit of skin left upon my breech.'—'I do not believe that,' answered Don Quixote; 'the bachelor has too much power over the devils, to suffer them to hurt him.'—'On my conscience,' quoth Sancho, 'there is no trusting to that! Dogs sometimes bite their masters. But, pray, Sir, stay till I gather up my breeches and doublet, which I feel under my feet; and then let us endeavour to get out of this place; for, in troth, I am not like the spirits, I do not like dark places at all; and I fancy I am in the other world!' He put on his breeches; and, whilst they were groping about for the door, the host and the scholars came back into the cellar, with each of them a lighted candle in his hand. 'O ho! gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'are you there? What have you done with the devils?'—'Were you mad, Sancho?' replied the bachelor; 'do not you know you had like to have been the death of us all, by calling upon your master Don Quixote to assist you? All devils, and these more particularly, hate to have any forcible means employed against them; they presently break loose, and no charms can hold them any longer.' The conjuror himself is not safe; for they are a false generation; and there is no more trusting of them than the regues of guiley slaves you rescued last year; and this was the reason we fled with such expedition.'—'Yet they are not so fierce as you make them,' replied Don Quixote; 'though they were armed with prongs, and spit more fire than Endriagus, which Amadis de Gaulle overcame; or than Pannus the demoniack, slain by the Knight of the Sun, they durst not stand before me!'—'I believe so too,' answered the bachelor; 'they are cunning devils, and never fight but when they are strongest. All that vexes me,' added he, turning to the squire, 'is, that the operation was not performed with more success; but it is your fault, Sancho; you ought to have had a little more patience; however, if you will be more staunch, and not speak one word, we will begin again.'—'No, no, master Bachelor! quoth Sancho; 'I had rather be enchanted till doom's-day, than

'see those hell-hounds any more!'—
 'Why the devil,' said Don Quixote,
 'did not you keep silence till all was
 ended? It would have been over by
 this time.'—'No doubt of it!' quoth
 Sancho; 'for, by this time, it would
 have been over with me! A pox on
 the devil! I should stand still and be
 flayed without wincing, should I?'
 Faith, you take me for a pretty fool!
 Had not I called you to my assistance,
 they would have thrust their hell-
 forks into my guts; for I felt them
 grate upon my ribs already! In short,
 if I never see things relating to
 knight-errantry as I ought to do, the
 loss is not great. What matter is it
 to me, whether Madam Zenobia is
 handsome or ugly? I have a wife al-
 ready, God be thanked! and that is
 enough for a peasant. I am not de-
 ceived in eating and drinking; and
 that concerns me most.'—'Alas,
 my poor Sancho!' cried the batche-
 lor, 'do not sing victory before the
 battle is over! Enchanters may
 as well hinder you from eating and
 drinking; and I wonder they have
 not done it already! Assuredly it
 must be, that Friston reserves this as
 his finishing stroke upon you; for
 that is the general way of enchant-
 ing.'—'O the dog!' cried Sancho,
 'all the devils in hell take him before
 he does! But, perhaps, that may ne-
 ver come to pass, Mr. Batchelor:
 "it does not always rain when we
 fancy it."'

After some further discourse of this
 sort, they all quitted the cellar, and went
 to meet Queen Zenobia in the court,
 who pretended great earnestness to know
 the success of their enterprise, as if she
 had been quite a stranger to it. 'Beau-
 tiful princess,' said Don Quixote to
 her, 'it was not the batchelor's fault,
 I am well satisfied, that his secret did
 not take effect; but my squire dis-
 pointed it by his impatience: and I
 foresee I am still likely to have trouble
 enough with him.'—'No, no, Sir!'
 cried Sancho, 'we will argue no more
 about chivalry; for I have considered
 on it. From this time forwards I
 will believe all you say as certain as
 if it were in the almanack. When-
 soever you tell me, "Sancho, it is this
 thing, or t'other," I will swear to it,
 and by that means shall be too hard
 for the enchanters. Now let them

'come as fast as they will, when they
 happen to show me a wind-mill, whip
 say I, "There is a giant!" and so of
 the rest.'—'O my friend Sancho,' quoth
 Don Quixote, 'if you will but perform
 what you say, if you can so far prevail
 upon yourself, I desire no more. Do
 you but humbly submit the weakness
 of your eyes and understanding to
 your master's clear sight and sound
 reason, and then you have found the
 secret of mortifying enchanters, by
 disappointing their malice.' Sancho
 hereupon binding himself by oath to see
 in future with no eyes but those of his
 master, matters were re-adjusted, and
 the company somewhat consoled for the
 ill success of the magical operation.
 They now gave themselves up to good
 humour; and, after eating a morsel, and
 drinking a glass of wine, Don Quixote,
 Barbara, Sancho, and the scholars, re-
 turned the comfortable many thanks for his
 kind cheer, and departed all together from
 the castle of Goblins. The host, on his
 part, demanded nothing for the expence
 they had put him to. The players, it is
 true, had paid for the supper; but that
 matters not: others of his profession
 would have made no scruple of reckon-
 ing with Don Quixote and the scholars.
 As for him, he took the ceremony
 in the cellar in full payment, and shew-
 ed as much generosity as any Castilian
 we meet with in the volumes of chi-
 valry.

CH A P. XV.

WHICH THE ARABIAN ALISOLAN
 DOES NOT RECKON THE BEST IN
 THE BOOK.

WHEN our adventurers were
 come near Alcala, the scholars,
 not caring to enter the town with Don
 Quixote, from apprehension of the hub-
 bub his figure would probably occasion,
 stopped as it were to rest themselves, after
 taking leave of him and his company.
 When they were on the point of entering
 the suburbs, Barbara said to Don Quix-
 ote, 'Sir Knight, you have purchased
 for me a mule and cloaths; and have
 brought me with you thus far, as if I
 were your sister; I therefore return
 you most humble thanks: but if you
 have no other commands to lay on
 me, I will, by your leave, stay in this
 town,

'town, where I was born; and where I should be glad to serve you more effectually than with bare words.'—'Oh, my prince!' exclaimed Don Quixote, much surprized, 'what is it you talk of? What strange resolution is this you have taken? Will you then leave me, after travelling together with me through so many deserts? Alas! if you once absent yourself from me, who will defend you against your enemy Pamphus the enchanter? Where can you be safe against his practices? Be advised by me, Madam; let us go to Madrid together, where I design publicly to defend your beauty. After this, you are free to do whatsoever pleases you. You shall go, if you desire it, to Cyprus; or you shall stay in the court of Spain; where I do not question but the king will entertain you as the Sultan of Babylon did the Princess Hermiliana and the beautiful Polixena, mistresses to the two young princes of Greece, Don Clarineus of Spain, and Don Lucidamer of Thes-saly.' Sancho, finding his master so earnestly oppose Barbara's design, grew angry, and said—'Body o' me! master Don Quixote, I cannot imagine to what purpose you would have us take the princess along with us: is it not better she should stay in her own country, than make us spend the rest of our money to no purpose? On my conscience, a pretty jewel to carry to court! And she must be asked and entreated too, and be hanged to her! Ask her no more, say I! we can go to Madrid well enough without her, and be never the worse for it. See what state the jade takes upon her, because she is called Madam Queen here, and Madam Princess there; though she is no more than she knows well enough, for I heard what she said to the scholars. Let her pay us what the mule and the cloaths cost, and let us have no more of her!'—'Incorrigible dunce!' quoth Don Quixote in a rage, 'will you ever be the most indiscreet and the faintest of squires? Do you think, sirrah! I shall always have the patience to endure your impertinent babble; and particularly when it is injurious to the great Queen Zenobia? Vile wretch! I could almost find in my heart to stick my lance through your body!' Having spoken these words, he was drawing near Sancho to strike him;

but Barbara, who, considering she was a woman, was not very mischievous, interposed and appealed him. Desirous, however, to revenge herself upon Sancho, notwithstanding, she addressed herself to our hero, and said—'Sir Knight, it is true I did design to stay here; but since your worship desires it, I am ready to follow you to Madrid, and farther too, if need be, in spite of that base peasant.'—'Peasant!' quoth Sancho; 'it is true, I am a peasant in the eyes of the world, but quality signifies nothing before God. If a man is a Christian, that is enough; and I had rather be a peasant than go eat and drink all night with players.' Barbara coloured at these words; and answered the squire—'Sancho, Sancho! have a care of making rash judgments; all those who eat and drink together are not good friends for all that. We must not always believe it is day when the cock crows: if I was in the players chamber, I did nobody harm there; but you are quite a malicious one.'—'You call me malicious,' replied the squire; 'by my troth, you dare not say it to my face; for, body o' me! I'm no such fool, d'ye see, but I know there are more days than weeks.'—'Beautiful prince!' said Don Quixote, 'regard not, I beseech you, what that brute says; let us leave him for a blockhead, as he is, and consider where we shall alight.'—'Sir Knight,' replied Barbara, 'I would advise to stay in the suburbs till tomorrow.' Don Quixote, who was wholly at the queen's devotion, agreed to this proposal, and they alighted at the first inn they found in the suburbs.

Don Quixote now ordered two rooms; one for himself and his squire, and a better for the princess; and, whilst a maid-servant conducted the queen and the knight into a tolerable apartment, Sancho led the beasts to the stable. Barbara, finding herself alone with the knight, resolved not to lose the opportunity, and therefore accosted him in this manner: 'I beseech you, Signior Don Quixote, to excuse me from going to court, for I know I shall be laughed at there; or, if you are resolved I shall go, you must promise to give me fifty ducats to set up my shop again. In truth, that is not too much; and I desire you to find a woman that will act Queen Zenobia cheaper.'

‘cheaper.’—‘Great prince!’ answered Don Quixote, ‘I do not regard these words, which I know are dictated to you by your enemy Pamphus the chanter; but if you stand in need of fifty ducats, I will tell them out to you immediately: I will only call Sancho to bring my portmanteau.’—‘No, no, Sir,’ quoth Barbara, ‘it will be enough if you give them me at Madrid; and I desire Sancho should know nothing of the matter, for he is such a curmudgeon, that he would lead us a weary life if he knew it.’—‘Verily,’ said Don Quixote, ‘he is insufferable in that point: he makes me mad with his covetousness; and though he is upon the point of being made governor of one of the best islands belonging to the kingdom of Cyprus, yet he is afraid he shall want. But, after all, he is a good servant; and I should be loth to lose him.’ This dialogue was interrupted by Sancho, who returned from the stable in a great heat: ‘Master Don Quixote,’ cried he, ‘do you hear all that musick?’—‘What musick?’

replied the knight. ‘Why you need but look out at the window,’ quoth Sancho, ‘and you will hear a harmony for the devil!’ Don Quixote, upon this, opening a window that looked into the street, their ears were presently struck with the sound of trumpets, accompanied with hautboys and sundry other instruments; and at the same time they heard shouts, as of a mob surprized at some sight. They observed that the windows and balconies were thronged with men, women, and children; and they discerned at a distance, in a great street that fronted them, a chariot painted with a variety of colours, which was accompanied by a prodigious concourse of people, both on foot and horseback. In the first chapter of the second volume we shall learn what this extraordinary spectacle really was; what the knight of La Mancha thought of it, and into what dreadful peril he was brought by the greatness of his courage; for the wife Alifolan has so much still to relate, that he thought good to take a breathing-time here.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT

D O N Q U I X O T E

D E L A M A N C H A.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

OF ONE OF DON QUIXOTE'S GREAT-
EST ADVENTURES.



W HILST Don Quixote, Barbara, and Sancho, were gazing with all their eyes out of the window, the host came into the room to know what they would have for supper; but the shouts of the people, the trumpets, and the chariot, having by this time thrown the knight's brain into a ferment, he doubted not that he was on the eve of some most important adventure; and, having thanked Heaven for offering him such a noble opportunity to signalize himself, he said to his squire—"My son Sancho, we could not have come at a better time: a mighty infantia is this day married, and there is a splendid tournament held in this city to celebrate her nuptials. The lifts are open to all knights, and the worst of them have been already thrown out. A giant, stronger than Orbion, or Bradamant, has overthrown all

that appeared before him, and fear has sunk the hearts of all the rest. He is now proudly parading in a triumphal chariot; and fancies that henceforth no knight will dare to contend with him for the prize of the tilting. The princes of this country are grieved to the heart, and would give all they are worth, that some knight would appear, and humble the pride of this Pagan: therefore, my child, let us make haste and appear in the Great Square. I fancy I already see all the ladies and great lords in the windows and balconies, fixing their eyes upon me: methinks I hear them, in admiration of my martial air and genteel demeanour, saying to each other, "That, doubtless, is the gallant knight who is to regain the honour ours have lost, and to overthrow the giant!" As soon as ever I appear in the lifts, the trumpets will make the air ring; which will infuse such mettle into Rozinante, that he will neigh with eagerness for the combat; and, flashing sparks of fire from his eyes, will bound so furiously, that the earth will be in danger of sinking under him.

R

him. Then will I draw near the giant; and, without ceremony, say to him—"Proud giant, I will fight you; but it must be upon condition that the conqueror shall cut off his conquered enemy's head!" All giants being naturally haughty, he will not hesitate to accept the condition, but will come down from his chariot, and mount a white elephant, led by a little dwarf his squire, who, riding a black elephant, carries his master's lance and buckler. Then shall we take our career; and, both pressing furiously on, shall meet in the middle of the course. He will strike my armour, but not pierce it, because it is enchanted; and his lance will fly in shivers up into the air: however, the great force of the shock will make me bend down to the very saddle-bows, and I shall be stunned; but, immediately recovering myself, I shall give the giant so fierce a thrust on the breast with my lance, that it will lay him prostrate on the ground; where shame, and the pain of his fall, will cause him to utter a thousand blasphemies against Heaven, as is the custom of giants. Now, knights being forbid to take any advantage in fighting, I will alight from my horse, will grasp my buckler, and will advance, with sword in hand, towards the monster; who, being doubly enraged at my sight, will get up, though feeble; and, drawing a broad and weighty scymetar, which hangs by his side, will attempt to let fall a mortal stroke on my helmet, which I will shun by stepping nimbly aside; and then, smiting off one of his thighs with a back-stroke of my excellent sword, I will again lay him prostrate, and, without allowing him time to rise, will give him such a lucky cut between his gorget and his helmet, that his head will drop off. All the princes will rejoice, the conquered knights will be comforted, and the people will applaud me! Go, Sancho, bridle Rozinante instantly, and let us about it this moment!

The host, who had listened to all this harangue, and looked upon it as a jest, fell a laughing; and said to the knight—"By my faith, Sir, you must have an excellent memory to remember all that banter! For my part, though I have

read as much forty times in romances, I could as well be hanged as repeat two lines together. But, laying aside that nonsense, will you please to tell what you would have me get for your supper?"—"You time things very well, my friend," answered Don Quixote; "you know what has happened in your town, and how all your knights have been affronted; and yet, when I am preparing to revenge their quarrel, you talk to me about supper. I tell you, I will neither eat nor drink till I have slain the giant! In the mean while, I humbly beseech the queen to stay here; I shall soon return." This said, he made Barbara a bow, and went out, attended by his squire; who, contrary to custom, did not oppose his master's intentions; doubtless, to keep the oath he had taken not to contend with him. They took Rozinante and Dapple out of the stable; mounted, and rode into the town. The reader must understand, that the university of Alcalá on that day chanced to solemnize the admission of a new divinity-professor. He was borne about the town (as is the usual custom) in a triumphal chariot, and above two thousand scholars attended him, some on foot, others on horseback, and others on mules. Don Quixote and Sancho soon met the scholars, walking two and two, with garlands of flowers on their heads, and laurel-branches in their hands. In the midst of them was a triumphal chariot wonderfully large; the fore-part of it was filled with a number of musicians, singing and playing on instruments. In the centre were several scholars in women's cloaths; some of them representing virtues, and others vices; and every one bore an inscription, declaring what he represented. Those who personated vices were loaded with chains, and sat at the feet of the others, seeming to be sunk in melancholy, as became the condition of slaves. At the farther end of the chariot, above all the rest, sat the new professor on a throne, clad in a long scarlet-robe, with a crown of laurel on his head. What a spectacle was this for a knight-errant! Both master and man viewed every particular; but what they seemed most to marvel at, was, that the mules which drew the chariot, being concealed by the rich housings which entirely covered them,

the

the whole machine appeared to move of itself. 'By the Lord, Sancho!' quoth Don Quixote, 'this is really surprising. I could wish the enchanters might grant you the free use of your sight but for one moment; you would then perceive, that the stately chariot which comes towards us is enchanted, and moves of itself by the power of magick.'—'Faith, Sir!' said the squire, 'I do not understand how it is managed; but the enchanters do not deceive me in that point. I plainly see all you tell of. I have looked all about the chariot, and I can descry neither oxen nor white unicorns, and don't see so much as a fly that draws it; and yet I see it moves. Mother of God! if this be not magick, there is no magick in the world!'—'Do you observe all those princesses in the chariot?' said the knight. 'I do, indeed!' answered Sancho; 'and, by the same token, some of them are standing, and others sitting, and have iron chains on their hands.'—'And don't you also see,' added Don Quixote, 'a mighty giant, a monster in a red robe, with a crown on his head?'—'I do, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'and though I did not see him, I would take your word for it.'—'That giant,' said Don Quixote, 'is a king, as appears by his crown; but I cannot tell you what island, or what strange kingdom, he is sovereign of; for I might be mistaken, and a man must not assert any thing rashly. But those ladies you observe standing before him are princesses, whom he has stolen, and who had not virtue enough to withstand his amorous passion. Those you see chained, are constant women, not to be corrupted. In vain does he misuse and load them with irons; they will undergo a thousand deaths, rather than comply with his infamous desires. Let us move forward, my son; now is the time we must shew what we are. I fly to deliver those princesses from the tyranny of that monster; and you may judge of the fate of Bramarbas, by the bloody and dangerous combat I shall now wage.' This said, he advanced towards the triumphal chariot; and, stopping short before it, grasped his buckler, set his lance in the rest, and, directing his discourse to the divinity-professor, exclaimed—'Haughty and

'prodigious giant! you who so proudly range about in that necromantick chariot, and deem yourself invincible; I charge you immediately to set free those unfortunate infantas! Restore to them all the jewels you have robbed them of! Come down from your chariot! Mount your white elephant, and try your strength with me! Fancy not that I will leave those lovely damsels in your hands; their beauty sufficiently demonstrates them to be the daughters of sultans, of emperors, or of caliphs, and the only heiresses of their parents! Think not that I will suffer a Pagan to bear away the honour of the tilting! Though you were supported by all the powers of hell, I would hinder you from departing this day with the glory of having vanquished all the Christian knights!' Thus speaking, he compelled the chariot to halt. The scholars finding their procession impeded, fancied that it was one of their own party who had armed and disguised himself after that manner to make sport: five or six, therefore, stepped out of their rank; and, drawing near to Don Quixote, one of them said—'Pray, Mr. Licentiate, be pleased to stand aside, and let the chariot pass. You see night draws on, and we have no time to spare.'—'That is as much as to say, scoundrels!' answered Don Quixote, 'that you are this vile giant's base officers; and, since you are, you shall first feel the strength of my arm, before I combat with your master!' So saying, he spurred on his horse against one of the scholars, designing to run him through with his lance; but the scholar, being nimble and active, stepped aside, and avoided the thrust. The knight's lance dropping out of his hand, he drew his sword; and, coming up to another scholar, smote him on the head with such hearty good-will, that he fell down stunned, and dangerously wounded. All the spectators set up a dreadful cry; the music ceased, and the whole street was in an uproar; some fled on foot, and others on horseback; the musicians leaped from the chariot; and the very infantas themselves, forgetting that Don Quixote was fighting their battle, had like to have sided with the rest. They all beset the knight, who made

his sword whistle in the wind, and laid about him so furiously, that no man durst come near him; and had Rozinante been a little more mettlesome, Don Quixote might, perhaps, have gone off scot-free from this adventure. But the scholars pressed hard upon him; and one of the lustiest laying hold of the lance, gave him such a stroke on the right-arm with the butt-end of it, that the poor knight dropped his sword. Having now no offensive arms left, they soon closed with him; and, casting him from the saddle on the ground, trampled on him most unmercifully. So much were they all incensed, that they would surely have murdered him upon the spot, had not Pedro de Moya the author, and some of the players, whom Don Quixote had supped with the night before, happened fortunately to be present. But they, understanding who he was, broke through the crowd, crying out to the scholars to hold, and telling them that he was a madman. The scholars, upon this, gave over beating him; leaving him, however, senseless, in the hands of the players, who carried him into a house; and, whilst they brought him to himself, the scholars fell into their ranks again, the musick struck up, and the chariot went on.

C H A P. II.

WHAT FOLLOWED AFTER THIS ADVENTURE, AND HOW THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS TRIED SANCHE'S CHASTITY.

SANCHE having seen the event of the battle from afar, was almost distracted: he had, however, wit enough left to feign himself utterly unacquainted with Don Quixote; and, mixing with the throng, was taken for a countryman that came to see the solemnity. As soon as he perceived that the scholars continued their procession, he hastened towards the place whither he had seen his master carried; and, finding him senseless, began to blubber aloud, saying—'Alas! poor Loveless Knight, how much you were mistaken! You thought to have killed the giant, and death sits heavy upon your own lips! Cursed be the scholars, and their ill-starred procession!' The players

comforted Sancho; and Don Quixote, by their means, being come to himself, the author said to him—'Open your eyes, Don Quixote; and behold, in me, the wife Alquife your friend, who am come to your assistance in this imminent danger!' The knight, looking on the author, and knowing him again, cried out—'O my protector, and my faithful historian, what a satisfaction is it to me to see you! I knew you would not forsake me in this dangerous adventure; and I must own, that, were it not for you, I should have lost my life there, through Rozinante's fall, whose mettle failed him this time. Give me another horse quickly, and let me renew the combat! Permit me to fly after those traitors, and take such vengeance on them as may make future generations quake! Yes, I swear by the order of knighthood I have received, that I will put no bounds to my rage! I will scour the streets, and put to the sword all the men and women in the town! I will kill the very dogs and cats! In a word, I will destroy every thing that has life in it!' The wife Alquife was too conscientious to consent to so bloody a resolution; and therefore dissuaded the knight from attempting it; saying—'Don Quixote, let us think of nothing now but your cure: let us see your wounds.' Upon this, the knight was disarmed and examined; and, though not a little bruised, was found to have no need of a surgeon; which the author observing—'Chear up, Don Quixote,' said he; 'all this will be nothing; I will set you right again with one draught of a sovereign balsam I will give you by-and-by.' He next desired two of the players to go and gather up all that the knight had lost in the scuffle, his horse, his head-piece, his lance, and his sword. They obeyed their orders so exactly, that none of these things were lost. When it was dark, the author and his companions, supporting Don Quixote under the arms, in this manner conveyed him to the inn; where Sancho told him that he would find Zenobia. They found her in the same room in which Don Quixote had left her: she was all alone, and very impatient to see the knight again; believing that he must have been detained by some important adventure.

As

As soon as she saw him enter, supported thus by two men—"Good God, Don Quixote!" exclaimed she, "what has brought you into this deplorable condition?"—"Dear princess," answered the knight, "the fortune of war is doubtful. I alone attacked a numerous army; and the same fate has attended me this day, as formerly befel Orlando in the Plain of Roncesvalles: I slew so many enemies, I continued so to lay about me, that at length, being totally exhausted, I sunk down, through mere weakness and weariness, on the field of battle; where, questionless, I must have perished, had not the wife Alquise, my great friend, returned on purpose from Constantinople to carry me off by his enchantments."—"It is true," quoth the author; "but, if you please, Sir, let us lose no time; it is requisite that I cure you, and put you in a condition to set out to-morrow for Madrid; where, if Heaven so pleases, you are to receive more dangerous wounds than these, and to finish more important adventures." Having thus spoken, he caused a fire to be lighted, and a bed to be made. The lovely Queen of the Amazons disarmed the knight, undressed him, and rubbed him all over with brandy. The reader, uninstructed perhaps in the laws of knight-errantry, must not imagine that, in so doing, the princess transgressed the rules of modesty. When knights chanced to be in the company of infants, if they came off wounded from any combat, the ladies generally dressed their wounds. Most of them understood surgery, and learned it on purpose to dress knights: and, what is by far the most admirable and marvellous, such was the skill of these fair-ones,

that never was knight known, though covered with cuts and gashes, any one of which would otherwise have been mortal; never was knight known, I say, so discourteous as to die under their hands. By this time the host had brought in some good strong broth, which the author administered to Don Quixote, saying—"Sir Knight, take this porringer of balsam, which is much better than that of Fierabras; nay, I dare vouch, it is much better than that which Ariobarzanes, Prince of Tartary, carried in a golden bottle, hanging at his saddle-bows."—"Then it must be the noblest of all balsams," quoth Don Quixote; "for that of Prince Ariobarzanes was wonderful. The effects it wrought were prodigious; and I remember to have read, that Don Belianis, being one day at the point of death, nay, some say he was actually dead, no sooner had they let fall one drop into his mouth, than the knight started up perfectly cured of his wounds†."—"As for this balsam," replied the author, "it is not quite so quick in its operation; it is requisite to sleep peaceably after taking it; and therefore I entreat you to go to bed immediately." The knight did as he was directed; he was put to bed, and the author and his company withdrawing, shut the chamber-door, and left him to his rest.

Barbara and Sancho being now alone, went into another room, where supper was brought to them. When they were seated, Zenobia said to the squire—"Chear up, Sancho! Be merry, lad! You are still melancholy about your last adventure: your master is not wounded, he has only his ribs a little bruised; but that is nothing; I rubbed him so well, that, by to-morrow,

* With respect to the surgical skill of the ladies in romance, take the following extract from *Bellina*.

"Let my entreaties so far prevail with you, that my maidens may cure your wounds," says the Princess Aurora to Don Belianis. Thereupon the prince was undressed by those maidens, and one of them dressed him most skillfully, having great knowledge in that art.—Part I. Chap. 2.

† With branches and boughs the damsels made some arbours for the knights, and with their gowns, towels, and skirts covered them; and, after they had undressed them, dressed their wounds.—Part I. Chap. 8.

‡ The Emperor Bellinas, father to Don Belianis, being brought to death's door by reason of his wounds, the sage enchantress Belonia, or Bellina, drew forth of a little box certain ornaments, wherewith the emperor, lying in a trance, reached his vital senses.—After this, drawing forth a little glass, wherein was a certain compulsion very disorderous, the emperor drank it off; and at that instant he felt himself so well, as if he had never been wounded or ill at all.—Bellina's, Part I. Chap. 9.

'he will be as brisk as a bird again. Come, let us make much of ourselves, boy! Let us be merry!'—'As for being merry, I like it well enough,' quoth Sancho; 'but we shall be forced to pay for our mirth, and that I do not like: your mule and your silk cloaths have cost us a great deal of money already.'—'My mule and my cloaths stick in your stomach,' answered Hacked-Face; 'you have never done upbraiding me with them.'—'Nay, faith,' replied the squire, 'had we conquered some kingdom, I should not mind it so much. I am none of those that love to starve in a cook's shop; and I would to-morrow speak to my master to buy you a pair of new shoes to appear in at court; for I see yours are worn out: but, to deal plainly, I am afraid we shall never be emperors; we are too unlucky. When we think to bake, the oven falls; all our adventures end the wrong way for governments or empires: and I verily think, if we fell down backwards, we should not escape breaking our noses.'—'Patience, my dear friend,' cried Zenobia; 'after foul weather comes fair.' In the mean while, let us taste that wine, and see whether it is good.'—'Agreed!' replied Sancho; 'by my troth, I am not at all troubled with the spirit of contradiction! and I had rather take off twenty bumpers than refuse one.' This said, he laid hold of the bottle, and filled Barbara's glass, who made but one gulp of it; and he, having done the like, said to Zenobia—'Well, Madam Queen, how do you like this wine? Methinks it is not amiss.'—'In truth, I have not drank enough to give my opinion of it,' answered Barbara. 'I will not tell you my opinion till the twentieth glass; for I have heard say, that a good judge ought to be full of a cause before he decides it.'—'Faith,' quoth Sancho, 'you would agree well with my governess at home: she loves this syrup better than her honour, as you do; and, I dare lay a wager, she would take off her three pints while she is spinning one distaff of flax.'—'I am very well pleased,' answered Zenobia, 'that I am like your wife.'—'Nay, hold; as to likeness,' quoth Sancho, 'pray have a care of that: she has no scare on her cheeks, as you have!'—

'You are not at all complaisant,' replied Barbara; 'you delight in affronting me; you hate me! But no more of that; I am, notwithstanding, resolved to be your friend.' In such sort of conversation they passed away the supper-time; and when they had eaten and drank at discretion, that is, till they were ready to burst, Barbara, being of that class of fair-ones who are apt to wax wanton upon a full stomach, began to cast her eyes somewhat amorously upon the squire; and said—'By my faith, Sancho, we must make peace to-night, and from henceforward love one another like a new-married couple! but, first, tell me whether you know what it is to love?'—'Yes, sure!' answered Sancho; 'I love my master Don Quixote; I love my wife, my children, and Dapple; and Mr. Curate.'—'That is not what I talk of,' replied Zenobia, 'I ask whether you never played with the maids?'—'O Lord, yes!' quoth Sancho; 'there is not one in our village but what I have played with. Every Sunday, after vespers, we meet near the mill, and there we divert ourselves all together.' Barbara, perceiving that the squire did not guess at her meaning, stroked his chin gently with her hand; saying—'Good God! what a rough beard you have, friend! I pity the women you kiss!'—'I have no women to kiss but my wife,' answered Sancho, thrusting away Barbara's hand rudely; 'and, if any others have a mind to be kissed, let the mothers that bare them kiss them, if they will.'—'You need not thrust away my hand so roughly!' replied Zenobia; 'there are few scholars in this university but would be glad of the favour.'—'O but I am no scholar!' quoth Sancho. 'What would you have me do with your hand? I had rather go to bed just now.'—'Well,' said Barbara, 'since you have such a mind to sleep, we must both lie together; for the nights grow cold, and I am naturally very chilly.'—'Nay, if you only want warming,' quoth the squire, 'let me alone for that; I will go ask the host for two or three blankets, which you may lay on you double.'—'By the Lord!' cried Barbara, 'thou art the silliest fellow I ever beheld! Why, is it possible, Sancho, you should not under-stand

'stand what I have been driving at this hour? Do not you conceive that I design you should serve me instead of a husband to-night, and make much of me?'—'That I should make much of you!' replied Sancho. 'Mother of God! what do you mean? I am not so gamesome, I faith! I should have enough to answer for, to do what is forbidden in the mass-book; and your being Queen Zenobia would not save me broiling in the other world!' So saying, he turned away from the amorous Zenobia, and went in pursuit of a bed elsewhere.

CHAP. III.

WHICH PROVES THAT KNIGHT-ERRANDRY IS THE MOST USEFUL PROFESSION IN THE WORLD; AND GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF THE MOST COMMENDABLE ATCHIEVEMENT DON QUIXOTE EVER PERFORMED.

DON Quixote having rested well all night, found himself much easier in the morning, though he still felt much pain in several parts of his body: this, however, did not hinder him from rising, or anywise stagger his faith in the efficacy of Pedro de Moya's balsam. Sancho now coming into his apartment to enquire after his condition, accompanied by Barbara—'Beautiful princess!' cried the knight, 'God be praised! your fair hands, and the sage Alquife's wonder-working balsam, have cured my wounds; and it must be granted, that you understand surgery, to the full, as well as the Persian Infanta, who learned it of the great master Lugon himself.'—'I have no great skill,' answered Barbara; 'but a maid, who has no fortune, must understand a little of every thing. I once served a surgeon of this town, who had more skill than all the Lugos in the kingdom: it was a satisfaction to see him spread his plaisters; they were always as round as a juggler's box. He trimmed and cut hair delicately; and it was he that cured all the chief of the university: sometimes I made the lint for him, and attended his apprentices, who put me to many kinds of work.'—'Oh, oh, Madam Zeno-

bia!' quoth Sancho, 'then you have been a barber's servant!'—'I do not disown it,' replied Barbara; 'for mean persons must not forget themselves in prosperity.'—'Master Don Quixote,' quoth Sancho, 'you hear what the princess says; and she is neither drunk nor asleep. I fancy queens do not often use to work among apprentices: a dutchess could do no more; and yet she would not boast of it!'—'O thou perfidious enchanter Pamphus!' said the knight, sighing, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven; 'when will you cease distracting Queen Zenobia's understanding?'—'Do you not perceive, Sancho,' added he, 'that the princess has not the right use of her reason? That it is the traitor Pamphus who makes her talk such nonsense?'—'Right, right, Sir!' answered the squire; 'by my faith, I had forgot it! It is the malignant tutor Pompous that makes her talk so madly: nay, he is not satisfied with making her talk foolishly, but makes her act so; for last night, after supper, she would have—Oh, the cursed enchanter! When you had him under you the other day, you should have thrust your sword down his throat, and have sent him into the other world!'—'I should not have spared him,' replied Don Quixote, 'had not Queen Zenobia's compassion stopped my hand; but I will undo that charm at the court of Spain. I own it is no less difficult to dissolve than that which the enchanter Fritton made at Babylon to steal away Florisbella. The Knight of the Baskins finished that adventure; and I flatter myself that this is reserved for me; and therefore let us away to Madrid this moment. I think it an age till the Queen of the Amazons is restored to her own form again.'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'we must breakfast first, however. Madam Zenobia will have patience so long; and, for your part, I fancy the sage Skiff's balsam has not overloaded your stomach.'—'I consent,' said the knight; 'let us eat a bit, and be gone immediately.' Upon this, they all breakfasted together; and, having paid the host, set out for Madrid, Barbara keeping her face so closely veiled that nobody knew her.

About

About a small league from Alcala, passing along the side of a wood which bordered on the road, their ears were struck by the cries of a woman greatly terrified, accompanied with the firing of small arms. Though the noise seemed to be sufficiently near them, yet they could not immediately discover the cause of it, as the wood happened just at that part to project in an angle. 'Sancho,' quoth the Knight of La Mancha to his squire, 'here are certainly some unfortunate persons whom ill-fate or injustice pursues; let us hasten to their relief, my son.' This said, he spurred Rozinante so furiously, that the fiery creature, used only to a walk, fell on a sudden, not indeed into an hand-gallop, but into a trot, little inferior to it. As for Dapple and the mule, thus much must be said in their praise, that as soon as they saw their companion move so briskly, the novelty of the thing raised such emulation in them, that they both trotted after of their own accord. They soon discovered what they were so desirous to know, and Don Quixote was pleasingly surprized by a dismal spectacle: he saw two men on horseback, who fought bravely with seven or eight footpads, two of whom had carbines, and the rest were only armed with swords and bayonets. A young maid, plainly dressed, but charmingly beautiful, stood by the combatants, and seemed to be a forced spectator of the fight. She rent the air with her cries, calling upon Heaven and man to her assistance; and she struggled in vain to get out of the hands of a lusty old woman, who, seeming to side with the robbers, held her, and endeavoured to stop her mouth with a handkerchief. The two horsemen, that were set upon, one of whom was the master and the other the servant, made a vigorous defence: the first had laid one of the robbers flat with his pistol, and the latter had done the same by another with his gun, and both of them had the good-fortune to escape the first discharge of their enemies carbines. They might then have avoided that unequal combat by the swiftness of their horses; but the danger of the young maiden so far prevailed upon them, that, though they knew her not, they rather chose to expose themselves to every hazard, than to leave her in the hands of those vil-

lains. Heaven gave a blessing to their generous resolution: one of the robbers having charged his carbine again, levelled it at the chief of the two horsemen; but he, making use of his time, rode up briskly to him; and, striking down the muzzle of the carbine with the pistol he had not yet fired, did double service, saving his own life, and killing the old woman; for, the carbine going off at that very moment, the wicked wretch received the shot in her head, and dropped instantly. Her blood spurted upon the young maiden's face; who, in that consternation, thought she had been wounded herself, and fell down in a swoon upon the old woman's body. The horseman, having avoided the shot, pressed in upon the robber; and, clapping the muzzle of his pistol to his forehead, blew his brains out. Yet his death would not have put an end to the danger, for there still remained four or five of the robbers; who, though they had no firearms, were nevertheless bold and resolute; and one of them was just going to run the horseman through with his sword, when he was prevented by our brave redresser of wrongs; who, flying, with his lance couched, to the assistance of the weaker side, pierced him quite through the back, leaving his lance in the wound. Though the robber was one of the lustiest and the stoutest rogues in the kingdom, he could not withstand the fury of such a thrust from so redoubted a hand; he fell flat on his face; and, that I may use the words of Homer, 'The noise of his fall was as the sturdy oak falling in the forest, when overthrown by the raging of the wind, or hewn down by the stroke of the axe.' Our knight, delighted with this achievement, unsheathed his sword, and was already preparing to lay about him amongst the robbers who remained; but those villains, scared at his strange and formidable appearance, and thinking him no less than a devil loosed from hell to chastise them for their crimes, fled precipitately into the wood.

The gentleman and Don Quixote did not think fit to pursue them: their first care was to help the unknown beauty. Finding her in a swoon, and bloody, they thought at first she had been dead; but feeling her pulse beat,

the

the knight hasted to fetch some water from a little brook that ran out of the wood, and brought it in his helmet. The first she cast her eyes on was Don Quixote, whose mien and garb being such as seemed not to promise much security, the poor maiden could not tell whether she might think herself out of danger: but the gentleman soon satisfied her, by giving an account of the success of the combat; and how the rest of the robbers fled upon the approach of the brave knight in the bright armour. In short, he recovered the damsel from her fright; and she, having wiped her face, perceived that she was not wounded, discovering such a ravishing beauty as abundantly paid her deliverers for the pains they had taken. When she had perfectly recovered herself, she returned them thanks suitable to the service they had rendered her; and our Arab assures us that she performed it with as much grace as good sense: each of them answered for himself, but with this difference, that our hero stiled her—'Sovereign Infanta!' and used such language as made it evident that his brains were as extravagant as his outward appearance. The gentleman, on his side, made his acknowledgments to Don Quixote for his seasonable succour; to which the knight of La Mancha returned an answer so uncouth and unusual, that the gentleman and the lady knew not what to think of him, both of them being far enough from dreaming of the noble system of knight-errantry. Sancho, and the Queen of the Amazons, who had kept far enough from the affray, perceiving the robbers had fled before our knight, made haste to the field of battle to congratulate the conqueror. 'By all the gods and goddesses,' cried Sancho, as soon as he came near, 'master Don Quixote, this bout we have had no cudgelling, nor bangs of slings! Now this may be called a good hit, if faith! Let us have five or six adventures more like this, and I will undertake for twenty empires and forty governments, or the devil is in them!'—'Son Sancho,' answered Don Quixote, 'trouble not yourself about that: empires and governments will come in due season; yet, should fortune be so unjust as not to grant us them, the glory we shall gain by performing the du-

ties of our profession, will abundantly recompense our toils.' This dialogue between master and man served still more completely to puzzle the gentleman and lady, as to Don Quixote's character. Cudgelling and bangs from slings, intermixed with empires and governments, were mysteries they could not comprehend or develope. In short, whilst Don Quixote was making new tenders of his service to the beautiful unknown, the gentleman went up to Sancho, and began to examine him. 'Friend,' said he to him softly, 'what is your master's name?'—'Sir,' answered the squire, 'last year he called himself The Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect: but man proposes, and God disposes; now he is called, The Loveless Knight, or Don Quixote de la Mancha.'—'But pray tell me what profession he is of?' quoth the gentleman; 'for, by his rich armour, I am apt to judge he has some considerable post in the army.'—'As yet,' said Sancho, 'he is but a knight-errant; and, though he has had many a good basting, he has not been able to make himself emperor of any place; but he cannot miss of a kingdom: and I, who am his squire Sancho Panza, do make as sure of some good island, as if I had it in my hand.'—'And who is the lady I see upon the mule?' asked the gentleman. 'It is the Princess Zenobia,' replied Sancho; 'who, as my master says, is a queen; though the fear on her face makes her look more like a tripe-woman of Alcalá: and, to say the truth, a man had need be a knight-errant not to be mistaken in her.'

CHAP. IV.

OF THE WONDERFUL CONSEQUENCES OF DON QUIXOTE'S VICTORY, WHICH MIGHT PASS FOR ROMANTIC ADVENTURES, BUT THAT OUR ARAB DELIVERS THEM FOR CERTAIN TRUTHS.

DON César (for that was the gentleman's name) needed no more information from Sancho to comprehend Don Quixote's madness; being satisfied with what he had discovered, he went up to the beautiful unknown, who was still talking to the knight; but

but as soon as he came to them, they heard themselves called upon by the highwayman whom Don Quixote had run through with his lance. 'Gentlemen,' said he, with a weak and intermitting voice, 'if pity has any place in your hearts, do me the favour to draw this lance out of my body, not to save a life I have too well deserved to lose, but that, before I die, I may discover to you a secret which troubles my conscience, and lies heavier upon me than all my other crimes; and I am persuaded it will be of some use to you to know it.' These words he uttered with much pain, and at several intervals, by reason of his great weakness. The gentlemen were moved at the wretch's complaints; and, fancying that the help he desired might give them an opportunity of performing some charitable act, they drew out the lance; but the extreme pain it put him to, and the great loss of blood, made him faint: they at first thought he had given up the ghost, and repented that they had drawn out the lance; when, finding some signs of life in him, they entertained hopes that he might be brought to himself again, if care were taken to stanch the blood, and bind up the wound. Sancho immediately drew out of his portmanteau a number of rolls and scraps of linen, which he carried to supply the dismal occasions of knight-errantry. Barbara, who was so skilful at making of lint, contributed her assistance; and the gentleman's servant, who had some smattering of surgery, performed the operation, applying a sort of tent to the wound. This putting the wounded man to considerable pain, caused him to open his eyes; but he was still senseless, and they were forced to use other means to bring him to himself. They were yet never the forwarder, for he was so feeble that he could not speak: they persisted, however, in exerting all their endeavours to revive him, as believing he had something of moment to communicate; but their utmost diligence would probably have been vain, had not Don Caesar's man bethought himself that he had a good bottle of brandy, which he always took care to keep full. As soon as the robber had swallowed three gulps of that rare liquor, he recovered his speech, as it were

miraculously, and cried out—'O Heavens! how just are thy judgments! I receive my death in the same place where I once committed a horrid murder. About two and twenty years ago, near this wood, I and another of my companions stopped a rich farmer, who was coming from Alcala, with a nurse, who had a child in her arms: the farmer making some resistance, and the nurse, in the mean while, screaming so loud as to make us apprehensive that she might be heard by some of the Holy Brotherhood, I soon cut the woman's throat. We then killed the farmer; and, having taken from his pockets about six score ducats in gold, we dragged the two dead bodies into the wood, and buried them in a ditch to conceal the murder: when we had done, we stood a good while to consider what we should do with the infant. Though so very young, he had such a majestic look, that we fancied, if we spared his life, he would be a great man; but my companion, fearing we might be discovered by his crying, was for killing him: I consented; I came up to the child, and had lifted my hand to run him through, but at the same time I felt such an impulse of compassion, as prevented the fatal stroke. The little infant, who was as yet too young to have any sense of the loss of his nurse, looked upon me with such a smiling countenance, as must have moved pity in the cruellest barbarian: in short, I was overcome, and resolved to save his life, whatever my companion could say to me; who, thereupon, left me, saying, he would not stay any longer with a man that would venture his undoing out of an indiscreet compassion, which, among men of our profession, could be counted nothing less than downright folly. I took care to provide a nurse for the child; but I durst not carry him to the next village, because the farmer and the nurse having been both inhabitants there, their absence would in all likelihood give an alarm, and cause an enquiry to be made after them: in fine, I resolved to—'

Here the robber was forced to stop short; his tongue failed him on a sudden; his eyes began to roll in his head, and he grew so weak, that they all thought he would immediately have expired.

pired. The beautiful unknown seemed much concerned, and laboured to help him. A double dose was given him of the medicine which had the first time proved so successful, and it now wrought a second miracle: the wounded man recovered his senses, and was in a condition to continue his relation, which (after being told where he left off, for he had forgot it) he did as follows. 'I resolved to carry the infant to Torrefva. It pleased Heaven, which seemed to favour the preservation of the child, that, going into a house to enquire for a nurse, I met with one Mary Ximenez, whose husband had been dead but a fortnight, and who had just lost a child of fourteen months old, to which she gave suck. The better to engage her to take care of the infant, I told her that she would make her fortune by it, for it was a child of great quality; but that the mother, for particular reasons, was obliged to have it brought up privately. The richness of the infant's mantles and linen gave a reputation to what I so confidently affirmed. Mary Ximenez believed what I said, took the child, and promised to be very tender of it: since then I never knew what became of it, nor ever enquired. Therefore, gentlemen, I charge you to enquire at Alcala, whether some woman of quality has not lost the child, which I left with Mary Ximenez, a peasant of Torrefva.'

When the robber had ended his relation, both the lady and the gentleman, who had listened to him very attentively, seemed much concerned; though probably from different motives. The lady, full of anxiety, told her deliverers, that it would be a great satisfaction to her if they could save the highwayman's life; because she desired to be better informed as to some particulars, which extremely concerned her, and which she thought that poor wretch might give an account of. Don Cæsar, who apprehended that he had more weighty reasons than the lady to desire the same thing, ordered his man to place the robber on his horse in the best manner he was able, in order to carry him to the next village; but Don Quixote having remarked, that, in the wounded man's present condi-

tion, he could not sit the horse, or be carried any other way upon it than by laying him at length, and fastening him with ropes; and that, as such an uneasy posture, added to the jolting of the horse, would probably kill him before he could reach the village, it would be much better to get some of the country people to carry him upon boughs of trees. Don Cæsar approved of this expedient: he sent, therefore, to collect four or five of the lustiest fellows thereabouts; which was easily done, as the noise of the fire-arms had by this time brought many people together, who stood gazing at a distance upon the melancholy spectacle. When the peasants were come up, they cut down some boughs; and, putting them together, made a sort of a bier, on which they laid the wounded man; who requested them to examine whether the old woman, who was his wife, were past recovery. It was done to satisfy him; but when he was told she was dead—'Heaven be blessed!' cried he; 'them the wretch who made me commit this last crime, has received her due reward!' He said no more; but this was enough to make it very apparent that the old woman had been the cause of his taking part in the late action. The peasants being ready, Don Quixote asked the damsel unknown, whither she would have the wounded man carried. She said, she had some reasons to desire he might be carried to Torrefva. The peasants made many difficulties, alledging that it was two great leagues to that place, the way bad, and the wounded man very heavy. Don Quixote, who would have gone beyond the kingdom of Congo to serve the ugliest servant-wench in an inn, was amazed that the men should make any difficulty of going two leagues for one of the finest women in the world; and he was likely enough to have compelled them; but Don Cæsar, promising them a considerable reward, soon rendered the way short and easy, and the wounded man light. The peasants set forward; but the beautiful unknown being on foot, the next question was how she should be accommodated. Don Cæsar offered to take her up behind him; but Don Quixote required, vehemently, that the damsel might not ride any horse but his; since it was one of the principal duties of knights-errant to

mount forsaken damsels, and because Rozinante alone was worthy to carry princesses. Rozinante, it is true, had length of back sufficient to have carried the four sons of Aimon*, could one have contrived a prop for his belly. The damsel, nevertheless, would more willingly have accepted of Don Cæsar's offer, as thinking his person better, and his appearance less formidable; but she durst not follow her inclination, for fear of disobliging the knight, whose character seemed to require some compliance. 'To put an end to the controversy,' quoth Sancho, 'the princesses may mount my ass, since he is a limb of knight-errantry, as well as Rozinante; he has already served princesses; and Madam Zenobia, who has tried him, knows his worth.' Sancho's advice was followed. Don Cæsar took the damsel up in his arms, and seated her upon Dapple. They then made away from the wood, and from the place where the tragical scene had been acted; but they moved slowly, being resolved not to stir from the bier.

The strong interest which the unknown damsel seemed to take in the robber's recovery, astonished Don Cæsar; and he began to look on her more earnestly than he had done hitherto. Her person was in all respects so charming, that, notwithstanding her mean habit, he could fancy in her something almost divine. Her behaviour was so pleasing and modest, and the trouble which appeared on her face gave her an air and look so affecting, that had not the gentleman's heart been pre-engaged, he surely must have fallen passionately in love with her; and, though he was devoted to another beauty, yet such charms could not but have some operation on him. The damsel, on the other side, seeing Don Cæsar, felt herself drawn by a certain sympathy which she could not account for. The gentleman, taking care to keep his horse by the side of Dapple, that he might the better view and discourse with her, had no longer power to restrain his desire of informing himself who she was. 'Madam,' said he, 'the amazement

'I am in to find you on the highway alone, on foot, and exposed to the insolence of ruffians, who stick at no villainy, perfectly confounds me; and I bless God for the share so lately afforded me in your deliverance: but may not I know by what ill-fortune you were brought into that deplorable condition? I feel an impulse to flatter myself with the hopes, that when I am acquainted with your troubles and misfortunes, I may still be so happy as to serve you farther.' These words somewhat embarrassed the fair unknown; and she was silent a while, considering what reply she should make. At length, she thus answered him—'My obligation, Sir, to you, is so great, for having hazarded your life for my sake, that I can conceal nothing from you. It would be injuring your generosity to distrust your prudence. Since you desire it, I will unfold to you the secrets of my heart; and make known my wretched situation; which is, in truth, so calamitous, that I cannot promise myself so much as a sanctuary in any part of the world.'—'O sovereign infant!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting her, 'I will not suffer such injustice. No longer may I be entitled the Loveless Knight, if I do not secure you a safe retreat in whatsoever kingdom of the world you shall make choice of; and if any emperor or sultan is so discourteous as not to honour you at his court as you deserve, your own eyes shall witness the overthrow of his dominions; and I will expel him, as a prince unworthy of a crown!'—'Nay, by my troth!' quoth Sancho, who heard the last words of his master, 'Lady Princess, you need not make the least question of it; my master Don Quixote will do it with more ease than he says it: and, pray, why should not he? he who is ready to do as much for nasty lousy princesses, that are not fit to wipe your shoes.'—'Hold your tongue, blockhead!' said Don Quixote in a passion; 'do not impertinently interrupt our discourse. Get you farther, and let me not bid you twice!'

* Their names were Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, and Richard. In the catalogue of the Reverend Thomas Crofts's valuable library, amongst many other rare romances of chivalry, was one (Lot 4942) with the following title: 'Les quatre Fils Aymon, Duc d'Ordonnes; c'est a sçavoir, Regnaut, Alard, Guichard, et Richard; avec leur Cousin Maugis. Fig. 4to Rouen. Sans date.'

The knight spoke these words so sternly, that the squire fell back without making any answer. 'Don Quixote,' said Don Cæsar to the knight, 'there is no need of overturning empires; but if this lady pleases to accept of my service, I do engage to procure a retreat for her in any place she shall think fit, without dethroning any prince whatsoever.—Now, Madam,' added he, looking upon the damsel, 'be pleased to recount to us your misfortunes; and then assure yourself, that Don Quixote and I will serve you to the utmost of our abilities.' The damsel then spoke as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

THE STORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL ENGRACIA.

I Lived not long since at Alcala, in a family that was very kind to me; and whose nobility and wealth caused me to be sought after by persons of the first consequence. But why should I talk of the happiness I enjoyed; since cruel fortune has not only robbed me of that, but even of the credit that might be given to what I say? I have here nothing to vouch for me; and my tears are the only testimony of my sincerity. The unfortunate Don Ferdinand my father, of the noble family of the Peraltas, perished in the flower of his age in the fatal expedition of that mighty fleet which King Philip fitted out against England. He commanded a ship that was cast away in the storm. My mother being big with child when she received this dismal news, was immediately delivered. However, being near her time, it was hoped that the birth might repair the loss of the deceased parent: so it proved. My brother and myself were the unhappy shoots of that dying stock, and we had all the symptoms of a strong and hale constitution. But, alas! the hopes that had been grounded on us, proved short-lived. The boy, who, as they say, was the very picture of our father, and yet more like him in his misfortunes than his features, was lost in his infancy; so that we

could never hear any certain tidings of him, farther than what I now conjecture from the story this dying robber has just related to us. We had each of us a nurse. My brother's having one day asked leave to visit a friend of hers who lived at the farthest end of the town, my mother Eugenia, little foreseeing the fatal consequences, made no difficulty to grant it her. The nurse took her child in her arms, and went out; but the day passing without any news of her, the family began to be uneasy. They waited a while longer; but my mother's patience being at last exhausted, she sent to enquire at the house whither the nurse had told her she was going. The woman answered, that the nurse had been there, but was gone a league from Alcala to see her husband; who, she was told, lay sick, and durst not ask leave of Donna Eugenia for fear of a denial; and that she went with a farmer of the same village, whom she happened to meet with as he was going home. This account made my mother very uneasy; and she was much more concerned when, having sent a man on horseback to the nurse's husband, she understood that they had neither seen the child nor the nurse, and that all the village affirmed the same thing. She caused every possible enquiry to be made about Alcala for six months; and all her friends used their utmost endeavours to hear some news of the nurse and my young brother Don Ferdinand, (for he had his father's name given him;) but all in vain: and the farmer's parents could never hear of him more. This misfortune threw all our family into a great consternation. My mother Eugenia could not have been visited with a more severe affliction. My uncle, Don Diego de Peralta, was so much concerned, that, being before very disconsolate for the death of his brother, he could not endure to stay any longer in Alcala; and, notwithstanding all my mother's entreaties to the contrary, went away to Madrid, where he had an estate. He did not, however, fail to come sometimes to Alcala to visit her, and assist her with his advice; for she reposed such entire confidence in him, and was so thoroughly convinced

vinced of his wisdom and probity, that she did nothing without consulting him.'

Don César was much discomposed when he heard her talk of the loss of that young Don Ferdinand; and, comparing this account with what the highwayman had related, he grew very uneasy; but, being unwilling to interrupt the damsel, he curbed himself, and she went on as follows.

'Eugenia for several years lamented the loss of her husband and child; she could take no comfort; but every thing seemed to renew her grief. "Engracia, my dear Engracia!" said she to me often, clasping me in her arms, "I may well cherish you, since you are the only treasure that is left me. But, alas! fortune seems to delight in robbing me of all I hold dear; and, perhaps, whilst I am fondling of you, she cruelly prepares to snatch you away from me!" Such were the tender words she spoke, as she bathed my cheeks with her tears; and, though I was but an infant, I grew sensible of her love and sorrow; but I did not, at those tender years, imagine that my hard fate would part me from my unfortunate mother. My first years passed away in this sorrowful manner: at length, time, which mitigates the greatest afflictions, made Eugenia's more easy; and my education became her only care. My natural disposition, as they said, being such as deserved cultivation, I learned all those things that were proper for my sex: but, above all, my mother endeavoured to instil into my heart the love of virtue, and to bring me up with that modesty and discretion which become the daughter of a noble family. I never went abroad without covering my face very carefully, or sitting back in the coach so as nobody might behold me: yet all these precautions did not protect me against the snares of love. A gentleman of birth and graceful presence saw me upon a publick festival; and, though my face was covered with a veil, yet my shape and mien drew his attention. I perceived it, and observed that he followed us after the service was ended. I did not think fit to tell my mother, who was with me, or to acquaint her with the discovery I had made; and there-

fore, there being no way to slip from the gentleman, or disappoint his curiosity, he soon knew who I was. This was enough to determine him to follow me. From that time he never ceased watching me; nor did he let pass any opportunity of making his intentions known. If I appeared at the window, I was sure to see him in the street; and when I went abroad, I never failed of meeting him: yet, notwithstanding all his endeavours, I took such care, that for a long time he never saw my face, and I fancied he would grow weary at last; though, in reality, he was far enough otherwise. He pursued me so incessantly, that at length he had the opportunity of seeing me at a play: he seated himself very near me, and in such a manner that I could not, without affectation, hinder him from looking on me, or forbear seeing him. I perceived how eagerly he viewed me, though my face was still covered; and, methought, I could discern in him a desire to please me. I must confess this thought made me take the more notice of him. I liked his mien; and, whether I was too busy, or that I did not take care enough of myself, my veil flew open, and he saw my face for a moment. Whether he counterfeited, or whether it was real sympathy, he seemed to be surprized, concerned, and transported. I took a private satisfaction in it; but gave him no opportunity to perceive it: he had gone too far to be deterred by any difficulties; and, though he had seen me but a moment, yet my picture remained so deeply imprinted in his soul, that he redoubled his vigilance and his courtship. The spies he had employed to observe me, having informed him that I was to be at the wedding of a friend of mine, he found ways to get admittance to it. I, being a guest formally invited, had dressed myself to the best advantage to grace the ceremony, and had no veil to hide me from the eyes of my importunate lover. He had leisure enough to view me at his pleasure; he seemed to be all transported; he was amazed, or, if I may so say, enchanted, with my sight: my dress, doubtless, added much to his astonishment; but, be that as it may, my mother at that time was not with me, being

being then indisposed. The gentleman, availing himself of this opportunity, ventured to speak to me whilst the rest were dancing: he declared his love in the most passionate manner. Though I was convinced of the truth of what he said, yet I pretended to look upon it all as mere gallantry. One that took me out to dance, parted us: the gentleman tried all ways to renew his discourse, but I prevented him. Another day, meeting me masked at the Carnival, he came up close to me: I endeavoured to put him off; but he gave me to understand he knew me. I then began to be plain, and spoke very severely to him; but, whether I did it with an air that betrayed me, or whether he was too far gone to be daunted, all I could say signified nothing; or, rather, my hard usage served only to carry on the discourse, which at length proved my ruin. What woman can promise herself to hold out always against a man she does not dislike? When she hears him, she pities him; when she pities, her heart is engaged; and this return is not far from love. In short, I yielded to his constancy, and to the ardour of his love: I found his expressions were too tender to proceed from a heart that did not really feel them. However, though I felt some kindness for him, yet I treated him with as much cruelty, in outward appearance, as I felt real compassion for him in my heart. I made him despair, and perplexed him more than if I had really hated him: but, alas! he was not the only sufferer by my counterfeit cruelty; I endured as much as he did, and revenged his cause upon myself. At last, I thought fit to come to some resolution, and either to put an end to his sufferings, or render them desperate. I enquired into his quality and reputation, and understood that his name was Don Christopher de Luna; that he was polite, without valuing himself upon it; a man of courage; and beloved by all persons of worth. I began to use him better, and allowed him to write to me, and to appear under my windows at night: in fine, after several private conferences, we promised each other marriage. Our impatience to be so happily united, made us agree that he

should be admitted one night into my chamber; there to take the most suitable measures for our design, and to contrive some method of bringing over my uncle Don Diego to our party, thinking it necessary to secure him before we broke the matter to my mother. But, alas!—fatal and deplorable night!—how can I call it to remembrance, and not die with grief!

Here the beautiful Engracia was forced to make a full pause; sighs choked her words, and streams of tears ran down her cheeks; which made her audience conclude that something extraordinary happened that night. They repeated their tenders of service; and so far prevailed, that, after having dried her tears, she went on in this manner.

The fatal night we had pitched upon being come, my lover, urged by his impatience, hastened to the rendezvous before the time. I was at my window; I saw him, and went down to tell him that he was too early; that I still heard a noise in the house, and my mother was not gone to bed. Don Christopher went away, to wait the hour in another street. An hour after, supposing by the stillness that every body was in bed, I went down, and opened the street-door. Don Christopher came in that moment: I took him by the hand; and, having led him into the house, left him at the stair-foot, going up myself before to see whether all was clear; but I bid him follow me, and wait at the top of the stairs. I went into my chamber to light a candle; but, the weather being damp, my tinder would not take fire, and I was almost a quarter of an hour before I could light it. When I had done, I went back to the stairs to light Don Christopher into my apartment; but the candle went out before I had gone half way: however, I went on, calling him softly to lead him in. He answered not! I was amazed, and still called in the dark; till, stumbling at something, I fell down, and laid my hand upon it, and it seemed to me like a man lying on the ground, and his cloaths very wet. I fancied it was some drunken servant that had fallen asleep in that place: however, it startled me, and I went

' I went back into my chamber to light
 ' my candle. Figure to yourselves my
 ' astonishment and terror, when I per-
 ' ceived that my hand was bathed in
 ' blood! I was so distracted, that, for-
 ' getting myself, I went out with my
 ' candle; but, good God! what was
 ' my condition, when, drawing near
 ' that body which had caused my alarm,
 ' I discovered the unfortunate Don
 ' Christopher weltering in his blood,
 ' pale and lifeless! O Heavens! what
 ' a sight was this for a lover to behold!
 ' I let fall the candle, which went out
 ' upon the ground; a deadly shivering
 ' seized me, my senses failed, and I
 ' sunk down upon the insensible and
 ' bloody body. I lay some time in a
 ' swoon, and, if I may so say, as dead
 ' as my lover: at length, coming to
 ' myself, I began to reflect on that dis-
 ' mal adventure, to which night seemed
 ' to add new horrors. All the dread-
 ' ful ideas that such a situation could
 ' suggest, presented themselves under
 ' the most terrifying forms to my ima-
 ' gination. I surveyed my wretched-
 ' ness in it's full extent; but, amidst
 ' this confusion of tormenting thoughts,
 ' I could not comprehend how, or by
 ' whom, Don Christopher had been
 ' murdered: however, I fixed upon one
 ' supposition; I fancied that my kin-
 ' dred, and perhaps my mother, having
 ' got intelligence of our assignation,
 ' and concluding my honour lost, had
 ' committed this outrage to punish my
 ' lover's presumption. This notion
 ' soon filled me with many more: I
 ' guessed, that the same penalty which
 ' had been inflicted on Don Christo-
 ' pher, would, perhaps, fall upon me,
 ' if I did not speedily prevent it. How
 ' powerful is the love of life over weak
 ' souls, since it could make me forget
 ' my duty to myself and to Don Chris-
 ' topher! The fear of death made me
 ' resolve to beg a sanctuary; and, think-
 ' ing that delay still made the danger
 ' the greater, I hastened back to light my
 ' candle. I packed up all my jewels,
 ' and some money I had got together,
 ' and went out of the house. Notwith-
 ' standing the darkness of the night, I
 ' made my way into one of the sub-
 ' burbs of the town. I knocked at a
 ' door, where I saw a light, which was
 ' the house of a poor woman, whose
 ' name was Paula, and who told me
 ' that her husband was then abroad,

' She not knowing me, I told her I was
 ' a stranger, whom misfortune obliged
 ' to lie concealed, and that I came
 ' to her for shelter, supposing nobody
 ' would look for me there. She re-
 ' ceived me kindly enough; but what-
 ' ever she could say to assure me of her
 ' secrecy, I would not trust her. My
 ' tears moving her, she used all her en-
 ' deavours to comfort me. I know
 ' not whether she heard of the search
 ' my family made after me; but she
 ' took no notice of it to me. I durst
 ' not ask any questions, for fear of
 ' causing a jealousy; and, perceiving
 ' she was of a covetous temper, I be-
 ' gan to fear she might betray me in
 ' hopes of a reward. This apprehen-
 ' sion troubled me; but yet that was
 ' not my greatest concern. Five weeks
 ' were passed, and I was very uneasy
 ' that I could not know what had
 ' happened at home after I came away;
 ' what construction my mother had
 ' put upon my flight; and, in short,
 ' what had been Don Christopher's
 ' fate, whom my love sometimes in-
 ' duced me to think living, though I
 ' had so much cause to believe him
 ' dead. This curiosity tormenting me,
 ' I could no longer withstand my im-
 ' patience to be satisfied, but resolved
 ' to go to Madrid to my uncle Don
 ' Diego. I was willing to believe that,
 ' if I confessed my fault to him inge-
 ' nuously, I should prevail upon his
 ' good-nature to grant me his protec-
 ' tion. I acquainted Paula with my
 ' design; and made her such promises
 ' as prevailed with her to bear me com-
 ' pany. To conclude what remains
 ' in a few words; when I had procured
 ' these poor cloaths you now see, that
 ' I might be the less observed, Paula
 ' and I set out this morning from Al-
 ' cala on foot; for I would not buy or
 ' hire a litter or mules, for fear of
 ' discovery: but, as soon as ever we
 ' came near this wood where you found
 ' me, I was seized by seven or eight
 ' men. At first I thought they had
 ' been persons employed by the ma-
 ' gistrates, or my own family, to secure
 ' me. The wicked woman who bore
 ' me company, so well counterfeited
 ' terror and surprise, that she confirmed
 ' me in that belief; but it was not
 ' long before I discovered my mistake.
 ' The robbers beset me; and, whilst
 ' some of them searched me, others

' had

had the impudence to handle me indecently. I pierced the air with my cries, and called upon all that might protect me to defend my honour. Upon this, the execrable Paula, whom I had not before mistrusted, fearing lest my cries might be heard by any of the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, threw off her mask, and endeavoured to stop my mouth with her hands and her handkerchief. She urged on the robbers to search me more narrowly, and told them in what places she had observed me hide my gold and jewels; when Heaven, that protects innocence, brought you to my relief. This, gentlemen, is what you desired to hear, and what I would not have told you, were I not so deeply indebted to you both; for which I can make no other return, but by reposing an entire confidence in you.'

CHAP. VI.

WHICH UNFOLDS THE HISTORY OF DON CÆSAR'S BIRTH.

AS soon as Engracia had concluded her story, Don Cæsar spoke first, and said—'Madam, though you do not know me, I am more deeply concerned in your misfortunes than you imagine. I am particularly acquainted with Don Christopher, and I do assure you that he is not dead; he is even perfectly recovered of his wounds: but I must tell you, at the same time, that this Don Christopher, who on so many accounts owed you an eternal love, is false and unjust to you. Let not this news discompose you, beautiful Engracia; I take your misfortune upon me, and your wrong is done to myself: you shall know the reason another time. In the mean while, assure yourself, I will lose my life before I will suffer Don Christopher to marry any woman but you.' Engracia was much surprized at this discourse of Don Cæsar, who at once comforted her, and added to her sorrow, by acquainting her with Don Christopher's recovery, and his infidelity. On the other side, she could not imagine how Don Cæsar should be concerned in her misfortune, or why he so passionately espoused her quarrel.

Whilst she laboured under these confused thoughts, and was preparing to answer, an old gentleman passing by, stopped short to view Don Quixote. He, however, he was amazed to see the knight, his astonishment was much greater, when Engracia, knowing him, threw herself upon the ass, and, hastily running up to him, clasped one of his knees, exclaiming—'O my dear uncle Don Diego! I implore your goodness! I cannot doubt, after what has happened, that you are incensed grievously against me: but, notwithstanding all outward appearances, which seem to condemn me, I dare assure you I rather deserve your pity than your anger; for my misfortune is greater than my offence.' Thus saying, she wept so bitterly, that her two protectors could not but pity her: but Don Diego, looking on her angrily, answered—'Do not think, base woman! to impose upon my credulity. Who can imagine you innocent, when your own flight, and Don Christopher's wounds, are your accusers?' Don Cæsar, upon this, thinking that Engracia's virtue stood in need of his assistance to be fully cleared, said to the old man—'You will wonder, Don Diego, that a stranger, who has nothing about him to recommend himself to you, should undertake to vouch for your niece's virtue; and you will think this still stranger, when I tell you that I never knew Engracia before this day: nay, I am satisfied that, seeing me with her, you rather look upon me as accessory to her offence, than as a protector and revenger of her innocence. But beg me to suspend your judgment, and spare yourself, that I am so far from designing to wrong your honour, that it is my duty, as much as yours, to maintain it, since I have all the reason in the world to believe myself your nephew.'—'My nephew!' replied Don Diego, in amazement, and looking upon Don Cæsar as an impostor; 'I wonder at your boldness in pretending to be of my family, when I have never seen you! Take notice, I have no relations but what I know; and that I never had any other nephew but my brother Don Ferdinand's son.'—'And what if I should tell you,' replied Don Cæsar, 'that I am the young Don Ferdinand, whose lois you and the virtuous Eugenia have so much lamented.'

'ed, and should bring you proofs of it?'—'These proofs,' answered the old man, 'will not be equivalent to the testimony of twenty years, which assure us he is dead. Should we have been so long without hearing any news of him, if he had been alive?'—'That very ignorance,' said Don César, 'makes his death the more dubious. Were it certain, some circumstances of it might have been known. But, Sir, I would not have you rely upon what I say: do but believe that wounded robber we are carrying to Torrefva. When you have heard what he has now told us, and shall be satisfied that I was brought up in my infancy by that Mary Ximenez he talks of, you will then, perhaps, think my conjecture sufficiently probable to deserve further investigation.' Don César then told him all that the highwayman had related. This account amazed Don Diego; who, looking more earnestly upon the young gentleman, felt his bowels begin to yearn towards him: but, being resolved to have more convincing proofs, he said to Don César—'I must confess, young gentleman unknown, that a voice within me speaks in your behalf, and that in you I find my brother's air and features: yet give me leave still to doubt of one particular, which I heartily desire to be convinced of when we shall see Mary Ximenez.' This said, he made his niece mount again upon Sancho's ass, and went along with the rest towards Torrefva, to procure more certain information of Don César's birth.

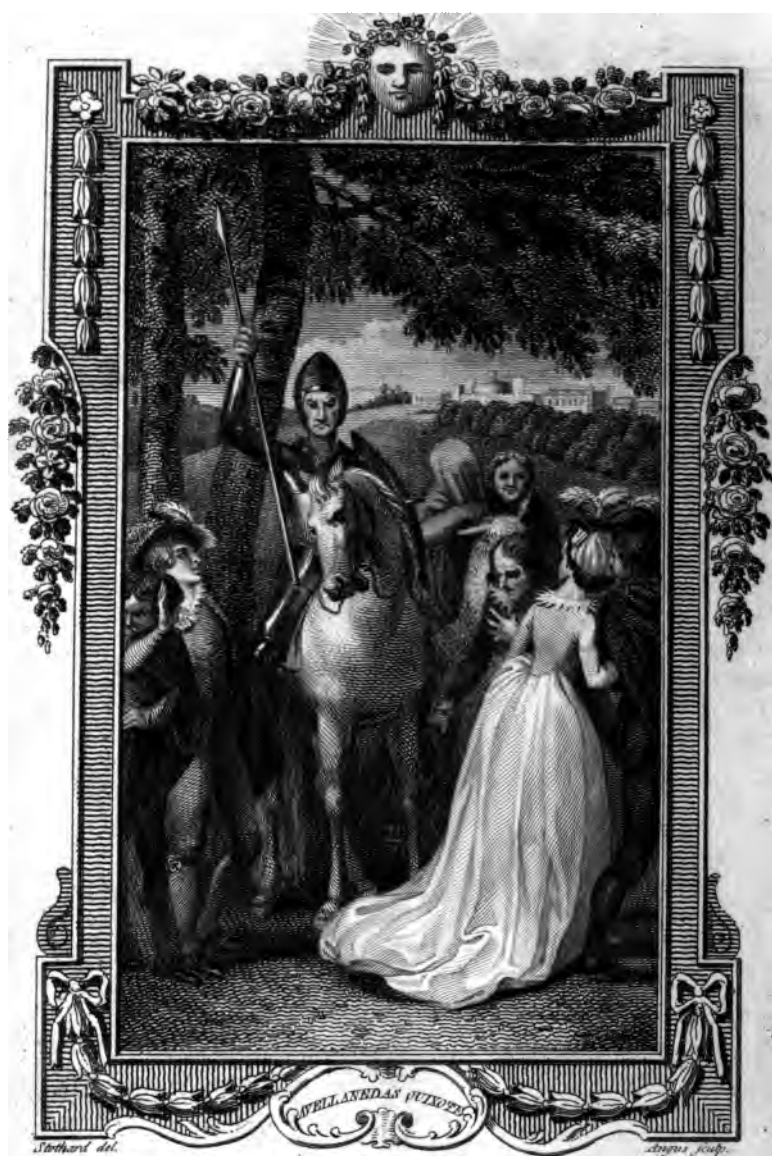
As soon as they came to the village, they put the robber into the best bed in the inn, and sent for a surgeon to search the wound; who, finding it very dangerous, desired every person to leave the room, that, if possible, the patient might take some rest. In the mean while, Don César paid and dismissed the peasants; and Don Diego enquired of the host for Mary Ximenez: the innkeeper told him that she had lived in affliction for ten years, because she had not in all that time heard of her only son. 'Are you sure,' said Don Diego, 'that Mary Ximenez is the true mother of that son whose loss she laments?'—'I have not lived long enough in the village,' answered the host, 'to be able to give you an account of that;

but, if it any way concerns you, I will send for Mary Ximenez hither.'—'I shall thank you for so doing,' replied Don Diego: 'go to her, and tell her that there is a wounded person in your house, who would speak to her about a matter of great moment, which may give her some satisfaction.' The host ran to the countrywoman's house; and, because what he had said did not make the truth evident, the old gentleman was pleased that he had not been too forward in crediting the robber's relation; but, whilst he was thus dubious, Mary Ximenez came into the room where all the company was assembled, except Don César, whom the old gentleman had caused to withdraw, not chusing that the countrywoman should see him before she had been confronted with the robber, as he apprehended, by thus doing, he should be more likely to discover what he sought after. The woman was so pale, and spent with grief, that it was distressing to see her: she cast her eyes round the room; but not seeing what she looked for, it increased her sorrow. 'Good woman,' said Don Diego to her, 'pray come along with me into the next room; you will there see a man whom, perhaps, you may have some knowledge of.' The poor woman was moved at these words, and followed the old gentleman without speaking a syllable. As soon as she came into the robber's chamber, they led her to the bed; and, the instant she beheld the wounded man, though it was so long since she had seen him, she recognized his countenance: her heart failed her; and she wept so bitterly, that Don Diego considered it as a good omen. At last, directing her discourse to the robber, she said, sighing—'You are certainly come, Sir, to demand of me the child you trusted me with twenty-two years ago: but, alas! fortune has cruelly deprived me of him, and I shall lament his death all my days!'—'Good woman,' said Don Diego, 'do not afflict yourself; we do not come to demand him of you, but to bring you news of him, and to requite you for the care you took of his education: you shall see one who is more concerned in it than we are.' This said, he ordered Don César's man to call in his master, who stood listening at the door, and only waited to be summoned.

summoned. Mary Ximenez was struck at his sight, and exclaiming violently—
 ‘ Oh, my son! my dear son Anthony!’ her joy was so excessive, that her speech failed her. She turned pale, and fainted away in the arms of Don Diego and Don Cæsar, who ran in to hold her. Don Cæsar was much moved at his nurse’s concern for him, Engracia wept, and the old gentleman relented. They all made haste to bring her to herself; and, as soon as it was done, she clasped her arms about Don Cæsar’s neck, and, hugging him closely, cried—
 ‘ O, my son! how many tears have I shed for you!’—
 ‘ My mother!’ replied the gentleman, kissing her affectionately, ‘ compose yourself, I beseech you, for my sake: I fear this disorder may be prejudicial to you.’ In short, Mary Ximenez, growing more calm after the first transports, confirmed all that the robber had said; and Don Diego, no longer doubting that Don Cæsar was his nephew Don Ferdinand, was full of joy: he drew near the young man, and said—
 ‘ My dear Don Ferdinand, I neither can nor ought any longer to oppose nature and reason; I own you as my nephew, and my brother’s son.’ This said, he embraced, and expressed all possible kindness for him. Engracia was no less pleasingly surprized to find in her deliverer a brother worthy her affection; and both of them gave each other testimonies of their love.

Don Quixote and his squire were very attentive to this extraordinary discovery, which they admired in silence. The knight, looking upon it as an effect of chivalry, applauded himself for having taken up a profession so beneficial to mankind, and so fruitful in prodigies; whilst Sancho took such part in the affairs of all parties, that the tears stood in his eyes. Don Diego, after he had given way to all the transports of joy which nature could inspire, thought it, however, requisite to make a farther enquiry to clear the honour of his family. He asked his nephew what certainty he had, that nothing scandalous had passed between Engracia and Don Christopher, since he had never known her before that day. ‘ To remove all your doubts,’ answered Don Cæsar, ‘ I must inform you that, for some time, I was Don Christopher’s best friend; that he

concealed nothing from me, and that he entrusted me with secrets relating to my sister, which I have no cause to be ashamed of. If you mistrust what I say, I will farther tell you what has passed within my own knowledge concerning the sad accident which was the cause of Engracia’s flight; and will acquaint you with such circumstances as no man is privy to but myself. In the mean while, you may rely upon me.’—
 ‘ If that be not enough, Don Diego,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ and that you stand in need of a knight-errant’s testimony to satisfy you, I am ready to answer for the beautiful Engracia’s honour, and to challenge all knights who shall dare maintain that she had any dishonourable affection for Don Christopher.’ Don Diego, who had at first been sufficiently amazed at the mien and garb of Don Quixote, though the discovering his niece and nephew had called off his attention from that object, was now anew astonished at this extraordinary language. Don Ferdinand, perceiving it, apprized him of the knight’s name, and mentioned how greatly his sister and himself were beholden to him. This account served but to increase Don Diego’s astonishment; for, till then, he had looked upon that renowned person’s history, the first part whereof he had read, rather as an effusion of the Arab Benengeli’s wit, than as adventures which had really happened. As he liked, however, well enough, notwithstanding all his gravity, to make himself sport, he was glad to meet with the real hero treated of in those annals. It is true, he made somewhat less account of his testimony than of Don Ferdinand’s; however, he thought himself obliged to make the knight imagine otherwise, and seemingly to attribute to his prowess the entire honour of the adventure. Turning therefore to him, he said—
 ‘ Great Don Quixote, that you may be sensible how much I regard the word of a knight-errant, so renowned as yourself, I am willing, for your sake, to restore Engracia to my favour and friendship.’ This said, he embraced his niece, assuring her of his good offices with her mother; then, making haste to be gone, he said to Don Ferdinand—
 ‘ Two things make me impatient to be at Alcalá; the



* disposed the emperor, the empress,
* and the infanta, to give them a more
* favourable reception. Rosclair did
* not enter Constantinople till he had
* slain the giant Mandrake; and the
* Knight of the Precious Image*
* would not go into Persopolis, till he
* had finished the adventure of the Un-
* happy Bridge. I wish there were
* such another bridge here, defended
* by four valiant knights, and two
* dreadful giants.—' God deliver us,
* Sir!' cried the squire, ' we should
* never get over such a bridge as that
* without broken bones: and, in short,
* this day's combat is enough to carry
* you not only into Madrid, but into
* Rome, if you had a mind to it; and
* I assure you, the Pope himself would
* be satisfied.'—' You are in the right,'
* Sancho,' replied the knight; ' and I
* believe my last combat is sufficient to
* gain me a favourable reception from
* the king, the queen, and the infan-
* ta. I must own the action had been
* more glorious if I had fought knights;
* but we are not to chuse our adven-
* tures, my friends; we must take what
* fortune throws in our way: so let us
* say no more of it, but make haste
* into the town.' This said, he clapped
* spurs to Rozinante; Barbara and
* Sancho did the like by their beasts; and
* thus they soon came to St. Jerome's
* Meadow, commonly called El Prado.

' O mirror of knights-errant!' cries
* the Arabian author in this place; ' in-
* comparable Don Quixote! return

* thanks to Heaven, which hath con-
* ducted you to this place! Here you
* are more talked of and celebrated
* than ever the Knight of the Basilisks
* was in Babylon. Your unheard-of
* exploits are here in print, and every
* body reads them with so much admi-
* ration, that they can scarce believe
* any mortal capable of having per-
* formed them. Appear now yourself!
* Appear in person to justify them:
* evince that you are no imaginary he-
* ro. Your own presence can alone
* establish the truth of your magni-
* mous achievements.' The sun was
* now set, and there was consequently a
* good deal of company walking in the
* Prado; for the pleasantness of the
* place, and the many assignations made
* in it, draws abundance of people thi-
* ther every evening. Don Quixote as-
* sumed a stern countenance, grasping
* his lance in one hand, and his buck-
* ler in the other: as soon as he appeared,
* all that saw him stood amazed at the
* whimsical uncouthness of his figure,
* and questioned one another what it
* could mean; but, not being able to sa-
* tisfy themselves, they drew near to
* view him the better. His mien and
* his device seemed so ridiculous, that
* they could not forbear laughing. ' Gra-
* cious Heavens!' cried one, ' there is
* a genteel knight! I will lay a wager
* it is the Knight of the Precious
* Image, who conducted the Infanta
* Aurora to the Sultan of Babylon!'
*—' No,' replied another; ' I will lay

* This Knight of the Precious Image, or (as it is rendered in an English translation of
* the Romance of Don Belianis of Greece, edit. 1683) of the Golden Image, is Don Belia-
* nis of Greece. Afterwards he appears in green armour, decorated with golden basilisks,
* (which he had won from the Emperor Bendasazar) under the title of Knight of the Basi-
* lisks. I hardly need remark, that it was a very usual thing with the heroes of romance to
* change their appellation, the ornaments and devices of their armour, &c. as often as they
* found it expedient. Under the title of Knight of the Basilisks, Don Belianis achieves the
* adventure of the Enchanted Tent, which was contrived by Fripton the enchanter for the
* purpose of carrying off Floribella. This adventure of the Enchanted Tent is the same
* which the Archdeacon of the Indies applies to himself in Book 6. Chapter 11. of the pre-
* sent work. An extract or two from the translation of Don Belianis above-mentioned, con-
* taining the reason of his being styled the Knight of the Precious or Golden Image, may
* not be displeasing to the curious reader. ' His armour was of colour orange tawny, with
* a sea-wave so big, that it seemed to overwhelm a ship there figured. On his shield was
* portrayed the picture of a most beautiful lady, with a knight kneeling before her, as if
* he craved mercy at her hands, from whom she turned her face.' Page 21. This armour
* was provided for him by the sage Belonla, against his first receiving the order of knighthood;
* and the lady portrayed on the shield was Floribella. ' You shall know, my good lord,
* says Belianis to the Soldan of Persia, ' I am called the Knight of the Golden Image, be-
* cause I bear it on my shield.' Page 65. An account of the adventure of the Unhappy
* Bridge, with the knights and giants there defeated by Belianis, would be too long for a

'it is the Knight of the Chariot, who comes to defend the Scythian prince's beauty!' Our adventurer, overhearing the above conversation, halted; and, accosting the men very gravely, said—'Gentlemen, if you would know my name, you may ask it of my squire, who follows me; that account belongs to him.'—By the Lord!' cried one of the lookers-on, 'this must certainly be that Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history was lately printed in this town! I know him by his horse'—'Right,' said another, 'for that is a perfect Rozinante; besides, here is Sancho and his ass; and this damsel who hides her face, is certainly the famous Dulcinea del Toboso!'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Sancho, 'you are in the right, as far as regards Rozinante, my master Don Quixote, my Dapple, and myself. We are the very same, God be praised! and here we are all four before you in soul and body: but as for Madam Dulcinea, she is at this time at Toboso; and, perhaps, filling a pair of panniers with dung in her father's stable; and if so, bestrew the hquires that carry her any love-letters. She has played the devil with us so long, that at last we have even left her to herself, and we had rather the devil had taken her away, than that we had made, I will not say an infant, but so much as a plain countess of her. As for the lady on the mule, it is Queen Zenobia, whom an enchanter has converted into a tripe-woman.' Whilst Sancho uttered this harangue, Barbara took care to keep her face covered; and, though all the company desired her to unveil, her modesty prevented her compliance. 'Peerless princess,' said a gentleman waggishly, 'be pleased to suffer us to gaze upon your lilies and roses: let your fair hands, though but for one moment, remove that envious veil, which obnubilates your beauty.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'I pray you rest satisfied, without desiring Queen Zenobia to unveil: she is still enchanted; and you can make but an ill judgment of her beauty at present.' These words only served to heighten the curiosity of

the spectators. They at length so earnestly entreated the knight to prevail with the queen to discover herself, that he turned to her, and said—'Madam, I join with these gentlemen in requesting that you will suffer your face to be seen: you may not, perhaps, appear so charming to them as you do to me, who see you as you are in reality; but I protest your beauty is matchless, and they may rely upon my word.' Barbara, who rightly enough suspected that the spectators would give greater credit to their own eyesight than to the word of the knight-errant, had no inclination to discover herself. She stood out for a long time; but was at last compelled to submit, and expose her scarified countenance to the inspection of the company. All that beheld her burst out a laughing, and shrugged up their shoulders; nay, some young fellows had the presumption even to speak disrespectfully of the tripe-woman: among the rest, a gentleman of Galicia, lifting up his hands, cried out—'Bless us all! here's a princess forsooth! I protest she is as like an old mule I have in my stable, as one egg is like another!' It is easy to imagine the emotion these words produced in the breast of Don Quixote: his eyes sparkled with fury; and, brandishing his lance in dreadful wise, he cried, as loudly as he was able, to the Galician—'Stay, rash man! and I will chastise thy insolence! I here challenge thee to single combat; and, at the same time, I challenge all those that have insulted Queen Zenobia, who, I do maintain, surpasses in beauty the Infanta Imperia, the Princess Materosa*, and even King Olivier's daughter.' This curious defiance served but to renew the mirth of the company; and the Galician, being a jocular fellow, answered Don Quixote—'Sir Knight, though you are in armour up to your chin, and mounted on a haughty courser, more lofty than that of Alexander the Great, I will not refuse your challenge: I will combat you with my sword alone, afoot and unarmed as I now am; and I will defend withal the beauty of my mule, which I would not barter for

* The Princess Materosa was cousin to the Princess Floribella, the Soldan of Babylon's daughter. See the Romance of Don Belianis.

'your Zenobia.'—'Since you are on foot and unarmed,' replied Don Quixote, 'it is but reason that I alight and lay by my armour; for knights are not to take any advantage in fight.' This said, he alighted: Sancho did the like; and, running to disarm his master, said—'You were wishing for an adventure before you came to the court, and I think you have now met with one. Go to, defend the Princess Zenobia's beauty bravely; and make that scoundrel knight own that she is handsomer than his mule. If you have the ill fate to be overcome, I may very well fight him after you in defence of my Dapple, which I do maintain to be handsomer than his mule, though she were more beautiful than master Valentin's mare, which is reckoned at Ateca the fattest beast belonging to the Chapter.' Don Quixote (whilst Sancho prated thus) was stripping himself to his very drawers and shirt, to remove all cause of suspicion that he meant to take advantage of his antagonist. Some of the company, more prudent than the rest, observing that the knight was preparing for the combat in good earnest, endeavoured to dissuade the Galician, telling him that such jests for the most part end in earnest; but the Galician, relying on his strength and skill, laughed at what they said; and, drawing one of the longest swords that ever Spaniard wore, stood upon his guard, stretching such a distance from his left foot to the point of his weapon, that they were at least two fathom asunder. Don Quixote, in like manner, plucked his formidable steel from its scabbard; and in an instant their furious blades flashed with a thousand sparks of fire. The Galician, when he had awhile tried his adversary's skill, with a jerk threw his sword over his head; and, dropping his own, closed with him, took him by the collar, and shook him so violently and with so much ease, that the ancient poets would have compared the condition of Don Quixote to a drab that plays in the wind. The knight was sensible he had not the first defender of Mumbino's helmet to deal with; and the dread of being vanquished before Queen Zenobia cast into his valour to a pitch of rage utterly inexpressible: he rallied all his strength,

and gave the Galician such a terrible blow under the ear with his gauntlet, which he had forgotten to take off, that he laid him flat on the ground, senseless, and much hurt. The bystanders were much concerned at this unlucky catastrophe; but the Galician having brought the misfortune upon himself by his own imprudence, his friends did not hold themselves obliged to revenge his quarrel upon a madman, and therefore only thought of taking care of him. As soon as Sancho saw the Galician down, he roared out in an extasy of exultation—'Courage, master Don Quixote, follow the laws of chivalry to the utmost! Take up your sword, and thrust it down that knight's throat, if he refuses to own that Madam Zenobia is more beautiful than his mule.' The knight approved of the advice, seized his sword, and made towards the Galician, with full purpose of putting it in execution, had not several of the company interfered; telling him, that he ought to be satisfied with having overthrown the best knight in Galicia. 'Let him, then, confess,' said Don Quixote, 'that all the world cannot match Queen Zenobia's beauty.'—'He shall own it another time,' said one of the company; 'for, by my troth, at this time he is not in a condition to confess his sins.'—'Well,' cried Sancho, 'then let him say he owns himself conquered: methinks that is not very hard to be said.' Don Quixote would fain have caught the Galician to own his defeat; but at length, overcome by the arguments of the by-standers, he was persuaded to consider his combat as a perfect victory, and stepped aside to put on his cloaths and armour. Whilst he was equipping himself, two of Don Alvaro Tarce's pages happened to come into the Prado; and, knowing the knight, drew near to salute him. Don Quixote and Sancho received them with gracious affability; and enquired after Don Alvaro. 'Don Carlos and he,' said one of the pages, 'have been here some days, and expect you with impatience.'—'I am very desirous to embrace them both,' answered Don Quixote. 'That you may soon do,' replied the page; 'for, if you please, we will conduct you to Don Alvaro's lodgings.' At these good tidings, Sancho's heart leaped for joy: he was
full

full of the thoughts of pleasure and good eating; and, as soon as his master was armed, they and Queen Zenobia followed the pages, leaving the Galician among his friends, who took care to carry him home, and see him dressed.

C H A P. VIII.

NOW DON ALVARO AND DON CARLOS RECEIVED THE KNIGHT AND HIS PRINCES; AND HOW SANCHE REJOICED AT REVISITING THE LITTLE LIMPING COOK.

IT was dark night (the history informs us) ere our adventurers arrived at Don Alvaro's lodgings, so that the populace had not the satisfaction of seeing them. They did not find the Granadine at home; his servants, however, received them kindly; and whilst one of the pages went to give him an account of their coming, the steward conducted them into a good apartment. Sancho, when he had seen the beasts into the stable, went directly to the kitchen, where he had enough to do to embrace all his old acquaintance. But as soon as he set eyes on his invaluable friend the limping cook, he ran to him with open arms; and, kissing both his cheeks in a rapture, exclaimed—'My dear little Crookshank! how glad am I to see you once more before I die! To tell you the truth, I love you almost as well as I do my Dapple; and I shall never forget the good bits you gave me at Saragossa. It was you fed me up with carcases of turkies, and such leavings of sauce-boats, as had been fit to tickle the chaps of an emperor. Aye, and at night too, such wines, and the Lord knows what all of that sort, as were sweeter than honey: hang me, if I could not feel it warm at my heart till next morning! Let me die, if that be not rare wine for one's health.'—'Friend Sancho,' answered the cook, 'this country wine is still better than that at Saragossa.'—'I can't believe that,' replied the squire: 'nor shall any man persuade me to it, till I have tasted.'—'Well, then,' quoth the cook, 'you must drink immediately. I am sure you will be of my opinion.'—'So much the better,' quoth Sancho; 'and you may rest sa-

tisfied with my judgment in matters of this nature, since I am not enchanted for wine, as I am for things that relate to knight-errantry.'—'How, then, Sancho!' cried one of the pages; 'have the enchanters put some trick upon you since you left Saragossa?'—'That's a good question, truly,' quoth Sancho; 'do we ever escape a day without their putting some knavery or other upon us? I find you don't know them. If they miss doing us mischief an hour together, they think they have done great things by us. In short, all I can tell you is, they have so bewitched my sight, that I see every thing quite contrary to what my master does. They impose upon me every moment; and it is not above two days ago, that they made me take the Prince of Cordova's garter for the crupper of a mule.' The servants desired Sancho to recount that adventure, which he did readily enough; though some wine, which the cook had just brought for him, occasioned several long halts and pauses in his story.

At length, Don Alvaro came home, with Don Carlos, and a young count who was to be the latter's brother-in-law. They went up to Don Quixote's apartment, and found him talking with Barbara and the steward of the household. The knight embraced the Granadine and Don Carlos; and, presenting Barbara to them, said—'Behold here, gentlemen, the great Queen of the Amazons, the Princess Zenobia, whom good-fortune cast into my way; and whose beauty I now come to defend publicly in the court of Spain!' The princess's face and appearance corresponded so very ill with this introduction, that the gentlemen had enough to do to hold their countenances. However, they made shift to contain themselves; and Don Alvaro returned Don Quixote the following answer: 'Sir Knight, you have done me the greatest honour in taking up your lodging in my house with that queen, whose merit must be very extraordinary, since you undertake to protect her; but though the value you put upon her were not commendation enough, a man needs but look upon her to give a near guess at what she is. She has such a physiognomy, as soon makes her known; and, I can assure you, that the more I look on her, the worthier

* worthier I judge her of the great enterprize you have undertaken for her sake.' The Granadine and Don Carlos then presented the count to the knight, and acquainted him that he was the young lord whom the Princess Trebasina was designed for and that they were to be married very shortly. There wanted nothing farther to produce a long harangue from Don Quixote to the count; who, on his part, exhausted all the common places of rhetorick, that he might not fall short of the knight in point of courtesy. Don Carlos and Tarfe took that opportunity to talk to Barbara apart. 'Queen Zenobia,' said Don Alvaro to her, 'do us the favour to tell us, truly, of what country and of what family you are?'—'Gentlemen,' replied open-hearted Barbara, 'you may believe me if you please; but, I swear to you, I am none of Queen Zenobia! I am but a poor woman of Alcala, who live by my labour, and my honest trade of a tripe-woman. My name is Barbara Villalobos; a name left me by a grandmother that was very fond of me. My life has been all ups and downs, like the land in Galicia. I am now old; but I know the time when I was young; and I have been as much made of as another. I am now good for nothing but to dress meat, for I can make a soup and fry tripe with any body; and I defy any body to season sauce better than I can. However, a scholar of Alcala persuaded me to sell all my goods, drew me out of Alcala, carried me into a wood, tied me to a tree in my smock, and then ran away with all my money and cloaths. By good luck Don Quixote, on whom Heaven has bestowed more charity than sense, passing by, heard my cries, and unbound me, calling me Queen Zenobia. I told him I was no such; but he would not believe me; and he bought me a mule, and these cloaths you see. In short, when we came to Alcala, I begged of him to leave me there; but I could not prevail, and was forced to come along with him. He has promised to give me fifty ducats, when he has defended my beauty at court. I am come to be as good as my word; and, when he has performed his, I will return to my own country, where I will set up my shop

again, an't please the Lord! and let me die if ever I trust a scholar again, though he promised me the philosopher's stone.'

At this moment Sancho came into the room; and, being in a merry humour, cried—'A good day to you, gentlemen! I wish you a good stomach, and a merry heart; which two things will keep you in health, as Master Nicholas, our barber, says.'—'O my friend Sancho!' said Don Alvaro, giving him his hand, 'I am very glad to see you again in health and good-humour.'—'God reward you,' answered the squire, 'and bless you, and make you merry!'—'And don't you know me, my dear Sancho!' said Don Carlos; 'or am I not of the number of your friends?'—'Excuse me, Sir,' quoth Sancho, making up to him, 'I must kiss your hands too, with your leave; though sometimes men kiss those hands they could with cut off.'—'O Heavens!' quoth Don Carlos, 'what is that you say? What have I done to you, that you should wish me so much harm?'—'By my troth, I beg your pardon!' answered the squire. 'That proverb slipped from me before I thought of it. Just so I used to let them fly last year. As fast as they came up, I used to spit them out; and the dog of an Arab that writ our history has not forgot one of them. He has done like one that sells small nuts, who throws in good and bad to fill up the measure the sooner. Therefore, let me tell you, Don Carlos, I do not wish to see your hands cut off; I had rather see them full of that delicate white-meat, and of those force-meat balls you know of. Body o' me! I can never think of them but my mouth waters.' The Granadine, perceiving that Don Quixote was ill pleased to hear his squire chatter thus, broke off the discourse; and said to the knight—'Don Quixote, the great concern we have in whatsoever relates to you, and tends to the glory of knight-errantry, makes us very desirous to know what adventures you have met with since you left Saragossa.'—'Don Tarfe,' quoth the squire, 'it is my business to tell you all that, as I am squire to my master Don Quixote.'—'Well, then, Sancho,' replied Don Alvaro, 'give us a true relation.' The

squire complied: he began at his own affray with Bracamonte the soldier and ended with the combat of the Galician. The three gentlemen were mightily pleased; but above all with the adventure of the players, and the batchelor's ceremony for disenchanting Sancho. Don Carlos and the Granadine were particularly delighted; for Barbara, who sat between them, whispered to them all the circumstances which Sancho either forgot or was ignorant of. Supper-time drew on, and the sewer came to tell them all was ready. Then the three gentlemen, Don Quixote and Zenobia, went into another large room, where they sat down to table; and Sancho returned into the kitchen, where, whilst he supped, he was obliged to recount anew the exploits of his master.

The grave knight of La Mancha, whose brain always laboured with his own great designs, demanded of the cavaliers, whether Bramarbas was then at Madrid. 'He is not yet arrived,' answered Don Carlos: 'he is gone to Cyprus, to convey to his seraglio a number of young damsels whom he has ravished from their parents; but he will soon return, when we least think of him; for the sage Silfenus favours him, and will transport him hither in the twinkling of an eye. On my word, that giant is a great ravisher of maidens; and, I assure you, I should be much afraid for my sister if Don Quixote was not with us; and I could not but fear as much for the count here present—for you know, gentlemen, how he designs to use the counts and barons of this court.'—'Let not that trouble you,' said Don Quixote. 'Marry your sister boldly, and let the count fear nothing: I pledge myself to protect him, and engage that he shall have a numerous issue.' The count could not forbear laughing at this prediction; but, though he fancied himself able to accomplish it without the assistance of the knight, he failed not to return him thanks for his protection. Don Quixote, after this, told them of the combat he was to maintain with the Prince of Cordova; and at last, after supper, the discourse turning upon Queen Zenobia, Don Carlos and the count assured Don Quixote, that they highly approved his design of maintaining that princess's beauty, for the well deserved it. But the Granadine,

being somewhat nicer in points of knight-errantry, said—'Gentlemen, I am not of your opinion; I do not altogether approve of Don Quixote's resolution. I rather marvel that he will assert the beauty of a lady whom he is not in love with. Can the Knight of La Mancha think of doing a thing contrary to the rules of knight-errantry, which he has always so strictly observed?'—'Don Alvaro Tarfe,' replied Don Quixote, 'I own I have not thoroughly considered that affair; and yet I think I shall not in it do any thing blameworthy, or unprecedented.'—'Nay, I much doubt,' answered the Granadine, 'whether you can find any examples of this nature among the ancient knights. We know that others have accompanied, like yourself, the princesses they have disenchanted or delivered from some extraordinary danger. They have conducted them about the world, restored them to their parents, or reinstalled them in their possessions; but they never took upon themselves to maintain their beauty.'—'In good faith,' cried Don Carlos, 'I now perceive this is quite a different affair; I agree with Don Alvaro that it is a very nice point: but what strikes me as the most irregular, is, that the beauty of any lady should be maintained by a knight who bears an appellation and device so injurious to the fair-sex.'—'I grant,' answered Don Quixote, 'that the appellation of the Loveless Knight seems opposite to my design; but my intention reconciles those contradictions: I only maintain the princess is beautiful, because, being enchanted, she seems deformed. I will that justice be done to her beauty, in spite of her enchantment. This is all I aim at; and consequently I perform an act of justice, and not of love.'—'Take heed, Don Quixote,' replied Don Alvaro; 'take heed you do not impose upon yourself. Our severe grandchildren will not make that distinction, but will flatly condemn your proceeding.'—'Then he must not be guilty of it,' said the count: 'Don Quixote ought not to hazard any thing that may bear a double construction; since it behoves no man more than himself to secure the good graces of posterity. Let us consider of some medium.'

'Do

' Do you think it were amiss for him to
 ' change his name, and make choice of
 ' another Dulcinea? For my part, I
 ' must frankly declare, that I look upon
 ' his contempt of ladies as a great
 ' fault; and I cannot conceive how he
 ' dares to continue without a mistress:
 ' he, especially, who, as his history
 ' informs us, used to say, last year,
 ' that a knight without a lady was like
 ' a body without a soul; and that
 ' it were better to be in love with an
 ' imaginary object, than not to love at
 ' all.' Don Quixote, not knowing
 how to answer reasonings so forcible,
 fell into a profound reverie. Don Al-
 varo, perceiving his embarrassment,
 said—' I think, gentlemen, we have

' said enough for the present. Let us
 ' give Don Quixote time to consider
 ' this point seriously. He has a sound
 ' judgment, and will know how to
 ' chuse that which shall conduce most
 ' to his glory. Let us consider he has
 ' gained two victories this day, and
 ' must needs want rest, as well as
 ' Queen Zenobia.' This said, he called
 to his servants; and, whilst Barbara was
 conducted into a chamber altogether in-
 accessible to coachmen, he himself con-
 veyed Don Quixote to another, leaving
 a page to undress and disarm him, San-
 cho being still in the kitchen. Don
 Carlos went away with his intended
 brother-in-law; at whose house he and
 his sister were entertained.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.



AVELLANEDA'S CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

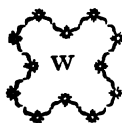
D O N Q U I X O T E

D E L A M A N C H A.

B O O K V.

C H A P. I.

OF THE WEIGHTY CONSIDERATIONS WHICH PERPLEXED DON QUIXOTE; OF THE RESOLUTION HE CAME TO FOR THE SAKE OF HIS HONOUR; AND OF THE DISCOURSE HE HELD WITH HIS SQUIRE UPON THIS SUBJECT.



WHEN the page had disarmed the knight, he went out of the room, and secured the door after him, as his master had ordered.

Don Quixote, much perplexed with those objections the cavaliers had just started, was glad to find himself alone, as wanting opportunity to deliberate on the part he ought to act; and he immediately betook himself to his bed, that he might ponder the more commodiously. 'Good God!' said he, tumbling from side to side, 'is it possible I may not be allowed to maintain a lady's beauty without being in love! Let us call to mind the actions of the most famous knights errant; and let us see whether what I think to do is really so unprecedented.' Thus saying, he recollected all the adventures of the two

Amadis's, of Esplandian, of Palmerin of England, and of Palmerin de Oliva; and not finding what he sought for in these books, he ran over the mirror of chivalry, Don Belianis of Greece, Tirante the White, Aquilant the Black, Don Florismarte of Hircania, and Don Olivante de Laura. But, alas! the poor knight laboured in vain; he perceived he could in no wise maintain the Queen of the Amazons beauty, without introducing a novelty into the established practice of knight-errantry. — 'Well, then,' cried he, 'what is it you are about, unhappy innovator? Will you, who never transgressed the least rule of your profession, now give yourself the lye? You imagine, perhaps, that your renown may justify your fault; or, at least, that posterity, dazzled with the splendor of your achievements, will pardon your irregularity. But do not deceive yourself; the base actions which Alexander the Great committed in heat of wine or passion, are not yet forgotten: heroes must not flatter themselves; they must not think to shroud their failings under the shade of their laurels. If their faults escape the censure of one age, another follows that may expose them to the whole world. I must, then, observe

observe the laws of knight-errantry inviolably, if I design to transmit my fame pure and untainted to posterity. On the other hand, should I abandon the queen to her ill fortune! Shall I leave her in the wretched condition she now suffers? Shall I grant the malice of enchanters that satisfaction? No! it is better I change my device, and that I fall in love with this same peerless princess. It shall be so; and certainly Heaven has inspired this thought into me for a blessing to my life, and for the glory of my memory! O thou beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso, first sovereign lady of my soul, who now seekest me submit myself again captive, do not complain of me! I had still been thine, hadst not thou obliged me to shake off thy yoke! The hero of La Mancha, having thus resolved to yield himself a most humble slave to the rare perfections of Queen Zenobia, spent the rest of the night in forming projects worthy both of the person beloved, and of the lover.

When it was day, Sancho, being impatient to see his master again, came into the room, crying—'Up, Don Quixote, up! Knights-errant are very lazy to day: you went to roost last night with the poultry; and by this time the pots are skimmed. Come, rouse, master! Are you not weary of sleeping so long?'—'You upbraid me without reason, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote; 'I have not slept one wink all this night.'—'Perhaps you over eat yourself at supper,' quoth the squire. 'I am like you; for when I have eaten two or three pounds more than ordinary, I do not sleep so well as at other times.'—'Glutton!' cried Don Quixote, 'do you think every body crams as unreasonably as you do? If, alas! slumber closed not my eyelids last night, it is not to be wondered at. True knights-errant are not born to rest: their nice feelings touching the duties and decencies of chivalry, always find them some matter of disquiet. You once beheld me, indignant at Dulcinea's scornfulness, resolutely burst my fetters; and, revolting against the dominion of the ladies, fiercely assume the title of "The Loveless Knight!" This day you will behold me in a different situation: I will again offer incense on the altars of that irresistible god, who, as the poets say, dips the

points of his arrows in gall. I mean, Sancho, that I will again love; for, besides that I am of a very gentle disposition, I am of opinion, that a mistress is so essential a part of a knight-errant, that I much fear blame for having remained thus long unamoured.'—'I will not swear for it,' said the squire; 'for we ought not to swear at all; and the world often condemns that which it ought to praise. Mr. Curate is much found fault with for making his sermons too long; and yet he is never above two hours in the pulpit. But pray tell me, Sir, who is the lady you are resolved to love? Where is she?'—'She is in this palace,' answered Don Quixote; 'she is Queen Zenobia.'—'Out upon it!' replied Sancho, abruptly; 'what do you think to do with Madam Barbara Zenobia? What! I will warrant you would call upon her in your batties! Pox take me, an excellent confounded invocation! I would as soon call upon Antichrist! Take my advice for once, Sir, let us shake off that gypsy: let the scholar that ran away with her money become her knight, if he will; it is his business, and none of ours; "since he has got the child, let him rock it."—'It is a strange thing,' answered Don Quixote, 'that you cannot beat it into your head that Queen Zenobia is enchanted! I have told you a hundred times, that, though to you she seems frightful, yet she is certainly the most beautiful princess in the world. Remember this, blockhead; and do not give me the trouble of repeating it to you again.'—'I am in the wrong, Sir! I am in the wrong!' quoth the squire. 'A plague on it! I always mind my own way of seeing, without thinking of yours. See what it is to have an ill habit! But, patience—sure, after all, I shall mend at last, or never!'—'I have made choice, as I tell you,' replied the knight, 'of the Queen of the Amazons for my sovereign lady. My sole fear is, lest she be deeply in love with Hyperborean of the Floating-Islands, my rival.'—'That is likely enough,' answered Sancho; 'for the princess is a lady that will exchange commodities with any one that pleases; that will stroke down a chin very dextrously, and drink bumpers. But I will say no more; for you will be sure to tell me

'me I did not see what I have seen;
 'that my eyes are enchanted, and the
 'rest of that usual story: however,
 'God knows the truth of all things.
 'But, to return to that Hyperborean of
 'the island you talk of; if the queen's
 'ladyship is in love with him, you must
 'not take her for your mistress; you
 'had better send her to those islands.'
 '—It is not certain she is in love with
 'Hyperborean,' replied Don Quixote;
 'but, though I knew it to be so, this
 'would not hinder me from loving
 'her. The laws of knight-errantry
 'do not forbid loving a lady who is
 'before engaged to another knight:
 'and though I tell you my fear that
 'Hyperborean is beloved, do not ima-
 'gine this apprehension is any trouble
 'to me; I rather look upon it as a sa-
 'tisfaction, since it furnishes an ex-
 'cellent subject for my complaints.
 'The knight who has no rival, never
 'tastes the sweets of love: if he is con-
 'vinced of his good fortune, his life
 'is too uniform. Hope and despair
 'ought to visit him by turns; jea-
 'lously, fear, and restlessness, must
 'continually disturb his repose: nay,
 'it is good he sometimes persuade
 'himself that he is hated by his fair-
 'one, since this may rouse him to per-
 'form immortal actions. For myself,
 'who am extremely delicate and sus-
 'ceptible, I protest I should be sorry to
 'enjoy Queen Zenobia's heart peacea-
 'bly. I have before me a perfect idea of
 'what she will make me endure; and I
 'warn you, when you hear me sigh and
 'groan, that you approach not indis-
 'creetly to interrupt me, under pre-
 'tence of comfort; for, you must un-
 'derstand there is a secret pleasure in
 'the fiercest pains of love, which ren-
 'ders them delectable. I question
 'not but Amadis de Gaule found a
 'thousand sweets in the rigid penance
 'he performed on the Poor Rock; and
 'I can assure you that my soul was
 'plunged in joy when I gave all those
 'dangerous skips in Sierra Morena!
 'Amorous torments possess abundance
 'of charms for those knights who
 'know truly how to love. One while
 'I will take a lute from thy hands;
 'and, playing on it more harmoniously
 'than Orpheus, I will accompany it so
 'sweetly, that it shall ravish the king
 'and all his court; and, composing an
 'hundred verses extempore, I will ex-

'press my anguish and secret sufferings
 'so artfully, that no person, except
 'my princess, shall understand one
 'word. Another while, when I am
 'sad, jealous, and in despair, I will
 'leave, at night, the palace; and, re-
 'tiring into the depth of some umbra-
 'geous forest, will send forth cries of
 'unutterable plaintiveness. To the
 'trees and echoes I will proclaim it,
 'that I am the most unfortunate of
 'created beings, since my ingrate,
 'more beautiful than Helen, prefers
 'another knight before me. Then will
 'I make the woods ring with my com-
 'plaints, calling upon death to relieve
 'me: then will I throw myself on the
 'damp grass; and, giving loose to
 'mortal affliction, will shed so many
 'tears, and breathe out so many sighs,
 'that I will faint away. In short, I
 'shall be ready to give up the ghost;
 'when the pitiful Aurora, having
 'heard my doleful cries at the bottom
 'of the waves, shall haste to open the
 'sky lights of day, and call me back
 'to life. Then shall I start up nimbly,
 'and discover one of the valiantest
 'knights in the world, who comes in
 'quest of me; and who, hearing of
 'my name, shall have travelled from
 'the farthest part of Tartary to fight
 'me. I shall overcome him with much
 'difficulty, and shall then return to
 'the palace, covered with blood and
 'wounds. Ah, Sancho! what a plea-
 'sure, what a happiness, is this, to a
 'knight truly amorous!'—'By my
 'faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if it be
 'so great a happiness for a knight to
 'despair, and not to be beloved by his
 'lady, there was no need of forsaking
 'Madam Dulcinea! She hated you as
 'she did the devil; and she would have
 'given you cause enough to hang
 'yourself at last!'—'I would not have
 'left her,' answered Don Quixote,
 'though she repaid all my services with
 'cruelty, but she plainly made it ap-
 'pear that she despised me; and you
 'must understand, my son, that con-
 'tempt provokes a knight, and con-
 'sequently extinguishes his passion;
 'whereas cruelty, being no affront or
 'provocation, he must be constant even
 'to insensibility. Perianus of Persia,
 'that perfect model of unfortunate
 'lovers, had never loved Floribella so
 'constantly, had she despised him;
 'but, though she mortally hated that
 'prince

prince, she was so far from despising him, that she sometimes pitted his unhappy love, which paid him for all his sufferings with usury.'—'But, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks, now you are in love with Madam Zenobia, the name of the Loveless Knight does not at all become you.'—'No, sure!' answered Don Quixote, 'I must change my name and device; and I will consider of it this moment.'—'Hold a little, Sir,' replied the squire: 'as I gave you the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect last year, so will I endeavour to find another for you now.' This said, he was silent; and, scratching his head, began to deliberate. Don Quixote was not idle; but, though he himself was readier than most others in conceits of this nature, Sancho was too quick for him, and cried—'By St. Crispin, I have hit the nail on the head! God take me, if a man has but a good memory, he may invent what he pleases! I have found one of the bravest names for a knight that ever was hatched. You must call yourself "The Knight of the Robbers," in remembrance of him you ran through the back.'—'I do not like that name,' said Don Quixote; 'I will have one that may express the sentiments of my heart. You have not succeeded this time so well as you did the last, though you have taken more pains about it. I wonder how you could hit it off last year so exactly. This makes me think, that most curious inventions, most extraordinary discoveries, and most surprizing thoughts, in authors, are rather mere flights and accidental productions, than the work of much study and labour.'—'Well, then, Sir,' answered the squire, 'call yourself "The Knight of the Enchanted Lady," since Madam Zenobia is so. On my conscience, that is a rare name to be found off-hand! Is it not?'—'That is not amiss,' replied Don Quixote; 'but I have a wonderful fancy come into my head, and which I think I must follow. I will cause Queen Zenobia to be painted on my buckler, extending to me one of her delicate hands, which I shall kiss amorously: around shall be portrayed divers little Cupids, some sporting and flustering about my fair-one, and others binding me in chains. As for my

name, I will take it from my buckler, according to the usual practice of knights-errant, and will be called "The Knight of the Cupids:" a name I like the better, because it will make some amends for that I bear at present.'—'Blessed Virgin!' quoth Sancho, 'where do you meet with all this?' You must needs be a great scholar to contrive such a device. By my troth, I defy all the friars in Rome and Constantinople to find out a better!

CHAP. II.

WHICH CONTAINS AS MUCH FOLLY AS ANY OF THE REST.

WHILST the squire was extolling his master's device, Don Alvaro came into the room. 'Dear Tarfe,' cried Don Quixote, going forward to meet him, 'how infinitely am I obliged to you! Had it not been for you, I had transgressed the laws of knight errantry, and laid an eternal blemish upon my reputation; but, God be praised! it is now out of danger; and, in compliance with our sacred rules, I am resolved to love the Queen of the Amazons. My name and my device will no longer offend your delicacy of sentiment; for, from henceforward, I will be called "The Knight of the Cupids." Thus saying, he proceeded to acquaint Don Alvaro in what manner he designed causing himself to be portrayed with Queen Zenobia on his buckler; which the Granadine highly approved of.—'I am overjoyed,' said he to the knight, 'both that you are in love, and that you have made so good a choice. But, Don Quixote,' added he, 'will not you immediately wait on Queen Zenobia, and apprise her of your intentions?'—'I shall take care how I do that,' answered the knight; 'a regular and discreet knight must not discover his passion so hastily. The gallant Don Brian of Macedon did not declare his love till he had placed his mistress on the throne of Antioch; I therefore will conceal mine till I have disenchanted my prince's, and caused her to be crowned Queen of the Island of Cyprus: yet, in the mean while, I may do all that belongs to an amorous knight. I will this moment

‘moment change my name and device.’—‘You are in the right,’ answered Don Alvaro; ‘and a painter must be sent for with all expedition.’ Thus speaking, he called one of his pages, and in his ear bade him go out and bring the first painter he could meet with. Whilst he was giving his orders, Don Carlos, the count, and another gentleman, came in. ‘Don Alvaro,’ said the count to the Granadine, ‘Don Carlos and I have brought Don Pedro de Luna with us, and are come to dine with you; but it is on condition that the great Don Quixote and his peerless princefs be pleased to sup at my house this night, where there are several beauteous ladies impatient to see them.’ The knight having accepted of the invitation—‘I was very well satisfied,’ said Don Carlos, ‘that Don Quixote would not deny the ladies such a favour; for, though he be resolved to stile himself the Loveless Knight, yet he is, nevertheless, the most accomplished cavalier in the world.’—‘Don Carlos,’ quoth Sancho, interrupting him, ‘with your leave, my master is no longer “The Loveless Knight;” he is now called “The Knight of the Cupids;” for he is in love with Madam Zenobia.’ Don Quixote confirmed his squire’s report; and, whilst Don Carlos and the count were congratulating him on this happy alteration, the page who had been sent to summon a painter returned. ‘Well,’ have you found a painter?’ said his master. ‘I have, Sir,’ answered the page; ‘and I can assure you he is the best master in Spain at drawing from the life.’—‘Such a one we would have,’ quoth Don Alvaro; ‘bid him come up.’ The painter, who was instructed by the page, and had wit enough for a dauber, was accordingly introduced; and, when he had saluted the company—‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘what is your will with me?’—‘Sir,’ quoth Don Alvaro, ‘you must now exert the utmost of your art: you are to paint forthwith the matchless Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is here present, and his peerless mistress, who will soon appear.’—‘Gentlemen,’ answered the painter, ‘you know it does not beseem a man to praise himself; I will not, therefore, expatiate on my own excellences; but content myself with telling you, that I draw like

Michael Angelo, that I colour like Titian, and that I have all the graces of Raphael. I will exert my utmost endeavours to be called for the future “The Hero of La Mancha’s Apelles.”’—‘Gentlemen,’ said the count, ‘Don Quixote is fallen into good hands. I am acquainted with this famous painter, and can assure you his skill is not inferior to his modesty: he has such surprizing freedoms and rapidity of pencil, that I dare undertake he will, in three hours time, paint Don Quixote and Queen Zenobia with all their adventures, which is no small piece of work.’—‘That is most certain,’ quoth the painter; ‘and you need only put me upon the trial whensoever you please.’—‘Don Quixote,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘you know these great men have no time to lose; we must send to desire Queen Zenobia’s presence into this room, which is fitter for the purpose than her own.’—‘Well, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘go see whether it be day with the queen, and tell her an excellent painter expects her here.’—‘Yes, yes, Sir!’ answered the squire; ‘I know where she lies, and I will go fetch her to rights presently.’ He accordingly went and knocked at the chamber-door, crying—‘Soho! Madam Zenobia! awake, if you please!’ The princefs, who had not spent the night like her lover, was then getting up. She knew the squire by his voice; and, opening the door, said—‘My dear friend Sancho, is it you? What wind blew you hither this morning? Can I do you any service?’—‘No, I thank God!’ answered the squire; ‘I only come to bid you dress yourself quickly, and go down: there is a painter below that asks for you.’—‘A painter!’ cried Barbara; ‘what would he have with me?’—‘There is a great deal of news,’ answered Sancho; ‘my master has invented a new device, fit for the three kings of the east: he will have you and himself painted on his buckler, with other comical figures; and all this, because he fell in love with you last night.’—‘It is impossible!’ cried Barbara. ‘Yes, faith!’ quoth the squire; ‘in spite of your scar, there is nothing more certain! You would never have thought it, I will warrant you: you are very fortunate to be mistress to such an ancient

' ancient knight as my master Don Quixote. Egad, when the scholar left you in the wood, and gave you so many kicks on the guts, you did not think it was for your good!—' To tell you the truth, Sancho,' replied the tripewoman, ' I cannot believe all you say. Had your master fallen in love with me last night, he would have come himself and told me so.'—' Oh! you are out there,' quoth Sancho, ' knights-errant do not do like other men; they do not discover their secrets so soon. Before they come to that, they must play on the lute, they must sing, they must weep their belly-full, and must despair in the woods; and, in short, they begin by penance, which is quite contrary from others. But I will tell you no more; for my master Don Quixote will not have you know that he is in love with you as yet; and, since squires are not to blab what relates to their masters, I am glad I only let slip a word by the by. Drefs yourself quickly, and follow me down.'

When Barbara was dressed, she went down; and the squire conducted her into the room where the company was assembled. ' Gentlemen,' said he, ' here I bring you Queen Zenobia ready saddled and bridled.' Don Quixote, luckily, did not hear these words; for he was just then finishing the explication of his device to the painter. When every body had saluted the princess, the painter, looking round upon her, was so staggered, that our knight could not help seeing it; he therefore said to him—' Signior Painter, I perceive you are astonished at being unable to discover those divine beauties in the queen which I described to you: but you must understand this princess is enchanted, and consequently bears not her natural form. I desire you, therefore, to pourtray her, not as she now appears, but as she will be after her disenchantment. If you would draw a picture that shall admirably resemble her, you need but add to Venus's beauty the majesty and lofty air of Pallas, and you cannot err essentially.'—' Fear me not, Sir,' quoth the dauber; ' I will execute it charmingly. We draw such pictures every day: it is very seldom we draw the ladies as they really are.'—' Queen

' Zenobia,' said Don Quixote, ' needs not to be flattered; and, if you do not believe me, ask Don Alvaro; who, being dubbed a knight, possesses the same privilege that I do of beholding the queen as she is in reality.'—' On the word of a knight-errant,' replied the Granadine, ' she is a beautiful princess: her hair, which looks half black, half grey, is the most exquisite flaxen in the world; that wrinkled forehead is as smooth as glass; that scar appears like a rainbow; and, in short, her whole face is a wonder of nature. Happy, a thousand times happy, that knight who shall enjoy the bliss of expiring for love at the sight of her amiable little foot!'—' Nay, as for her little foot,' quoth Sancho, ' in troth, I will never allow of that! I have seen the princess's foot, and I do not think the great Turk has such another.'—' I grant you,' answered Don Alvaro, ' that the queen may have a very large foot; but it must be observed, that she, being an Amazon, cannot have been so tenderly bred as other princesses. She is an infanta enured to the most laborious exercises; and, in short, a heroine bred in the *corps de garde*, and in the camp.'—' Besides,' said Don Carlos, ' that is rather a perfection than a fault; for there are local beauties; and I have been told that great feet are in as much request in Cappadocia as little ones are in Spain.'—' That may very well be,' quoth the painter; ' for nations differ in fancy: but, to return to Queen Zenobia, I must tell you the truth, that, being no knight-errant, she looks to me most dreadfully. Yet must I allow, that, even under this deformity, I can descry, methinks, something curious; though, indeed, so confusedly as to be scarce worth mentioning.' Barbara, a little nettled at this discourse, could not help putting in her word; and, with her ordinary simplicity, said—' Aye, gentlemen! I know I am now old and ugly; but I was not always so. I once had no grey hair, nor scar on my face; and in my younger days, as simply as I look here, I have received as many billet-doux as a lady-abbess: but every one that would, could not come at me. I was so reserved, that, of fifty scholars that courted me, I turned off

'almost half.' This artless declaration set the company a laughing; but Don Quixote, assuming a double portion of gravity, said to them—'Re-flect, gentlemen, I beseech you, that the queen's intellects are disordered, and that her present conversation is the effect of enchantment.—Come, Signior Painter, can you begin your work immediately?'—'I can, Sir,' replied the painter; 'I have all things in readiness: but if you are desirous that the portrait should be extremely like, I must request that Queen Zenobia will have the goodness to withdraw herself; for the sight of her would spoil all. I must rely on my own imagination to furnish me with features.'—'Well, gentlemen,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'let us then leave the artist here to his work, and go down to dinner, for I believe it is ready.' Upon this, they all quitted the room; and the painter, having ordered Don Quixote's huckler to be brought him, immediately fell to work.

CHAP. III.

WHICH OUGHT TO BE READ WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

DURING dinner, the company fell into a conversation upon the magnanimous adventures of our hero; in the course of which, the count, as in a sort of transport, exclaimed—'Ah, Sirs! what a subject of admiration will this be to after-ages! With what amazement will they read the incredible account of such heroic actions, provided some wise enchanter, a friend to Don Quixote, delivers them more faithfully than the Arab Cid Hamet Benengeli!'—'That author,' quoth Don Quixote, 'is my mortal enemy; and his work a series of falsehoods.'—'Why, have you read it?' quoth Don Carlos.—'I have seen it,' answered the knight; 'but I did not vouchsafe to read it through.'—'To speak truly,' said the count, 'he ridicules most of your actions: sometimes he makes you take mills for giants, and sometimes flocks of sheep for armies. In short, according to his account, you are a mere visionary; and, if a man may credit him, there never were any en-

chanters nor knights-errant in the world, whatever the Palmerins and the Amadis can say to the contrary.'—'By this,' answered Don Quixote, 'you may perceive that he is a rash writer, with whom nothing is sacred or respectable; since he pays no regard to books of such authenticity.'—'That is the thing for which I can never forgive him,' said the count; 'but, laying this aside, and allowing his work to be no better than a comick romance, I assure you it is very diverting; nay, I look upon it to be a master-piece in its kind.'—'I cannot allow that,' said Don Pedro de Luna: 'I have found several faults in it; for I have the misfortune of being unable to read without making my reflections; which is the reason I cannot laugh, as others do, at several things that are not coherent or judicious.'—'As for your part,' answered the count, 'I know you do not like these sort of books; you delight only in serious works.'—'So far from it,' replied Don Pedro, 'that I am very fond of good raillery; and nothing displeases me more than the serious discourses I frequently meet with in that book, and, for the most part, nothing to the purpose.'—'I admire the diversity of tastes,' said the count; 'I know some who like no part of the work but those very passages.'—'I am not of their opinion,' quoth Don Pedro: 'I would not have a comick romance stuffed with frigid dissertations, and dull lectures on morality. Benengeli, with his leave, sets up too much for a politician; he does not at all apprehend tiring the reader's patience. For instance, when he makes Don Quixote talk for an hour together of the use of arms and letters, what is all that to the purpose? On the contrary, how intolerably tedious is it; an effusion of bad rhetoric, scarce worthy a school-boy.'—'However,' said the count, 'that very book is now all the diversion of the town and court.'—'That does not save it,' quoth Don Pedro, 'from being full of faults in point of judgment, of contradictory adventures, and of defects in nature or probability: I will convince you of it whenever you please.'—'You will oblige me,' answered the count; 'for I must confess I have not observed

observed any absurdity in it.—‘For my part,’ said Don Carlos, ‘I read it since I came to Madrid; but I was so wholly taken up with the base reflections I found in it against Don Quixote, that I did not mind any of the rest.’—‘I have read it too,’ quoth Don Alvaro; ‘and I must own I formed the same judgment with Don Pedro. Methinks Benengeli makes his hero too much a moral philosopher: besides, he has so little regard for probability; that is, nature and reason; that there is scarce an adventure in the whole work which has not some circumstance added to it that renders it impossible. Besides, I find he is too fond of making sport, and that he chuses rather to forget his characters, than to lose the opportunity of breaking a jest. This he does in some of his very first chapters, when he makes the peasant, who carries Don Quixote home, exclaim—“Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great Marquis of Mantúa, who come home sorely wounded from the field, together with the Moor Abindar-raez, who drags in captivity the valorous——” I do not recollect the rest: I must confess, my memory is bad; for, though I have read these odd names several times, I cannot remember them so well as the peasant, who yet never heard them but once, and that confusedly, amidst abundance of mad talk.’—‘Your remark here is very just,’ said Don Carlos; ‘the peasant ought to have murdered those names, which would have in no wise hurt the jest, and the character of a peasant would have been more closely adhered to.’—‘The author commits the same fault again,’ quoth Don Pedro de Luna, ‘when Don Quixote and his squire discovered the fulling-mills: Sancho, in raillery, is made to repeat, word for word, all his master said to him the night before, when he resolved to try that dreadful adventure. Sure the peasants of Toboso must have excellent memories!’—‘In troth,’ quoth Sancho, ‘the dog of an Arab lyed when he said so. How would the whelp have me repeat a long speech from one end to the other? How should I do it above all men, who could not remember one word of the letter my master Don Quixote

wrote in Sierra Morena to Madam Dulcinea del Toboso; and yet he read it to me several times, that I might have it in my noddle, in case I happened to lose Cardenio’s pocket-book.’—‘There, gentlemen,’ said the count, ‘you criticise without reason: that passage must be taken in the most favourable sense; and though Benengeli says that Sancho repeated all his master spoke, word for word, it is plain he only meant the sense of it.’—‘That is good,’ answered Don Pedro; ‘the author tells us an improbable story, and you would lay the blame on the readers, as if they were bound to supply his defects, and to believe he did not mean as he says. But what do I talk of meaning? Does he not make Sancho use the very same words his master had done before? Let us not insist on those trifles: let us proceed to the adventures.’—‘Hold, gentlemen,’ said Don Alvaro; ‘we must first examine the chapter, which gives an account how Don Quixote was knighted: it would not be proper to pass that over in silence. Don Quixote kneels down before the host, and begs he will knight him, that he may be capable of seeking adventures in all parts of the world, relieving the distressed, and punishing wicked persons, according to the laws of knight-errantry. Attend, I entreat you, to the host’s answer. He commends Don Quixote for his noble resolution; observes, that he himself once followed that honourable exercise; and, to convince him, adds, that he has visited several parts of the world in quest of adventures, doing infinite mischief, courting widows without number, debauching damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, making himself known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain. Pray, my lord, are not these jests very ill placed there, and wholly nonsensical? And would not such an account startle a man so well versed in the laws of knight-errantry as Don Quixote is? and yet Don Quixote takes no notice of it.’—‘Benengeli is an impostor,’ answered Don Quixote: ‘the Castellan who knighted me said no such thing; and had he said it, I would never have received the glorious character of a knight-errant at his hands.’—‘Since we are got into that chapter,’

said Don Carlos, 'pray, gentlemen, do not you admire the temper of the mule-drivers that were in the inn?' Don Quixote wounds two of their companions dangerously; and they, in revenge, begin throwing of stones at him: the host bids them hold their hands; telling them that he is a madman, and they presently give over. 'I fancy those people, when once provoked, do not so easily hearken to reason.—Is it not true, friend Sancho?'—'No truly, Don Carlos,' answered the squire, 'you need not break those people's heads to heat their blood; I am as well acquainted with those sparks as any man, and I can assure you they are very free of their cudgels.'

'Let us come to the adventures,' said Don Pedro; 'and, to begin with that of the Biscainer, I find one circumstance in it which perplexes me.' The author says, that at the instant Don Quixote made at the Biscainer with his arm lifted up, the said Biscainer snatched a cushion out of the coach, and made use of it instead of a buckler: I must confess I cannot comprehend that. I will grant it might not be so large as those generally used for the seats of coaches are, and that it was not made fast with leathern straps, as is usual; but still the ladies are sitting on it; the coach was full; Don Quixote pressed on: now how could he get out the cushion in so short a time? I would fain clear up this, and endeavour, with the author, to make it appear possible, but I cannot do it.'—'And in the adventure of the Benedictines,' said Don Alvaro, 'can you conceive in what manner they were able to tear off Sancho's beard, so as not to leave a hair behind them? But the count here will say, that Benengeli designed to make us laugh; and I must own that it is a very pleasant story.'—'You are wonderful at observation,' answered the count; 'if you have nothing more material to urge, you may be sure, that the merry companions, who laugh at it, will not side with you.'—'Have a little patience,' replied the Granadine: 'the author says, that Sancho was mounted on an ass, and had no sword; and in another place Don Quixote bids his squire be sure not to

draw his sword to assist him, whatever danger he is in. Is not this a contradiction?'—'I grant it,' quoth the count; 'but these are very poor objections. Shew me one adventure which wants probability in the relation, and which contains any palpable contradictions or absurdities.'—'I will,' answered Don Pedro; 'it is easy to give you that satisfaction: for instance; let us examine the story of the galley-slaves; perhaps, we may there find very great want of judgment. "The chain of galley-slaves," says Benengeli, "was conveyed by four men, two on horseback, and two on foot: the horsemen were armed with firelocks, and those on foot with swords and half-pikes." We, who are acquainted with the Knight of La Mancha's strength and valour, must not wonder that he should put these conductors of the slaves to flight; but I admire that the author, who describes him in old armour with a coat over it; a scurvy lance made of the bough of a tree, in his hand; a barber's basin on his head; mounted on a very poor horse, and followed only by an unarmed peasant; did not take notice that, in such an equipage, Don Quixote was little likely to frighten four men so well armed.'—'You are too nice,' said the count; 'this book was not intended to be so strictly examined, but merely for diversion.'—'It would be a pity,' answered Don Pedro, 'to give you a perfect work to read; and, if all the world were like you, it would be needless to take so much pains to write what is proper and judicious.'—'If you can find nothing else in the adventure,' said the count, 'to displease you, this oversight is not worth speaking of.'—'It will not come off so easily,' replied Don Pedro: 'the author says, "The galley-slaves had chains about their necks, and hand-bolts on their wrists;" and he adds that, "Gines de Passamonte had, over and above all the rest, such a chain at his heels, that it was wound about his body; two collars round his neck, one of which was made fast to the chain; and the other had two irons fixed to it which reached down to his waist, fitted with a pair of hand-bolts, and secured by two heavy padlocks; so

that

“ that he could neither lift his hands
 “ to his mouth, nor bow down his
 “ head to his hands.” I cannot con-
 “ ceive how those galley-slaves could
 “ knock off their chains so soon, and
 “ especially Gines de Passamonte, who
 “ was loaded with so many irons and
 “ padlocks. I would fain know how
 “ such a difficult matter was so expedi-
 “ tiously performed.—But you, San-
 “ cho, can clear up this business, since
 “ the author says it was by your assist-
 “ ance that Gines got loose. Tell us,
 “ then, what art you employed, or ra-
 “ ther what miracle you wrought, to
 “ compass it? What tools did you
 “ make use of? Had you any files?”
 “ Files!” quoth Sancho; “ by my troth,
 “ if all those chains must have been
 “ filed, I should have had work enough
 “ till Christmas! I will be hanged, if
 “ a lock-smith, with all his tools, could
 “ have done it under a week!”—“ In-
 “ form us how it was, then,” said Don
 “ Pedro. “ I will tell you,” answered
 “ the squire, ‘ here before my master Don
 “ Quixote, who may disprove me, if I
 “ do not speak the truth. You must
 “ understand, that two of the galley-
 “ slaves, who were not so fast as the
 “ rest, contriving to break loose whilst
 “ my master attacked the commissary,
 “ began to throw stones at the other
 “ guards so thick and smartly, that
 “ they put them to flight: then they
 “ stripped the commissary; and, taking
 “ from him the keys of all those pad-
 “ locks, which he carried about him,
 “ they left him to follow his compani-
 “ ons, and then we went into Sierra
 “ Morena, where, with the keys, we
 “ set loose all the galley-slaves.”—“ San-
 “ cho reports nothing but what is very
 “ true,” said Don Quixote; “ all the
 “ slaves, except those two he tells you
 “ of, were delivered from their irons in
 “ Sierra Morena; and especially Gines
 “ de Passamonte, whom we had much
 “ ado to rid of his chains, though we
 “ were masters of the keys.”—“ The
 “ thing now carries probability with
 “ it,” replied Don Pedro: “ but Be-
 “ nengeli tells it after another manner;
 “ for first he acquaints us that the slaves
 “ were fast bound, and then he says
 “ they got loose, without shewing us
 “ how. There is still another thing
 “ which does not seem likely in my
 “ opinion: he says that the galley-
 “ slaves gathered about Don Quixote,

“ to listen to a long speech he made
 “ them; methinks, when they were
 “ once free, they should have thought
 “ of nothing but making their escape.
 “ Do you imagine that men who stood
 “ in dread of the Holy Brotherhood,
 “ would wait so patiently to hear an
 “ harangue?”—“ No, faith,” cried San-
 “ cho; “ but, with the Arab’s leave, he
 “ lyed: I can assure you they had not
 “ the manners to hear my master out;
 “ for, as fast as they were let loose,
 “ they fled into the wood like so many
 “ bucks, so great was their fear of the
 “ Holy Brotherhood.”—“ Since we are
 “ upon this adventure,” said Don Al-
 “ varo, “ and I am so much concerned
 “ for every thing that relates to my
 “ friend Sancho, I would fain know
 “ of him whether the galley-slaves stole
 “ his cloak or not; for Benengeli ar-
 “ gues on both sides of the question.—
 “ He says, friend Sancho, that you had
 “ made a wallet of your cloak, in
 “ which you carried the provisions you
 “ had taken from the ecclesiasticks who
 “ accompanied the dead body: this
 “ cloak, as it appears, you were plun-
 “ dered of by the galley-slaves; and
 “ yet, presently afterwards, he tells
 “ us, that the provisions your afs car-
 “ ried had escaped untouched. What
 “ a contradiction this is!”—“ Pox take
 “ him!” quoth Sancho, “ what a down-
 “ right knave of an author is this, to
 “ blow hot and cold in the same breath!
 “ There is no doubt, gentlemen, but
 “ that, if the galley-slaves had got the
 “ least scent of our provisions, there
 “ had been an end of them; and, faith,
 “ my cloak is indebted a good candle
 “ to the church. However, I have it
 “ still, in spite of all the Arabs that
 “ pretend to write histories; and when
 “ I have worn it ten or twelve years
 “ longer, I will send it to my little
 “ daughter Sancha, to make her a wed-
 “ ding-jerkin.”—“ Gentlemen, I ad-
 “ mit your observations are good,” said
 “ the count; “ yet, after all, you criti-
 “ cise upon trifles.”—“ I grant it,” an-
 “ swered Don Alvaro; “ but what is it
 “ you would have us criticise? Is there
 “ any thing in the book but trifles?”—
 “ Trifles!” replied the count; “ I will
 “ maintain there are in it very solid
 “ matters: though there were nothing
 “ but the curate’s and barber’s trial of
 “ Don Quixote’s library, that surely
 “ must be allowed a piece of very plea-
 “ sant,

‘fant, acute, and judicious criticism.’—‘I allow it to be pleasant,’ answered Don Pedro, ‘but not acute: what acuteness is there in saying that one book is good, and another naught?’—‘What do you say?’ replied the count. ‘The curate criticises upon each book separately, and applauds or condemns it with admirable taste and judgment.’—‘Right,’ quoth Don Pedro, smiling; ‘and, to make good what you say, I remember, that the barber, taking up a book, and opening it, says—“This is the Mirror of Chivalry.”—“I have the honour to be acquainted with it,” says the curate; “and, if my advice may be followed, it shall only be condemned to perpetual banishment, because it has something of Boyardo’s invention, from whom the chaste Ariosto borrowed his. As for that Ariosto,” adds the curate, “if I meet with him in any language but his own, he must expect no mercy. To say the truth, I have a great esteem for him in his own language.”—“I have him in Italian,” quoth the barber, “but I understand him not.”—“So much the better for you,” answers the curate; “it is no great loss to you.” Is this now the curate’s wonderful judgment? He thinks Ariosto excellent in Italian, and yet he congratulates the barber for not understanding him. You see the curate contradicts himself; and I would not advise your boasting of his decisions any more: for my part, I make no great account of him; especially since he is so favourable to Galatea. He ought to have condemned her to the flames, if he would be thought an impartial and judicious critick.’

‘Well, for all that, gentlemen,’ quoth the count, ‘Benengeli’s Don Quixote is an incomparable book. All men of wit have approved of it; and you had best not make yourself singular.’—‘I don’t question it,’ answered Don Pedro; ‘few men are sincere enough to own themselves wrong, and that they made a false judgment on a piece of wit. This is the reason why many ancient authors still continue in vogue; none will disown their first sentiments.’—‘I perceive,’ quoth the count, ‘you read these books with too much application; and I will warrant there is scarce one ad-

venture in this book, but what you find defective somewhere. But at least own that the novels are excellent, and above your criticism.’—‘I shall not own that,’ answered Don Pedro; ‘and you cannot but grant yourself, that the story of the shepherdess Marcella is of a tiresome length. Notwithstanding this, it contains no striking incident; and the whole of the affair is nothing but that the said Marcella had many lovers; that she rejected them all, and that her cruelty was the death of the shepherd Chrysothom. Nobody can help feeling the insipidity of that story. But now you talk of the amorous Chrysothom, pray let us say something of the fine verses that were read at his funeral.’—‘What do you think of them, gentlemen? Have not they charmed you?’—‘O, now you put me in mind of them,’ cried Don Carlos, ‘good God! they are— but I will not say what, since they are under the count’s protection.’—‘Nay, as for the verses,’ replied the count, ‘I leave them to you. Benengeli is a very indifferent poet; I never much relished his verse. But, to return to the novels in Don Quixote, that of the Impertinent Curiosity pleases me.’—‘It is well written,’ quoth Don Pedro; ‘but it is a detached piece, foisted in, and not to the purpose.’—‘That is true,’ answered the count; ‘but you know there are sometimes digressions which are better than the books themselves.’—‘No matter for that,’ said Don Pedro; ‘it is a fault; and Benengeli ought to have avoided it, which might easily have been done without great stretch of imagination. As for the story of the captive, and the beautiful Zoraida, it is too verbose; but that is the author’s style. Let us on to that of Dorothea.’—‘That is what I wish for,’ quoth the count; ‘I defy you to make the least criticism upon it.’—‘There you are mistaken again,’ replied Don Pedro. ‘Do but hear me without prepossession. Dorothea tells her story to the curate and his company. She gives them a particular account of her misfortunes, in such terms as persuade them she is as full of affliction as her condition deserves. And yet, for all this, no sooner does the curate acquaint her that he designs to disguise the barber like a princess, in order to seduce Don

Quixote

Quixote back to his village, but she, of her own accord, offers to play that part; assuring him that she can do it better than the barber. I would fain know of you; whether Dorothea, under all her misfortunes, was in a situation to take part in this comedy. When you would have me excuse the author for these errors in judgment, you put me in mind of the admirers of the old masters in painting. If you tell them, "Methinks the colouring of this piece is not good," they answer, That was not the master's talent. "Aye," but say you again, "this attitude is forced; this figure is ill fore shortened; the picture has two different lights;" it is true, say they; but that is a licence they take; the greatest masters have done the same. Such pieces as this are not to be examined after this manner; we must consider the connexion, the whole together, and a sort of I know not what to call it, which is altogether divine. — "There is no answering what you say," replied Don Alvaro; "and, to tell you my opinion of Dorothea's story, to me it seems almost all of it remote from probability. I cannot believe, that a young maid, genteelly bred, could have the courage and resolution to put on men's cloaths, and serve a peasant in a frightful mountain: nor can I believe, that Dorothea could live three months with this peasant, without being discovered. Though her beauty had not betrayed her, yet she had very long hair, and a great deal of it; and how could she hide it under her cap? Nor is this all; we never find any body talk all alone in a desert; much less, so loudly as to be heard thirty or forty paces off. And yet Dorothea does all this. She talks by herself in the wood; and the curate and his company, though at a great distance from her, do not lose a single word. That may pass in heroic romances, where such wonders are allowed of; but not in comick ones, where all the actions of life are to be naturally represented. I should never have done, should I tell you all that displeases me in this story." — "And what do you think of Cardenio's?" said the count. "It has more of probability," answered the

Granadine. "Cardenio does nothing but what is possible." — "You are in the right," quoth Don Pedro; "his madness is well contrived, and excellently delineated. But, however, when I find all on a sudden that he is no longer mad, without any intimation how he came by his wits again; that, indeed, is a wonder I do not understand. I see him perfectly frantick as soon as Don Quixote talks to him of romances; and presently after, when he sees the comedy of the Princess Micomicona acted, and bears a part in it himself, he is not moved at all. Methinks the author ought to have taken some notice of this sudden change; for nothing had happened to Cardenio to restore him to his right senses: he had not yet found his Lucinda. On the contrary, Dorothea's adventures, the recital whereof he had heard, and which bore great affinity to his own, should have excited violent commotion in him; and then, again, when he sees Don Ferdinand, his mortal enemy, and the cause of all his sufferings, should he not, in all probability, become absolutely furious? What was it that had so perfectly cured him? I cannot imagine why Benengeli forgot to give us an account of that. I am willing to forgive him all the impertinent circumstances he generally thrusts into the relation of every adventure, provided he does not omit those which are necessary." — "Gentlemen," said the count, "I am almost persuaded that you are in the right; and perceive that books without faults are scarcer than I imagined. I protest, from this time forward, I will read witty books with more attention, and not give my approbation so hastily." The discourse being ended, they all arose from table, and adjourned up stairs to the painter. Sancho followed Don Alvaro's pages, and went to dinner with them.

CHAP. IV.

OF QUEEN ZENOBIA'S PICTURE;
AND OF THE EXCITEMENT OF
SANCHO'S LAUGHTER.

THE dauber had not been at work more than two hours, and yet he had laid about him with his pencil so lustily,

luskily, that he had not only compleated Don Quixote and his Hacked-face princefs, but all the little Cupids into the bargain. And, to fay truth, the whole was as curiously executed as if it had been intended for an alehouse fign. The figures were all cripples: the knight of La Mancha had unfortunately one leg four times larger than the other; and, with refpect to Queen Zenobia, befides that her head hung hideoufly awry, her nofe, mouth, and chin, were in immediate contaft. Her hair was magnificently frizzled; but in a fyle not ill fited to one of the Furies. The Cupids, indeed, were fomewhat lefs deteftable; but they bore up, in the form of garlands, long links of hog-puddings and faufages, knotted at proper diftances with fprigs of laurel; ornaments, which, in the painter's judgment, accorded, infinitely better than wreaths of flowers, with the tripe-woman of Alcala. The Granadine and his company, not expecting to find the princefs's picture fo richly decorated, had fome difficulty to preferve their feriousnefs of countenance. The artift himfelf was as well difpofed to laugh as any of them. 'Gentlemen,' faid he, 'I muft request you will examine my performance clofely. I flatter myfelf it will not difpleafe you.'—'I am amazed,' answered Don Carlos, 'that you could perform fo rarely in fo fhort a time.'—'You muft not wonder at that,' replied the painter: 'when a man has fo much liberty of thought allowed him, the execution cofts nothing. The boldeft and moft animated ftrokes are for the moft part the work of a moment. But, gentlemen, what fay you to Don Quixote? Do you think I have expreffed him with that noble mien, and that aulfere look, for which men refpect and ladies love him?'—'You have certainly,' answered Don Carlos: 'and, indeed, feeing him thus armed at all points, and kneeling before the young and beautiful Zenobia, a man might well take him for the god of war, making humble fuit to the goddefs Cytherea.'—'Gentlemen,' quoth Don Quixote, 'let us rather admire the portrait of the queen. How warm and freth is that colouring! What a noble air in that head! How graceful is that face! I do not think that, among the antiquities

of Rome, there is a piece of painting comparable to this portrait: it effaces Raphael's Galatea, the Medicean Venus, and even that of Titian himfelf.—Yes, Signior Artift,' continued he, 'the vigour of your pencil has moft happily realized every perfection the imagination can conceive.'—'Signior Don Quixote,' replied the painter, 'you having yourfelf afured me that the beauty of Queen Zenobia was unparalleled, I have combined all the peculiar excellences of the moft celebrated princefses of antiquity to exprefs it. I have given her the front of Helen, the mouth and nofe of Penelope, the chin of Andromache, Angelica's eyes, Niquea's complexion, and the neck of Dido.'—'By uniting all thefe,' faid Don Quixote, 'you have reprefented the queen, fuch as fhe will appear after that I have difenchanted her.'—'God be praifed!' replied the painter, 'but I pray you, however, to take notice of one thing: if the princefs fhould chance not to be fo beautiful as I have drawn her, you fhall answer for it yourfelf, fince I took your word for it; and I declare I wafh my hands of that.'—'Do not trouble yourfelf,' replied Don Alvaro; 'you will never fuffer any difcredit upon that account. The Infanta of the Amazons, when difenchanted, will be ftill more beautiful than her picture; for fhe will then be as charming as fhe is now frightful.' As he finifhed thefe words, the fquire to the Knight of the Cupids entering the room—'Come hither, Sancho,' faid he, 'and tell us what you think of thefe pictures.' The fquire drew near, and began to gaze on them with all his eyes; but, when he had furveyed all parts very attentively, the garlands fo powerfully tickled his fancy, that he burft into a roar of laughter. 'Friend Sancho,' quoth the count, 'may we know what it is you laugh at fo heartily?' The fquire made no answer; but laughed on, holding his fides as if they would crack. 'Tell us, thou brute,' quoth Don Quixote, 'what it is thou laugheft at fo like a madman?'—'Pray, Sir, be not angry,' answered Sancho; 'I can affure you, at this time, I neither laugh at you, nor at the princefs: it is at thofe fancies the Cupids hold in their hands.'—'The garlands, you mean?' faid Don Quixote.

etc. 'What the devil is there in them so ridiculous as to cause this immoderate laughter?'—'By my troth, Sir,' answered the squire, 'there is my plaguy cheating sight come in play again! You will never guess at what I see. Faith, the enchanters are queer wags! Instead of those garlands you see, they look to me like black-puddings and sausages!' These words made the company titter. 'Sancho, Sancho!' cried Don Carlos, 'put on your spectacles. Can you then mistake the garlands of myrtle and laurel for black-puddings and sausages?'—'Nay, pray, Sir,' replied the squire, 'when a man is enchanted, he does not see as he would, I can assure you. If you should tell me they are garlands ever so often, I cannot help it; for my part, I shall still see nothing but black puddings; and puddings so well painted, that a body would think they could speak!'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Quixote, 'I am glad you are witnesses yourselves of this surprising prodigy. Now let Benen-geli talk on, and say there are neither enchanters nor enchantments. Is it natural, that what to every one of us appears like garlands, should appear quite otherwise to my squire?' All the gentlemen allowed that Don Quixote was in the right, and began to make sport with Sancho's enchantment. The knight then desired his portmanteau might be brought, to bestow some ducats on the dauber; but the generous artist, whom Don Alvaro had privately satisfied for his trouble, utterly refused pecuniary compensation; assuring Don Quixote that the honour of having painted the greatest knight and most beautiful prince in the world, was to him recompence sufficient. When night drew on, two coaches were made ready: the count and his brother-in-law went into one coach, together with Don Quixote and his lady; Don Alvaro, Don Pedro, and Sancho, got into the other; and all departed together for the count's house.

CHAP. V.

OF WHAT HAPPENED AT THE
COUNT'S HOUSE; OF THE AR-
RIVAL OF THE BLACK SQUIRE;

AND OF THE CONQUEST OF THE
ISLAND OF FORCMEAT-BALLS
BY THE VALOUR OF SANCHE.

AS soon as the count came home, he led Don Quixote and Zenobia into his sister's apartment; where several ladies expected them with all the impatience natural to women who design to divert themselves at their neighbour's cost. 'At length, ladies,' said the count to them, 'I have brought you hither the hero of La Mancha, that great and gallant knight, of whom you have been told so many wonders.' The ladies made their profound obeisance to Don Quixote, and received him in the most serious manner they were able; but, when they espied the scarified tripewoman, with her gaudy cloaths, her irregular shape, and weather-beaten physiognomy, they could not possibly withstand an object so ridiculous: they all burst out a laughing; and this threw the gentlemen and pages into such a violent fit, that the Knight of the Cupids was not at all pleased with the harmony. It scandalized him so extremely, that, though he professed himself the most devoted servant of the fair-sex, I cannot tell but he might have forgotten that profound respect which he naturally bore them, if Don Carlos, who was apprehensive of it, had not wisely said to him—'Don Quixote, you perceive these fair ladies have not been informed that Queen Zenobia is enchanted; and therefore form their judgment from external appearances.' The ladies, hearing these words, assumed serious countenances, and made their apologies to the knight; who told them, that the next day he intended to begin to maintain the Queen of the Amazons beauty against all the knights of the court. 'But pray, Sir Knight,' said one of the ladies, 'had you not better delay this till the prince is disenchanting? Methinks she would then be in a better condition to make good the assertion?'—'No, Madam,' answered Don Quixote; 'for, after her disenchantment, she will appear so full of all sorts of perfections, that no knight will presume to maintain his mistress against her. The sight of her, like that of the peerless Niquea, will overcome sense and reason; and I shall

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not

'not then have the satisfaction of combating for her beauty; which, I can assure you, is a very poignant pleasure. I therefore lay hold on the present opportunity, whilst Queen Zenobia is in a condition that does not deprive me of the hopes of finding some knight who will combat me.'—'Nay, by my troth,' cried Sancho, 'let those knights come before us! My master Don Quixote will, by down right dint of cuffs with his gauntlet, make them all own that Madam Zenobia outstrips all the court-ladies, as well as the mules.' This sudden flight set them all a laughing, and Don Carlos, to bring the squire's hand in, said to him—'Friend Sancho, with your master's leave, I pray relate to these ladies all that has befallen you since you left Saragossa.'—'With all my heart,' quoth Sancho; 'for I am in very good humour to give the ladies any satisfaction.'—'Take heed, then,' said Don Quixote; 'speak with circumspection, and be not guilty of any extravagances.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' replied the squire, 'I must tell your adventures! Let me alone; I will go talk like an apothecary; all my sentences shall be words.' Thus saying, he began the recital of his own and his master's adventures with such quaintness and volubility of language, as afforded infinite entertainment to the ladies. He had not yet finished, for he never gave over of his own accord, when a page entered the apartment, and announced aloud, that there attended in the anti-chamber a person extraordinarily habited, and blacker than the devil, who desired to speak with that company. 'Let him come in,' said the count; 'let us see what he is, and what he would have.' The door thereupon opened, and in came Don Carlos's secretary, disguised much after the same manner as when he personated the ambassador at Saragossa. His face was smeared with soot; he had on a long robe of black velvet; a tall cap adorned with feathers; great pendants at his ears; and about his neck a vast ruff, painted with all the colours in the rainbow, and embellished with several chains of gold and silver, to which hung a prodigious number of medals and steel-plates: he had no sword, but a great dagger hung by his

side. When he entered, he did off his cap; but, advancing to the middle of the apartment with ing deference to any body, claimed—'Princes and princes present, you see here before limet Salducian Micronasfa the Smoaky, tyrannical governor of the Island of the Force; discreet and only squire to the giant Bramarbas Ironsides, Cyprus, overseer of his pleasure; I come to seek the arrogant of La Mancha.'—'Here he is, Don Quixote; what would you with him?'—'I come to say to the black squire, that I am at present at Valladolid; in a tournament, he has slain a hundred knights with a magic given him by his friend the enchanter, and which is the dreadful Giant Brumaleon used, when in one battle he slew a thousand knights-errant. I intently longs to knock your brains; and he will do it with you please.'—'Go back to the squire,' answered Don Quixote; 'him repair to this town inn. That wretch has too long light of the sun by his execution. Be gone without lingering him that he may appear with his fatal club, which is little as Don Lucidanor of did Grindalaso's!'—'Be back,' replied Morocco, 'revenged of your squire Saragossa. I have been informed that he solently vaunts himself to be a fellow than I: if he is in my company, I challenge him to fight. I will tear his body in sand fragments, and cast them devoured by the birds of the air.' Sancho making no answer to these threats, but rather seeming to hide himself behind Don Quixote, said to him—'How can I cho! do not you answer him?'—'I am not here at present,' quoth Sancho; 'let Mr. Morocco wait another time, and perhaps he may knock at another time; this is not like to be open to you there!' cried the black squire; 'you are a hen-hearted fellow; you are not here.'—'And

‘woodcock,’ answered Sancho, ‘to say I am here, whether I will or no. By thunder and lightning, if you put me into a passion, and I once lay my talons on that hell-cook face, you may have cause to remember me the longest day you have to live! Take my word for it, drunkards do not like dry raisins. I do not love fooling; “and when an old dog shews his teeth, the best way is to keep off.”—“Great talkers are commonly little doers,” answered Morocco; “and I am mistaken if you accept of my challenge.”—“If he did not accept of it,” replied Don Quixote, “would he be worthy to be my squire?—Chear up; Sancho; let these ladies see that you are not inferior in valour to any squire in the universe.”—Very good, Sir!’ quoth Sancho; ‘I knew you would not forbear meddling in this business. Why the plague must I fight to humour every body? Was it for that I lifted myself again in knight-errantry? No, marry! I came to be your squire, to receive my wages, and to look after Rozinante and your worship: and, after all, what do we get by our combats? Why, cracke! crowns, battered jaws, and rossings in a blanket!’—‘Well,’ then, quoth the smoaky squire, ‘since your valour is so mercenary, and you do not like fighting without profit, I will make a proposition, which I think ought to be very acceptable to you. If you overcome me, I will yield up to you the government of the Island of the Forcemeat Balls.’ All the company approved of the prize; and Sancho, encouraged by the hopes of gaining it, said to the black squire—‘Master Morocco, upon those terms I am even content to fight you, provided it be not with a sword; for the devil is mischievous, and we may chance, when we least think of it, to run the point into our eyes.’—‘That is to say,’ cried Morocco, ‘that you are afraid of a sword. Well, then, we will say no more of it; neither ought we to make use of it, because we are not yet dubbed knights.’—‘If so,’ answered the Squire of La Mancha, ‘we surely ought not to offend against the laws of chivalry.’—‘Heaven forbid!’ quoth the smoaky squire; ‘I have observed them as in-

violably as I do my grandmother’s instructions: and so we will endeavour, if you please, to satisfy ourselves with simple bayonets.’—‘No, no!’ cried Sancho, ‘that will not do neither: bayonets are too like swords; and ill accidents may happen!’—‘What weapons will you fight with, then?’ said Morocco. ‘What better weapon than our caps?’ answered Sancho. ‘We will stand at a good distance, and throw them at one another; and then it will be bad luck if we have much need of lint or plaisters when the combat is ended.’—‘You do not mind what you said,’ replied the black squire: ‘people would think we were in jest; and we are not now trifling of making sport, but of fighting in good earnest.’—‘Stay till next winter,’ quoth the Squire of La Mancha, ‘and we will then pelt one another with snow-balls; or else let us now fall to fisticuffs.’—‘Be it at fisticuffs,’ answered Morocco; ‘I am content our difference be so decided.’ The government of my island is well enough worth a bout at fisticuffs: but, before we come to blows, we must agree in all points, and settle the conditions of the combat. If I am overcome, as I told you, my island is yours; but, if I conquer you, I will shut you up in a tower, where you shall be allowed but a pound of bread a week.’—‘If so, I am off again,’ quoth Sancho. ‘Why so, monster!’ cried Don Quixote. ‘Did you ever hear that the conditions of the combat hindered any from fighting? Do not all men fight as if they were sure to overcome, without regarding the conditions, though ever so hard? It is a custom generally received in knight-errantry.’—‘So much the worse, Sir,’ answered Sancho; ‘it is good to look before one leaps.’ A man must think he may lose when he sits down to play; but especially we, who have such dogged ill luck, that, for the most part, we come off but lamely. D’ye mark, Sir, though my hands are as good as another’s, I can assure you I do not make too sure of the victory; and, for aught I know, the battle might end in the tower and the pound of bread: and then, hang me! I had rather the devil had taken the island, and all the governors it has had since

'the two thieves died!'—'Go to, fear nothing, my son,' said Don Quixote. 'If you have the ill fortune to be overcome, I swear to you, before all the princesses here present, that I will force the King of Cyprus to restore you to me safe and sound! That shall be the first condition of my combat.'

Sancho, encouraged by this promise, at length resolved on action. Then the two squires divided the field of battle betwixt them; and, running together, began to give one another some hard bangs: but the victory did not long continue dubious, the Squire of La Mancha had soon the advantage; for the secretary, being a tender youth, was more sensible of the blows than his adversary, who was strong and hardy. Preferring, therefore, the surrender of his island to any additional pummelling, after enduring four or five sound cuffs, he demanded a cessation; which being granted—'I perceive,' said he, 'that the immortal gods favour my enemy. I was in hopes he would have fallen by my valour; and I thought to have kept him to a sort of diet that would have brought him to a delicate shape; but, since the gods will have him to continue round and fat, that he may at last die of an apoplexy, it would be to no purpose to oppose the Divine Will. I therefore give over the battle, and confess myself conquered.'—'Then your island is mine?' cried Sancho. 'It belongs of right to you,' answered the black squire; 'and you may take possession of it when you please: I only desire time to remove my effects.'—'What the devil is the meaning of all this?' said the victorious squire. 'Is an island then to be won at the first cast of the dice? Does a man become a governor in the twinkling of an eye? Am I drunk or asleep? I am sensible I have not supped yet, and that I have received some cuffs with the fist!—'Be not surprized, son Sancho!' cried Don Quixote; 'islands and empires are gained no otherwise in knight-errantry. Do not you remember, when the hardships and fatigues of this profession caused you to murmur, that I used to bid you have patience, and that you would one day reap the fruits of your labour. The day is come at last; you are a gover-

'nor! Now you cannot but own, that when knights promise their squires islands, they do not promise more than they can perform.'—'Nay, pray, Sir,' replied Sancho, 'do not mistake yourself: it was not you that gave me this government; I have earned it by my own industry, and you have contributed nothing towards it, unless you mumbled over some short prayer for my intention. But who the deuce would have thought that I should make my fortune at fisticuffs! I have given above a thousand in my time that never turned to any more account than if I had thrown them into the water. I find by my hand a man must know on whom he bestows them: there lies all the cunning. What was I the better the other night for giving the mule-driver two bangs? I was never the richer for it; but this bout I have thrashed good corn. Come of it what will, Sancho Panza is a governor! Well, I will even make much of myself, tumble about the ducats with a shovel, and laugh at the thorn and shaven!' These words he accompanied with the most extravagant tokens of exultation. Every one felicitated him on his conquest, and addressed him by no other title but—'My Lord Governor!'

When it was supper-time, and the company had adjourned into the room where the cloth was laid, the count said to the ladies—'I believe, fair princesses, you will not refuse our new governor Sancho to eat with us: you know we are bound to honour him; and it would not be good manners to send him to eat with our servants.'—'No, indeed!' answered one of the ladies; 'and, to honour him the more completely, I am of opinion that he sup apart with the most beautiful and the greatest lady in company; I mean, the Queen of the Amazons: for all the ladies here know their inferiority too well to equal themselves with such princesses.' This contrivance was generally approved of, especially by the ladies, who, though desirous of keeping up the diversion, yet could not endure such a mean creature as Barbara should sit by them. Don Quixote took the thing as it was said, and looked upon the

the preference they gave his tripe-woman, as a piece of justice they could not refuse her. A little table was brought accordingly, with two plates; which Sancho perceiving — ‘Come, Madam Queen,’ said he to Zenobia, ‘let us sit down without any ceremony: we shall be better pleased to sup together than with all those gentlemen and ladies; for we shall not be obliged to eat little bits, and to drink by rule and measure.’ Barbara, though naturally impudent enough, could not but be a little out of countenance to see herself made the laughing-stock of the company: but she was not come so far to recant; and therefore, following Sancho’s example, she sat down at the little table. Don Quixote, the gentlemen, and the ladies, placed themselves about the great one; and, when they were all seated, the black squire, who was still present, said to Don Quixote — ‘Farewel, Sir Knight! I am going back to Valladolid, to carry my master your answer.’ — ‘Stay, Mr. Morocco,’ cried Sancho; ‘give me some account of my island before you go: I must be informed how the people live there.’ — ‘That is but reasonable,’ answered the black squire: ‘and, to satisfy your curiosity, I must tell you, in the first place, that learning flourishes in your island; there are great men, who understand Greek, Arabick, Hebrew, Syriack, and High-Dutch. There are rare astrologers; who, in the night-time, put on their spectacles to star-gaze, and know exactly when it is night and when it is day. There are curious persons, who have so far dived into nature, that they have discovered the secret of reducing four ounces of gold to two, and of converting considerable revenues into smoak and coals. Besides, you have abundance of poets in your island, who write elegies, ballads, songs, sonnets, satires, rondeaus, and tragedies in rhyme.’ — ‘As for the poets,’ said the squire of La Mancha, ‘I will give them whole handfuls of gold and silver to write verses for me, I love them so dearly.’ — ‘Take heed what you design to do,’ said Don Quixote; ‘be moderate in your presents: poets must be fed, but not fattened; for wealth lays the Muses to

sleep instead of rousing them.’ — ‘Sir,’ replied the squire, ‘when you are king of Cyprus, or emperor of Trabizond, you may do as you please: for my part, I will pay down upon the nail for what I bespeak, that it may not be said in my island that I do not give labourers their hire. I should be very sorry to get that ill name; governors have had ones enough besides: in short, had you paid the Arab who wrote your history, he would not have told so many foolish tales of you.’ — ‘I do not value his impostures,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘they are too gross to make any impression upon men of sense.’ — ‘Ay, but, Sancho,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘you do not consider that if you reward the poets, they will hide your faults, and will say nothing but the best of you.’ — ‘Nay, faith,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I do not design to pay them for speaking ill of me! — By your talk, gentlemen, one would think that poets were never to write but to abuse folks. Why, pray, are they not bound, as well as others, to conceal their neighbours faults, rather than to scandalize them?’ The ladies were wonderfully pleased with this discourse, and could not but admire Sancho’s simplicity, and his master’s judgment; for he reasoned with such propriety that it seemed incomprehensible how such a person could be the greatest madman in Spain. The new governor, whilst he satisfied his curiosity, failed not to stuff his carcass; and it was whimsical enough to see him, with his chaps crammed full, questioning the vanquished secretary. ‘Mr. Morocco,’ quoth he, ‘pray tell us what sort of humoured women are they in my island? Are they always spinning or lace-weaving?’ — ‘O no!’ answered the black squire; ‘they love their pleasure too well to take so much pains: they are not restrained as the fashion is in this country; they enjoy an unbounded liberty. But, to give them their due, they make very good use of it. Every body commends their behaviour: none but their husbands find fault with it.’ — ‘Why do they complain?’ quoth Sancho. ‘Do not they find their dinner ready when they come home? Or do their wives look sour upon them?’ —

‘Quite

‘Quite contrary,’ replied Morocco; ‘it is because they find the cloth laid, and their wives in too good a humour; it is that vexes them. Madam’s good-humour puts Master out of humour.’—‘Those are mere block-heads of husbands,’ cried the squire of La Mancha, ‘to be angry at what they ought to be pleased with.’—‘You are in the right,’ replied the smoaky squire; ‘and the worst of it is, that these blockheaded husbands have no more wit than to make their complaints to the courts of justice; and the judges are so barbarous as to lock up their wives.’—‘Ch, ho!’ quoth Sancho; ‘then there are judges in my government, too?’—‘That there are,’ I can assure you,’ answered Morocco; ‘and very learned ones: why they understand their business so well, that they try causes fast asleep; and, as fast asleep as they are, they know how to ruin whole families.’—‘O the knaves!’ cried our governor; ‘do not they think they shall pay for it when they are dead?’—‘Not at all,’ said the black squire; ‘that does not at all disturb their consciences.’—‘Nay, they are right,’ quoth Sancho: ‘after all, there is no great harm in that; for I have heard the prior of Toboso say, that all the harm we do in our sleep is forgiven us. And yet the families are nevertheless ruined. O those cursed vermin of judges! Cannot I drive them all out of my island?’—‘Why would you banish them?’ quoth Don Carlos. ‘Body o’ me!’ cried Sancho, ‘do not you see the reason, as well as I? When I am grown rich with long governing in my government, those sparks need only fall a snoring, and my family goes to the dogs. By my faith, it is not worth while to lie whole nights in woods, to endure heat and cold, and to dance in a blanket, to gain islands, if the governors must walk out again with only a staff in their hand! Who the devil would desire to be a governor at that rate? I am sure my ass would not.’—‘Mr. Governor,’ said the black squire, ‘you put yourself into a heat without cause: the governor is above all the judges. Whatever wealth he has, and howsoever he got it, he is only accountable in the other world; and

the judges cannot take one farthing from him, though they snored all the days of their life.’—‘Why did not you tell me so, then?’ answered the squire of La Mancha: ‘provided the judges and I have no controversy, we shall agree well enough. Diamond cuts diamond. They need only let me govern as I please, and I will let them snore their belly-full.’ The count’s sister, who had not spoken before, said—‘Mr. Governor, I do not hear you ask whether there are any physicians in your island.’—‘Aye, faith,’ quoth Sancho, ‘I had like to have forgot the best!—Tell me, Mr. Morocco, whether there are any good physicians in my government, for I shall want them to trim my beard and hair.’—‘I expected you would ask this question,’ answered the black squire: ‘I can assure you it is a pleasure to be sick in your island. The physicians there are all Machaons, Esculapius’s, and Galens. There is one of them has most divine medicines, and talks like an oracle of all distempers: I must needs tell you a wonderful cure of his. A president falling one day into a pleurisy as he was giving judgment, six physicians were sent for; this wonderful man was one of them. They saw the patient; prescribed their medicines; he took them all; his distemper encreased; and he was at death’s door. Well, what came of it? Five of the physicians gave him over; and concluded, he would not outlive Sunday. Our great man was left alone; and, by his wonderful skill, the president did not die till Monday.’—‘Pox take it!’ quoth Sancho, ‘you have made a fool of me here: I would have sworn that great physician had quite cured the president.’—‘Nay, that is another matter,’ said Morocco. ‘God take me! if the physicians could work such cures as those, I would never make a jest again of their bad medicines, nor their good Latin.’ Sancho put several other questions to the secretary; which the wise Alifolan does not mention in his memoirs, perhaps because he did not know them; or else it may be because he did not think them fit to be inserted in such a grave history as the present.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE RESOLUTION THAT WAS TAKEN CONCERNING QUEEN ZENOBIA, UNKNOWN TO DON QUIXOTE, AND OF THE ADVENTURE OF THE SERENADE.

WHEN the company had supped, the black squire disappeared, and the ladies drew round the Amazon princess, being desirous to hear her talk a little. 'Madam Queen Zenobia,' said the count's sister, 'pray inform us why you are so silent: you have not spoken one word all this supper-time. Is your enchantment the cause of it? Or do the Amazons use to eat like Carthusians?'—'Madam,' quoth Barbara, 'when I am among people of my own rank, I talk as well as another; but little ones must be silent before the great ones; for I have always heard it said, that the best thing a mean person can say, is not so good as the worst that comes from quality.'—'By my faith,' cried Don Carlos, 'the princess is in the right! A scurvy pun, or an old quibble from a great lord, is admired; when at the same time keen wit in an ordinary man is not taken notice of.'—'That is true,' said Don Pedro de Luna; 'it fares with great lords and indifferent people, just as it does with ancient and modern authors: every line the ancients have written is cried up, and their very faults pass for beauties; all the moderns write is damned, and their beauties are looked upon as faults.'—'Gentlemen,' said Don Carlos's sister, 'pray let us lay aside morality, if you please. Will you allow us the liberty to talk awhile with Queen Zenobia in private? We have something of moment to say to her.' The gentlemen immediately retired, with Don Quixote and Sancho, to the other end of the apartment, where they fell into discourse concerning Bramarbas. The ladies then desired Barbara to give them an account of her misfortunes, which she did in such language as was sufficiently entertaining. After they had amused themselves long enough with the poor creature, they began to pity her; and the count's sister, being charitably inclined, said to her—'Well,

'good woman, by what you have told us, we find you are like the players, who with the play over that they may go and receive their money. I perceive you only wait for the fifty ducats which Don Quixote has promised you, and you will go back to Alcala; and, it being the same thing to you whether you have them from him, or from another, I will give them to you this moment, upon condition you will be gone to-morrow morning, before Don Quixote or Sancho are awake.'—'I desire no better,' quoth Barbara; 'for, though I have been a queen but five or six days, I can assure you I am as weary of it, as if I had been so all the days of my life. All heads will not fit one cap, I find. I am fitter to fry tripe for the scholars of our university, than to come to court to strut and trick myself out among the gentlemen.' As Barbara spoke thus, the count's sister took out her purse, and, putting it into the other's hand, without being seen by Don Quixote, or his squire, said to her—'Here, good woman, there are sixty ducats in it; I give them you; but be sure you be gone to-morrow morning.'—'I promise you I will, Madam,' answered Hacked Face, 'and that is enough; for, God be praised! I was never worse than my word to any body.' The count's sister then beckoned Don Alvaro, and told him the agreement she had made with Zenobia. The Granadine, who was not at all sorry to get rid of her, undertook to manage her departure. The time now growing late, Don Pedro, the count, and Don Carlos, escorted home those ladies who did not belong to the house; whilst Don Alvaro, in another carriage, accompanied Zenobia, Don Quixote, and Sancho. They were not above half way on their road, when they heard a confused sound of guitars and theorbos. They stopped the coach, to discover what it meant; and, looking out at the windows, that they might listen the better, distinctly heard the following words sung by a tolerably good voice, and pleasingly accompanied—

'THE God of Love forsakes the skies,
'In my name break to fix his reign,
'And take his station in your eyes;
'Thus rendering all resistance vain.

'Like

- ‘ Like Venus proud, like Venus fair,
- ‘ You’ve all her conqu’ring arts and charms;
- ‘ He’d take you for her by your air,
- ‘ But that you’re proof against his arms.’

When the gentleman had done singing, the instruments ceased, which made the Granadine and the knight conclude that the serenade was ended. ‘ It is pity,’ said Don Alvaro, ‘ that we came so late, and missed of the beginning. This was a good concert, and well performed.’—‘ Truly,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ the musick was excellently fitted to the words, which are gallant and sprightly, and have the true spirit of the ancients.’—‘ Let us listen a while,’ quoth Tarfe; ‘ I hear the instruments tuning: they will sing again.’ Accordingly, the same voice began again as follows—

- ‘ Arm’d as you are with chilling frowns,
- ‘ New love those very frowns inspire;
- ‘ The fairest form that nature owns,
- ‘ We cannot, sure, too much admire.’

‘ The fairest form that nature owns!’ cried Don Quixote, in a fury. ‘ What then will become of Queen Zenobia?’ As he uttered these words, he threw open the coach-door; and, leaping out, in spite of Don Alvaro’s efforts to hold him, drew his sword, and ran at the serenaders. ‘ Where is that rash man,’ cried he, ‘ who dares say his mistress is the fairest form that nature owns? Know, knight, there is not a princess in the world comparable with Queen Zenobia, who is the phoenix of beauty, and the most perfect work of nature, since her sovereign power has made me her captive, and subdued all the faculties of my soul by her royal perfections! Grant then, that your lady is inferior to her, or expect to receive the punishment due to your presumption!’ This extraordinary salutation, and the furious gestures of him who uttered it, filled the hearts of the musicians with terror, inasmuch that the whole band, who came not thither with any stomachs to fighting, took to their heels, and made off with their guitars and theorboes as expeditiously as possible. The gentleman who gave the serenade was left alone; and, heedless of the mad language he had just heard, drew his sword. He was too

much concerned at the disappointment of his concert, to parley with our knight, and was just going to thrust at him, when he perceived that Don Quixote, instead of standing upon his guard, made up close, with his arm lifted up, to cleave him down; and therefore he thought better to fight retiring; but, at the same time that he warded off the cuts, he made such home-thrusts, that, had not the knight been in armour, he had soon put a final period to all his adventures. Don Alvaro, who had followed Don Quixote, did all he could to part them, but in vain. At length, the knight of the serenade, perceiving he made so many home-thrusts to no purpose, and that his sword met with resistance, cried out—‘ Coward, thou art certainly in armour, or I had long since reached thy heart!’ Don Quixote, hearing these words, stopped short, and answered—‘ Why, then, have you, knight, indiscreetly left your armour behind you? Truly, I thought you were in armour as well as myself: the darkness of the night may excuse me. Stay, I will disarm; and we will then put an end to our combat, according to the rules of chivalry. Don Quixote de la Mancha never yet fought with odds! I should be ashamed of victory, were it gained by any other means than by my valour.’ The serenading gentleman, hearing the name of Don Quixote, was a little startled; and asked the Granadine, whether that was really the same Don Quixote de la Mancha whose history was then so much in vogue: ‘ It is himself in person,’ answered Don Alvaro; ‘ the very true original: he is come to the court of Spain, there to defend Queen Zenobia’s beauty, for he is fallen in love with it: and, therefore, you must not think it strange if he cannot endure to hear your lady styled the most beautiful object in nature; for, though you only asserted this in singing, you know very well that knights errant will not allow of such songs.’—‘ Nay, since it is Don Quixote de la Mancha,’ said the serenader, ‘ I forgive him for spoiling my concert, which I should not easily do to another.’—‘ That is not enough,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ you must own that Queen Zenobia is a more accomplished beauty than your lady.’—

‘ I am

‘I am content,’ replied the serenading gentleman; ‘but then you must grant that, next to your mistress, mine outdoes all the ladies in the world: that will satisfy us both.’—‘What you require of me is very extraordinary,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but no matter, I may grant that without any offence to my princess: besides, since you durst fight me without armour, I take you for one of the most valiant knights in the universe; and consequently your mistress must be surprizingly beautiful. And therefore, in honour to your extraordinary valour, I admit that your lady is the most beautiful person in the world, next to Queen Zenobia, who is beyond all comparison or parallel.’—‘And I, in return, confess,’ answered the serenader, ‘that my mistress is not so beautiful as Queen Zenobia, to whom I wish all happiness, though I have not the honour to know her.’ After this reciprocal acknowledgment, the swords were put up, and several compliments passed betwixt them; the serenading knight then went home; and Don Quixote and the Granadine, returning to the coach, did the same.

CHAP. VII.

OF QUEEN ZENOBIA’S DEPARTURE,
AND DON FERDINAND DE PERALTA’S ARRIVAL AT MADRID.

THE bright Aurora was now emerging from her watery bed, and her radiance had already dispelled the darkness of the night, when the beautiful Queen of the Amazons arose; impatient to return into her own country to fry tripe. Whilst she was dressing, Don Alvaro came himself in his night-gown to acquaint her that it was time to depart. She went down into the court; where, finding her mule ready, she mounted, and set out for Alcalá, before Don Quixote and his squire were awake.—O unfortunate Knight of the Cupids! where are your thoughts at this moment? Whilst you indolently reign yourself to slumber, incessant and cruel torments rob you of the dear object of your desires! What affliction awaits your arousing! What desperation will be your destiny! Less did the inconsolable Mene-

laus bewail the heart-breaking departure of his Helen, than you will that of your transinographied princess! Don Alvaro, having dispatched the Amazon, retired to bed again; and, after resting some hours, sent to acquaint Don Carlos, the count, and Don Pedro, that he waited to regale them with a new scene of pleasantry. They did not long delay their appearance. When they arrived—‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘you must understand that Barbara is departed; I sent her off privately this morning. We shall now see our knight-errant in a rare agitation; I am confident he must be vastly diverting.’ He had scarce spoken these words before he espied Sancho coming from his master’s chamber. ‘Good-morrow, Mr. Governor,’ said he, ‘what news have you for us? How fares Don Quixote to-day?’—‘He is very well,’ answered the squire; ‘and, by the same token, designs this day, after dinner, to defend Madam Zenobia’s beauty before the court. He says that there shall be a high pillar raised in the Great Square, to which the queen’s picture shall hang; and then there shall be a challenge posted up, and then this thing, and then the other thing—but hold, gentlemen, here he comes: he will tell you the rest himself; for I am going to the kitchen to find out the little limping cook, my very good friend, who waits to give me my breakfast.’ The gentlemen saluted Don Quixote; and, when he had returned their salute, he said—‘Gentlemen, I came to ask Don Alvaro’s advice; but, since I find you here, I will consult with you all. I know not whither I ought to begin the maintainance of Queen Zenobia’s beauty this very day, or whether I had better stay till I have overcome the King of Cyprus. Pray, give me your opinion upon this.’ The gentlemen consulted together; and, contrary to the custom of most consultations, were all of one mind; to wit, that Bramarbas ought to be subdued prior to any other consideration. Whilst they were giving the reasons for their opinion, one of the Granadine’s pages came and told Don Pedro, that a young gentleman, whose name was Don César, enquired for him. ‘Gentlemen,’ said Don Pedro, ‘I beg leave to bring

' you acquainted with this young man,
 ' who is my pupil in military matters:
 ' the king has given him a post under
 ' me at the head of his army against
 ' the Moors; and at two and twenty
 ' years of age he is a general officer,
 ' and has gained the reputation of an
 ' excellent commander.—Don Alvaro,
 ' will you give me leave to introduce
 ' him?' Tarfe declared he should be
 proud of his acquaintance; and Don
 César was accordingly shewn into the
 apartment. Having embraced all the
 gentlemen, he at last went up to the
 knight; and, opening his arms to receive
 him—' Don Quixote,' quoth he, ' I
 ' am heartily glad to see you!'—' How
 ' now, Don César,' cried Don Pe-
 dro; ' are you acquainted with the
 ' knight of La Mancha?'—' Acquaint-
 ' ed with him!' replied Don César;
 ' I owe him the greatest obligations in
 ' the world. It is not above two days
 ' since he saved my life; and to him
 ' also I am indebted for the discovery
 ' of my origin, which, otherwise, per-
 ' haps, I might have remained in igno-
 ' rance of for ever.' Don Quixote,
 observing Don Pedro surprized at these
 words, said to him—' Yes, Don Pe-
 dro, it was I who had the good for-
 tune to prevent the fatal stroke which a
 murderer aimed at this young gen-
 tleman, whom you are no longer to
 call Don César, but Don Ferdinand
 de Peralta, as being brother to the
 beautiful Engracia, and son to the un-
 fortunate Don Ferdinand, who pe-
 rished in the mighty fleet which King
 Philip fitted out against England.'—
 ' O Heavens!' cried Don Pedro, ' what
 ' is this you tell us, Don Quixote?'
 ' Is it possible, that this young peasant,
 ' to whom I have been a father, is of
 ' the illustrious family of the Peral-
 ' tas? and that we can no longer ac-
 ' cuse Heaven of having denied noble
 ' birth to one whose valour and con-
 ' duct so well merited it?—But, pray,
 added he, turning to Don César, ' tell
 ' us how you came to discover your
 ' origin? My friendship requires this
 ' relation of you; and it will be a great
 ' satisfaction to all the gentlemen pre-
 ' sent.' Hereupon Don Ferdinand re-
 lated the adventure of the robbers; the
 discoveries made by him whom Don
 Quixote had wounded; the history of

Engracia; and, finally, all that passed
 at Torrefuva. The company listened to
 him with great attention; and, when
 he had ended, began to ask some other
 questions. Some desired to learn who
 it was that wounded Don Christopher;
 and Don Quixote, as the avenger of
 forsaken damsels, demanded tidings of
 Engracia. ' Inform me, I beseech you,
 ' Don Ferdinand,' quoth he, ' has Don
 ' Christopher done justice to your sister?'
 ' I would fain know, likewise, whe-
 ' ther you have put a stop to the indif-
 ' soluble engagement which that cava-
 ' lier was about to contract with Donna
 ' Anna de Montoya. I remember,
 ' when your uncle Don Diego de Pe-
 ' ralta mentioned that marriage to you,
 ' you appeared greatly agitated; and,
 ' if I mistake not, love had as great
 ' a share in your disorder as honour.'
 —' You are not mistaken, Sir Knight,'
 replied Don Ferdinand; ' I have been
 ' long in love with that lady.'—' Good
 ' God!' cried Don Pedro, ' what do
 ' I hear? How can I learn so many
 ' surprizing accidents in one day?—
 ' Could you be in love, Don Ferdi-
 ' nand, with the daughter of Don Ber-
 ' trand de Montoya, my intimate
 ' friend, and conceal your passion from
 ' me?'—' Do not take it ill of me,'
 answered Don Ferdinand; ' the thought
 ' that I was son to Mary Ximenez quite
 ' overwhelmed me; I judged that I
 ' could never sufficiently conceal so
 ' presumptuous a passion, and that you
 ' would be the first to condemn me.'—
 ' No, no,' replied Don Pedro; ' I should
 ' not have condemned you. Though
 ' you were the son of a peasant, con-
 ' sidering the extraordinary valour you
 ' displayed in Flanders, Don Bertrand
 ' might well have given you his daugh-
 ' ter without any degradation. There
 ' is nothing, I must say, above your
 ' merits.' This extraordinary com-
 mendation from a person of Don Pe-
 dro's character, highly prejudiced the
 count, Don Carlos, and the Granadine,
 in favour of the youthful Ferdinand.
 They besought him to recount the his-
 tory of his life; and Don Quixote,
 touched with the same curiosity, seconded
 their request. Don Ferdinand yielded
 to their entreaty; and, seeing them all
 seated, and ready to listen to him, he
 began his relation in these terms.

CHAP. VIII.

THE STORY OF DON FERDINAND
DE PERALTA.

THE ruffian, who murdered my nurse, having, as I told you, left me at Torreiva, under the care of Mary Ximenez; that good woman, as she continued to suckle me, conceived for me, insensibly, a real affection. Far from desiring any reward for nursing me, her chief fear was lest I should be taken out of her hands by my parents. She therefore gave out that I was her own son, and bred me up in the same belief; so that, except some few particular persons who knew her family, and whom she had earnestly entreated to keep the secret, all the village was under the same error. As she was ignorant of my real name, she gave me that of a son she had lost; this, perhaps, she did to deceive herself; that, if possible, she might bring herself to credit the imposition she practised upon others. But whatever she could do to debase my spirit to her own condition, and to breed me up a peasant, nature was above all her endeavours; and my generous inclinations discovered the nobility of my birth. I was better pleased to see a sword than a shepherd's hook. In short, I hated all country employments; and by the time I attained the age of fourteen years, feeling myself utterly impatient of such a despicable way of life, I resolved to run away from Mary Ximenez, and to wipe off the meanness of my birth by my courage in the army. Accordingly, I left the village privately one night, and went away to Alcala; where, the better to elude the search of Mary Ximenez, I changed the name of Antony, which I then bore, for that of Cæsar. I made choice of this name, because I had often heard the villagers, when talking of any brave man, say that he was another Cæsar. At Alcala I was informed that a gentleman (being this same Don Pedro de Luna) was raising a regiment, and was lately come to the town to make levies there. I laid hold of the opportunity; I offered myself to him; and, in the best manner my years and education

would permit, signified the earnest desire I had to enter into the service; which I did in such a manner that he could not help noticing it. He liked my looks and resolution, and took a great fancy to me; but being yet too young to serve, he would not carry me with him into Flanders, whither his regiment was commanded. He left me with his brother at Alcala to accompany his nephew Don Christopher, who was then about my age; and ordered me to be brought up with him. My country garb was now taken away from me; and I was taught every thing that young gentlemen learn, as if I had been his equal. Our masters were astonished to see me advance so fast in my exercises. But I shewed the greatest ability in riding, and fencing; and knowing how necessary it was for a soldier to understand fortification, I applied myself earnestly to that study. I soon became a new man, and forgot all my country behaviour; such is the force of education in youth. Every body loved me; for I laboured to behave with courtesy and politeness to every body, that I might make some amends for the meanness of my birth. Above all, I paid great respect to Don Christopher, as nephew to the person to whom I owed all my present prospects. And, I must say this in praise of him, that, young as he was, instead of taking upon him, or improving the obligations I owed him to his own advantage, he loved me so entirely, that all things were in common between us. He was never satisfied unless we were together; he made me share in all his pleasures, and divided with me all the little money he had to dispose of at that age. I must in justice add also, that notwithstanding the emulation we felt in our youthful exercises, he never shewed the least symptom of envy or displeasure, if the superiority, as sometimes was the case, chanced to be on my side.

Eager as I was to be gone to Flanders to Don Pedro, I was forced to spend three years to perfect myself in my exercises. Then I was detained no longer, but fitted out for the army. Don Christopher would fain have gone with me, and asked leave of his father Don Louis de Lu-

na; but the good old man, who designed to dispose of him otherwise, would not grant it. Don Christopher and I were forced to part: we both wept; but he more especially, as the obstruction his thirst of glory met with from his father, mortified him sorely. I went away to Cadiz, where I embarked with some gentlemen of Andalusia, who were going to serve under the Archduke Albert, called the Cardinal Infante; who was at that time governor of the Catholic Low Countries for the King of Spain. At Dunkirk I was informed that Don Pedro was then with his regiment in garrison at Antwerp, whither I went with all possible expedition. He was glad to see me; and courteously told me that, as favourable an opinion as he conceived of me at first sight, he now hoped still better from the progress I had made in my exercises. I would have answered him, and made an acknowledgment for the favours received; but he interrupted me; and, changing the discourse, said, smiling—"I am sensible, Cæsar, you are not come hither to be idle; but be not too hasty; we shall soon see what you can do for the honour of the regiment, and the king's service." He was as good as his word; for Archduke Albert having laid siege to Hullt, our regiment was sent thither. As soon as we came, the besieged made a sally, supported by some horse. They beat off our workmen, and pressed hard upon our foot, but we repulsed and pursued them at their heels to the very covert-way. This I can say, that I was none of the last who came up with them, nor the first that retired; and, as a first essay, I took a standard, killing the trooper that carried it. All the officers of the regiment commended me. This beginning pleased me; and not being able to endure idleness, when the regiment was not upon duty, I would slip away, and go every night to see what was doing in the trenches; where, if any thing was carrying on, I contributed my assistance. I had uncommon success; and going out upon parties, seldom returned without some advantage, or some good intelligence. The success of my little expeditions soon made a noise in the army; and I was

looked upon as one of the most resolute partizans; but about the latter end of the ensuing year, our regiment being then in garrison at Bruges, I performed an action that gained me great reputation, and procured me a commission. Don Melchior de Sandoval, a Spanish officer, having been wronged by those who governed the Spanish Netherlands before the coming of the archduke, took it so to heart, that he deserted to the Dutch; who, being acquainted with his experience in military affairs, gave him the government of the town of Dam, whence he harassed the Spaniards, making excursions up to the gates of Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent. Being abroad one day upon a party, I learned that Don Melchior was going to marry his daughter to a considerable Dutch officer, and that the wedding was to be kept in a house the governor had under the cannon of the place, a little without the glacis. I undertook to go thither, and bring away Don Melchior and his family. I will now tell you how I contrived it, and what success I had. I disguised myself like a peasant, to view the avenues to the house; and, when I had gained a perfect knowledge of them, I gathered twenty horse of our regiment. We set out as soon as night came on, so that the enemy might have no intelligence of our march, and we might get thither when they were all dead asleep. I knew the way perfectly well, and the darkness did not hinder our reaching the house at the intended hour. There is a great canal between Bruges and Dam, which being ordinarily considered by the enemy as a sufficient security against our incursions, was, on this account, I suppose, less attended to in the present instance, than it would have been otherwise. This canal being frozen over, we passed it without any difficulty. The day before, I had observed a little wood which reached from the canal to Don Melchior's house, and came up to a corner of the garden, being a part little frequented, and overgrown with briars and brambles on both sides of the wall. We reached this place about two in the morning; and leaving our horses in the wood, with five or six men to look after them, we threw down the wall

with tools we had brought for that
 # purpose, and made a large breach.
 # The distance of the place from the
 # house, and the noise and confusion of
 # the wedding, prevented our being
 # heard. We entered the garden with
 # our swords, and each of us a brace of
 # pistols, and went on in the dark, till
 # by the light of his match we espied a
 # centinel posted at the door that parted
 # the garden from the court. I crept
 # along the palisade; and, before the
 # centinel could fire at me, I laid him
 # flat with a brace of bullets. The
 # noise of the shot would have alarmed
 # a *corps de garde* posted in the court
 # for the security of the house, but they
 # were completely intoxicated; so that
 # we soon put them to the sword. My
 # principal design being to carry off the
 # governor, his daughter, and his son-
 # in-law, we made all the haste we
 # could into the house. At the stair-
 # foot I met one of Don Melchior's ser-
 # vants, who was just come down upon
 # hearing the noise. I clapped a pistol
 # to his head, and made him conduct
 # me to his master's apartment; and,
 # whilst he led me thither, a party of
 # our men pushed on to the nuptial-
 # chamber. Unfortunately, Don Mel-
 # chior, having received notice of our
 # approach from a serjeant of the guard,
 # who happened to be less drunk than
 # his fellows, made his escape down
 # the back-stairs. His escape made me
 # conclude that we had no time to lose,
 # and that he would immediately send
 # out parties after us: I therefore made
 # haste to the rest of our men, whom I
 # found in the wedding-chamber, the
 # door being forced open. The new-
 # married couple were just going to
 # bed, and you may easily imagine how
 # they were surprized, when they saw
 # our men rush in upon them. They
 # had scarce time allowed to put on their
 # morning-gowns; but were forced
 # away almost naked. I could not
 # help pitying them; but in war com-
 # passion is useless. We returned to
 # our horses in the wood, repassed the
 # canal with the same ease we came over,
 # and got home without any molesta-
 # tion. When we came to Bruges, I
 # presented my prisoners to Don Pedro
 # de Luna, who entertained them very
 # courteously, and carried them to the
 # governor; from whom he obtained
 # for them the liberty of the town upon

parole. Some days after this expe-
 # dition, Don Melchior sent a trumpet
 # to Bruges to enquire after his daugh-
 # ter and son-in-law, and wrote to them
 # to treat about their ransom; but that
 # affair remained long unfinished, there
 # being no cartel as yet settled betwixt
 # the Dutch and the Spaniards; and
 # ransoms at that time were as arbi-
 # trary as they are now at Tripoli or
 # Algiers: however, it was drawing to
 # a conclusion, and the sum was almost
 # agreed on, when the archduke came
 # to Bruges.

He came from visiting all the sea-
 # coasts, upon advice he had received
 # that England was preparing to suc-
 # cour the rebels: he was highly pleased
 # with my little expedition, gave me
 # more commendation than I deserved,
 # and very courteously assured me that
 # he would take care to advance me
 # accordingly as I should merit it; and,
 # for the present, till he could better
 # reward my last enterprize, he added
 # the title of Don to the name of Cæsar,
 # which I then bore. I was extremely
 # pleased with that honour; it enflamed
 # my courage; and, resolving in some
 # measure to deserve the good opinion
 # he had conceived of me, I continued
 # my excursions. Scarce a day passed
 # without my performing something
 # beneficial or honourable for our na-
 # tion: sometimes I brought home pri-
 # soners, and sometimes sums of mo-
 # ney, with hostages for the payment of
 # contributions that I had exacted; in
 # short, I omitted no opportunity of
 # disturbing the enemy. They often
 # sent out great parties to catch me;
 # but still I either defeated or avoided
 # them. It is true, I paid the country
 # people so liberally when they brought
 # me intelligence, that I had always
 # notice of their march. The arch-
 # duke, extremely pleased with my un-
 # dertakings, did not fail to gratify me
 # with considerable sums out of the
 # contributions I raised; and he loaded
 # me in publick with praises, which I
 # valued above money. However, hav-
 # ing hitherto been but a volunteer-ad-
 # venturer, I thought it long till I had
 # a commission; but the archduke's
 # generosity soon satisfied my wishes:
 # he granted me a commission to raise a
 # troop of light-horse, which he in-
 # corporated into Don Pedro de Luna's
 # regiment; and, what was still more
 # peculiar,

'peculiar, he gave me leave to undertake whatsoever enterprises I should think fit for the publick service, excepting only when the regiment was upon duty. This great trust reposed in me, contrary to the known rules, so encouraged me, that I thought of nothing but forming greater designs. Being informed one day, by certain peasants, that the garrison of Sas van Ghent kept not strict guards, and seemed to neglect those precautions that are usual in time of war, and that the gates of the town were open all the day, I began to conceive that, with good conduct and secrecy, it might not be impracticable to surprize that place. I acquainted Don Pedro with my intention, who at first looked upon it as a chimera; but, when I had given him a true account of the place and country about it, and told him we might make our advantage of a hollow way, which, on one side of the place, goes up to the foot of the glacis of the covert-way, and would facilitate our approach, he no longer questioned the feasibility of the attempt. He spoke to the archduke, who approved of it, and left the whole management to him. Don Pedro would not take with him on this expedition more than two thousand horse and a thousand foot; fearing lest too great a number should retard the march, and endanger a discovery. Having made choice of such troops as we best liked, we marched all night, and came to the hollow way some time before day. One of our men drew near the town, disguised like a peasant, with orders to make a signal when the gate was opened; and I was ordered to be in readiness with sixty troopers, and each a foot soldier behind him, to set out upon the signal. What shall I say, gentlemen! The enemy had not the least suspicion of our design; and accordingly I made myself master of a gate without the least difficulty: the garrison offered to make some resistance; but Don Pedro was so close at my heels, that, after a very considerable fight, they begged quarter. Thus a strong and regular place cost us scarce any thing: we lost but ten soldiers, one officer of a Neapolitan regiment, and the lieutenant-colonel of our own. The archduke looked upon the taking of Sas van Ghent as a very considerable advantage gained,

'because it shut up the enemy in their pens: he gave thanks to Don Pedro, who generously made over to me all the honour of the action; saying, that I had a greater share than himself both in the contrivance and the execution. The cardinal, not satisfied with mere commendation, bestowed on me the post of lieutenant-colonel of our regiment.

'However princes may aim at privacy and concealment, their actions can never remain long hidden from the innumerable Argus' eyes that swarm in courts. It was soon perceived that the archduke admired the beauty of Don Melchior's daughter. Sensible that young minds are fond of grandeur, he took care to exert all his magnificence in splendid entertainments to the ladies; yet so as to make it sufficiently evident that the beautiful Spaniard was the object of his thoughts; but, though he spared nothing to please her, it was visible she did not receive his addresses as he would have hoped. The Dutch officer was none of the last who discovered the prince's affection; and was so much disturbed at it, that, as soon as ever he had paid his ransom, he made all possible haste out of Bruges, to save his honour from the danger that threatened it. The archduke was much troubled at the beautiful Spaniard's departure; but his grief lasted not long; and these ideas were soon dispelled by the hopes he conceived of marrying the Infanta Isabella Clara Eugenia, daughter to King Philip the Second, then living. The conditions of that match were very advantageous to the archduke; for it was reported that the princess was to receive the Low Countries and Franche Comté in dower for her and her heirs. Albert had an envoy at Madrid, who conducted that negotiation; but, finding it did not go on so expeditiously as he wished it, and well knowing that Philip was slow in all his deliberations, he thought fit to send some person of known ability, whom he could confide in, to be his agent: he made choice of Don Pedro for this business; and, having given him his instructions, ordered him to be gone as soon as possible; and without any retinue, since the matter required secrecy and expedition. All that Don Pedro could ob-

tain

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 —“Let me beg of you,” answered she,
 “to talk of something else; you lose
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 —“Madam,” replied I, “what is it
 that is so offensive in my words? My
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 to give over,” said she; “consider
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gave her my hand, and we took a
 long path that led to the village.
 “Madam,” said I, as I attended her,
 “since you deny me the satisfaction of
 waiting on you to the castle, do not
 refuse me the comfort of knowing
 who the wonderful person is that, at
 first sight, has such mighty influence
 over hearts?” —“What you desire,”
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 cried I, in a sort of anger which I
 could not master; “do you consider,
 Madam, what it is you require of
 me? No, Madam, that law is too
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 if you impose it on me!” —“That
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 “Ah, Madam!” said I, “why do
 you distract me with your words?
 Will you destroy me? Will you de-
 prive me of my reason? Do not tell
 me who you are! Conceal yourself
 from my wretched eyes, since you
 make their good fortune an offence!
 But, to forbid me looking after you,
 and doing all that love can inspire
 me to know you; that, Madam, is
 an unparalleled piece of inhumanity!
 I am not so blind, but I can perceive
 plainly, that, unless I avail myself
 of the present opportunity to learn
 your name, I must never hope to see
 you more. Alas! do you think I
 can tamely give up all my hopes?
 And have you the barbarity to be
 offended with me for the difficulty I
 feel in renouncing them?” —“No,
 generous stranger!” replied she;
 “Heaven is my witness, that I am not
 offended with you! But trust in me,
 and do not refuse what I request of
 you. My motive is more favourable
 to you than you imagine: but, be it
 2 A caprice,

• to do I knew not; for, though it was
 • madness to think she would hearken
 • to me, yet I could not prevail with
 • myself to be gone from her, without
 • acquainting her with the passion I
 • had conceived. I resolved to speak
 • to her; but, considering that she was
 • in a situation which in modesty must
 • oblige her to make me a severe an-
 • swer, I meditated returning to the
 • saloon, where I might wait her com-
 • ing out of the bath. It was my mis-
 • fortune to be too long considering;
 • as I drew back, she cast her eyes up-
 • on me, and shrieked out: however,
 • I returned into the saloon, whilst she
 • got hastily out of the water, that her
 • modesty might not be exposed to any
 • second shock; and, looking through
 • the glass, I observed her slip on a
 • morning-gown which I had seen ly-
 • ing on the grass, and make away to-
 • wards the cattle. I followed, and
 • soon overtook her: but what confu-
 • sion was I in when I drew near! I
 • accosted her with such trembling,
 • that it lessened her fear. "What in-
 • solence is this," said she, "thus to
 • surprize one of my sex in this place?"
 • She uttered these words in such a
 • tone as quite put me beside myself.
 • "Madam!" answered I, in great dis-
 • order, "chance was the cause of my
 • crime; and you are more than suffi-
 • ciently revenged on my presumption,
 • since you have inspired me with a
 • passion which cannot but prove un-
 • fortunate."—"What!" said she,
 • looking on me with anger and scorn,
 • is it not enough that you intrude
 • into a place where modesty thinks
 • itself safe; but, to add to that of-
 • fence, you pretend to make love?
 • Be gone immediately, and do not
 • oblige me to call those who will pun-
 • ish your presumption!"—"Ala-
 • dam!" replied I, now somewhat re-
 • covered, "perhaps those people you
 • threaten me with may give little sa-
 • tisfaction to your resentment; for I
 • can fear nothing but your anger."—
 • "Once more I say be gone!" answered
 • she austere; "eat me of the chagrin
 • of blushing any longer at the posture
 • you have seen me in, and at what
 • you now have the boldness to say to
 • me!" As she uttered these words,
 • she turned away, leaving me motion-
 • less as a statue, and torn with a thou-
 • sand distracting apprehensions.

• I went out of that fatal place, whilst
 • her fortune seemed to have led me
 • for my ruin. I returned to my ser-
 • vant, and we both mounted. Then
 • did I give a full loose to my thoughts.
 • "And must one moment," said I,
 • "decide the fate of all my future life?
 • Shall I, who have not been moved
 • with the most beautiful ladies in
 • Flanders, in a moment become the
 • most amorous, or rather the maddest,
 • of all men? And for whom? For
 • one, whom I know not so much as
 • by name, and who will never allow
 • me to see her again! What a weak-
 • ness is it to be overcome by a look!
 • I will call up all my reason. Is it
 • so hard to crush a passion in its first
 • rise, and to oppose love, when it
 • "only promises pain?" These thoughts
 • made me resolve to forget my un-
 • known fair-one; but an accident I
 • never could foresee broke all my re-
 • solutions. I espied three horiemen
 • in the plain riding full speed; and he
 • that was best mounted among them
 • carried away a woman by force, who
 • struggled in his arms, and cried out
 • as loud as she was able for succour.
 • Judge my feelings, when, by the col-
 • our of her gown, I perceived the
 • lady was my beautiful unknown.
 • Hearing these cries, which rent my
 • heart rather than my ears, I ordered
 • my servant, who was a man of cou-
 • rage, to follow me, and we both flew
 • to her relief. Our horses being swifter
 • than those of the other party, we
 • should have soon come up with them,
 • but that the ravisher, guessing at my
 • design, detached his two followers to
 • stop us, whilst he endeavoured to carry
 • off his prey into a wood which ap-
 • peared at a distance on the other side
 • of the plain. I would willingly have
 • thinned them, that I might the sooner
 • come up with their master; but they
 • crossed me, and I was forced to at-
 • tack them. I rode up with my arm
 • stretched out to him that made to-
 • wards me; we crossed our pistols, and
 • my wrist being stronger than his, his
 • shot passed under my arm; but mine,
 • being better levelled, entered his
 • skull, and he dropped instantly. My
 • servant, at the same time, dispatched
 • the other man with his firelock; so
 • that there being nothing now to stop
 • us, we made after the ravisher, and
 • overtook him a quarter of a league
 • short

"short of the wood where he was going
 to hide himself. I pressed so hard
 upon him, that he had scarce time to
 set down the lady, and stand upon his
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"caprice, or be it delicacy, in me, I cannot depart from it; and, if you advance one step towards finding out who I am, you set yourself at a distance from me for ever."—"Madam," said I, "the laws you prescribe are hard; you remove me from you under penalty of losing you for ever: and is it not losing you for ever to grant what you require of me?"—"No," replied the lady unknown; "if you perform what I desire, you shall see me again; but I will first make trial of your discretion. If I like your proceeding, I will make myself known to you. Only tell me your name, and rely upon the assurance I give you, that you have not served an ungrateful person."—"My name is Don César," said I; "and you may hear of me at Alcalá, at Don Louis de Luna's."—"I desire to know no more," replied the unknown; "I will in time make use of the information you have given me, provided you deserve it. Be gone, Don César; leave it to my gratitude to plead for you with me; and assure yourself you will gain more upon my heart, by your obedience, than you could do by many years service." I was so full of grief, that I could not return one word of answer; but my disorder spoke for me: it moved her; and, holding out her hand to me, she said—"Farewell, César! be gone! do not forget one that will always remember you, if you do not make yourself unworthy of her remembrance!" I put my lips to her hand, and bathed it with tears, holding it so long, that she drew it away blushing. I also perceived her charming eyes were ready to weep; but she left me abruptly, to conceal her tears from me, and give free way to them when I was gone. In short, she went into the village, and I lost sight of her, returning to the highway that leads to Alcalá, in the most violent commotion that ever lover felt. I durst not satisfy my curiosity; but resolved punctually to obey my unknown mistress, that, if I was so unhappy as never to see her again, I might not have cause to blame myself for having contributed to my own misfortune.

The next day I came to Alcalá, and went to pay my respects to Don Chris-

topher and his father, who received me with every demonstration of joy. Don Christopher, in particular, gave me every possible token of true friendship. His friends and he endeavoured to make all the time I was to stay with them as delightful as might be; yet all the diversions of youth, and the most attracting pleasures, could not prevent my falling into a deep melancholy. Don Christopher used all means to divert it; sometimes he would upbraid the finest ladies of the town, telling them, they had not charms enough to ease me of my heaviness; and when he found that all his care was ineffectual, he pressed me to reveal to him what it was that weighed so upon my heart. Though I entirely confided in him, I was so exact in the performance of what my unknown mistress had required of me, that I durst not acquaint him with my adventure, for fear left, either out of friendship or curiosity, he should attempt making some enquiry, which would not fail to be charged upon me, and could not bring any advantage to my affairs. Nevertheless, thinking I was bound to justify myself to my friend for the reserve I exercised towards him, I assured him that reasons essential to my welfare compelled me to conceal from all the world, for some time at least, the cause of my inward uneasiness: that I felt a mortal regret at being unable to entrust them to his bosom; and that I requested he would not press me further upon the subject. He being fully convinced that I loved him, and that I would not have concealed the cause of my grief from him, if it had been proper for me to disclose it, sincerely pitied my condition, and left me at liberty to devote myself entirely to my love. I was so full of it, that nothing could draw away my thoughts. My unknown mistress was continually before my eyes: sometimes she appeared to me, as, when taking our last farewell, she was moved at my piercing sorrow; sometimes I fancied I saw her in the bath, and I called to mind that dazzling whiteness, and all those matchless charms, which had ravished my senses. But the more I imaged her perfections to myself, the more I increased my torment. A considerable

time

time having elapsed, without the least news of her, my heart was wholly seized with sorrow. The most dreadful torments cannot be compared to the distractions which then consumed me. I repented a thousand times that I had let slip the opportunity of knowing her, and that I was so weak as to trust to a woman's word. To add to my sorrow, Don Pedro wrote to me from Madrid, that he had concluded his negotiation with success, and would in a few days come to me to Alcala, in order to return to Flanders. I thought I should have run mad; for, though I had all the reason in the world to believe I should never hear of my mistress, yet I could not blot her from my memory: and I was inconsolable, when I considered that my departure destroyed the small hopes I had left of seeing her. This was my condition; and I had entertained thoughts of going to the castle where I first beheld her, when one morning, coming out of church, a woman in a veil slipped a little note into my hand, and vanished, without allowing me time to stop, or to ask her any question. I presently opened the paper, and in it found these words.

"IT is but justice that I be as good as my word, since you have kept yours. Be you, to-morrow, at the same time, in the same place where this note is delivered to you. You shall be conducted where you will hear such news as will please you, if your mind is not changed."

"I could not make any doubt but that this note came from my lady unknown. I read it twenty times with all the transports of a young man beside himself with love and joy. The satisfaction of finding that she was not insensible to my passion, cast me into a disorder, a rapture, a delirium of extasy. I was not master of myself all the remainder of the day; and could scarcely controul the impatience I felt from expectation of my approaching happiness. The sun seemed to move too slow, and every moment of the night appeared like an age. I arose before day, and was at the place appointed long enough before the time. At last the person I

waited for arrived. I followed her to a little house, at the end of one of the suburbs. I was carried into a chamber very ill furnished; but it appeared to me the richest in the world, when I beheld my mistress in it. She came forwards to meet me. "Don Cæsar," said she, "I was resolved I would not seem any longer ungrateful to you; and, by what I do for your sake, you may perceive that, perhaps, gratitude has carried me too far."—"Madam," said I, "I am fully sensible of the value of such a favour: I shall ever cherish the memory of it; but, if my actions could not deserve you, at least, I shall never have cause to repent your granting it."—"You have deserved it," answered she, "by relying on my word, and by your secrecy. I know how your best friends have endeavoured to wrest your secret from you, and how you have withstood their importunities. This has induced me to overcome all the difficulties my modesty suggested to oppose your ardent desire of knowing me: I will now give you that satisfaction; I will not have you any longer be ignorant of the name of one who is so much indebted to you."

"My name is Donna Anna de Montoya; I am sprung from one of the most ancient and noble families in Castile. My father and I lived at Siguenza, when you came to the castle where you first saw me, which is a duke's country-house: you might guess, by it's grandeur, that it did not belong to any private person. A niece of the dutchess's falling sick, could not go with the duke and dutchess to court at a time when they were obliged to repair thither upon urgent business. She was left in that castle, as sole mistress in their absence: I went to visit her, with some other ladies of our city, who, as well as myself, were her particular friends. That house being a most delicious place in the heat of summer, and having most stately baths, I had bathed there several days, as well for health sake, as for coolness. I had not the least apprehension of being surprized in that delightful retreat, and thought myself particularly secure on the day I saw you, having ordered the maid

" who waited on me to lock up all the
 " doors that led to it; but the false
 " wretch, being corrupted by a gentle-
 " man of Sigüenza who admired
 " me, had left them open. His name
 " was Don Livio; and he had asked
 " me of my father, who refused him
 " for reasons of no consequence to
 " you: neither had I given him any
 " greater encouragement; so that, see-
 " ing no other prospect of gratifying
 " his passion, he determined, in de-
 " spair, to carry me off. My maid,
 " who was corrupted by him, took
 " care to let him know that I was at
 " the duke's house, and that I fre-
 " quently bathed all alone; and, in
 " short, that he could never have a
 " better opportunity to execute his
 " purpose, there being none but wo-
 " men in the castle: in effect, it hap-
 " pened on that day, that all the ser-
 " vants were gone to celebrate a wed-
 " ding at a village a good distance off.
 " They agreed upon the time when
 " Don Livio should be ready at the
 " garden-gate next to the wood, with
 " his attendants. He went up to the
 " summer-house; but not finding me
 " in the baths, the sight of you hav-
 " ing occasioned my quitting them
 " sooner than at other times, he pro-
 " ceeded to the castle with his men.
 " He seized me in a great room, among
 " my companions, who were playing
 " at ombre, as I was relating how I
 " had been surprized in the bath. He
 " did not stay to talk, or to attempt
 " any apology for his base action; but
 " caused his men to carry me off, in
 " spite of all the cries and resistance of
 " myself and my companions. They
 " dragged me to the wood, where they
 " had left their horses; and Don Li-
 " vio, having caused me to be set up
 " before him, clasped his arms so
 " strongly about me that I could not
 " help myself: the rest of this adven-
 " ture you know as well as I. I will
 " now tell you what happened after-
 " wards, and the reason why you see
 " me here. When you were gone, I
 " could not but feel a great esteem for
 " you; and, being moved at your sub-
 " mission, was grieved to see you de-
 " part; nay, I almost repented using
 " you so cruelly, but I judged it ne-
 " cessary for my own peace. I was
 " resolved, before I suffered your ad-
 " dresses, to make proof of your dis-

" cretion, which I thought it not un-
 " reasonable to distrust: I remained,
 " therefore, fixed in my plan. I caused
 " myself to be re-conducted to the cas-
 " tle by a great number of peasants,
 " armed with bills and prongs: there
 " I found my companions in diffra-
 " ction, and all the castle in an uproar.
 " My return, and the account I gave
 " them of my deliverance, turned
 " their disorder into joy. From that
 " hour I grew penfive, and delighted
 " in being alone: the idea of you was
 " the pleasing object of my thoughts.
 " I indulged myself in calling to
 " mind the ardour I had discovered in
 " your eyes; the disconsolate condition
 " in which I had left you; and I revolv-
 " ed perpetually in my memory every
 " syllable you had spoken: in short,
 " I canvassed every circumstance of
 " our meeting, twenty times a day.
 " Next I had a curiosity to know how
 " you lived at Alcala, and whether
 " your actions did not disprove your
 " professions. It was no difficult
 " matter to learn what I desired, for
 " my father had an estate near the
 " town, and I wanted not friends
 " whom I could confide in. I learned
 " with joy that you appeared to labour
 " under some secret affliction, the
 " cause whereof you concealed from
 " all the world. This confirmed me
 " in the resolution of being as good as
 " my word to you; whereas, had I
 " been told that you were more easy,
 " you should never have heard from
 " me. My father Don Bertrand,
 " considering the action of Don Li-
 " vio as a stigma upon the honour of
 " our family, attempted, by legal pro-
 " cess, to cause that gentleman's person
 " and memory to be declared infam-
 " ous: but that was not to be done
 " so soon; all the town engaged in the
 " quarrel on one side or other, as kin-
 " dred, friendship, or interest, drew
 " them. At last, Don Bertrand, per-
 " ceiving the affair was likely to be of
 " long continuance, grew weary; and
 " finding that, at his age, he had more
 " need of rest, than of so much busi-
 " ness, he resolved to leave Sigüenza,
 " where his enemies faction was strong-
 " er than his own, and to spend the
 " remainder of his days more peace-
 " ably in some other town. I was
 " not backward in strengthening his
 " resolution; and, seeing him doubt-
 " "ful

"ful what town to pitch upon, I persuaded him to fix upon this, where he has an estate, and many friends. Having settled our affairs in Sigüenza, we left that place, and have now been here a few days. My first care was to find an opportunity of discharging myself towards you; and I think I have so done it, that you can have no just cause of complaint against me."

Here Donna Anna concluded her discourse. I returned thanks for her goodness; and, after a long conversation, we parted for that time; but afterwards held frequent meetings at the same place. I was full of my good fortune; and though she had never declared how far I might hope, yet no apprehension disquieted me. But in the empire of love revolutions are too frequent for a lover to continue long in happiness. Don Pedro, cruel Don Pedro! came to rob me of my bliss: he had at length concluded the match between the archduke and the infanta, after numberless difficulties and delays of the council at Madrid. The news was of too great moment to delay giving the archduke an account of it; and Don Pedro determined that we should travel post. He could scarce be persuaded to grant a few moments to the affection of his brother and nephew, who in vain used all their endeavours to detain him, though it were only two or three days: in short, he was so hasty, that all I could do was to gain one interview more with Donna Anna. Good God! how moving was that interview! She uttered a thousand tender expressions, and plainly owned that she loved me as passionately as it was possible to love. I made such returns as could be expected from a man so entirely full of love and gratitude; but, being desirous to know whether I might hope to marry her, notwithstanding the meanness of my birth, I said to her—"Madam, since I am going to leave you, may I presume to ask, whether you will indulge me with the hope that we may one day be perfectly united? May I raise my ambitious desires so high? Shall I set out with that expectation?"—"Hear me, Cæsar," answered she, shewing some disorder by her blushes; "I must

confess your birth troubles me: not that I value your person less than if you were descended from our first kings; but I know my father's humour, and I fear he will not be prevailed upon to admit, as his son-in-law, a man whose origin is inferior to his own."—"I am too sensible," said I, "that your father, justly disliking my birth, will not approve of my demand. I know that Cæsar, whilst he is only bare Cæsar, must not expect to enjoy you: but I must tell you, Madam, I have such a heart, that I dare hope for that by my sword, which might be refused to the obscurity of my family. Love has made many heroes. Encouraged by my passion, and by the desire of rendering myself worthy of you, I shall, perhaps, perform such actions as my courage would not attempt, were the object I aim at less valuable. But, Madam, should your father, whilst I am endeavouring to merit you, cruelly give you up to some man who does not love you, will you suffer yourself to be torn from me?"—"I have never considered," said Donna Anna, "what I should do upon that exigency: I believe my father is too good to force me; but should he, alas! be hard-hearted enough to exercise the power Heaven and nature have given him, I feel I shall not have courage to withstand him. I should pity you, and should pity myself, if I saw my heart so oppressed; but, whatever be my affection, do not flatter yourself, Cæsar, for I would sacrifice it to my duty." Such a virtuous resolution was, doubtless, very honourable in Donna Anna; but I should not have liked her the worse had she been somewhat less submissive to the will of her father. She soon perceived the effect her last words had on me: to comfort me, therefore, she assured me that we had no occasion to fear, for her father loved her so tenderly, that there was no reason to imagine he would put her upon so hard a trial. "Go, my dear Cæsar," added she, lovingly pressing my head between her hands; "go; and, by your illustrious actions, put fortune to the blush for having dealt so unjustly with you at your birth: go; and return to full

" of

"of glory, that my father may think himself honoured by accepting you as a son-in-law. Go, I say again, where your own duty calls you; and assure yourself I will do all that mine will permit me, that I may never have any husband but Cæsar." As she uttered these words, I saw the tears trickle from her bright eyes, which touched me so to the quick, that, falling down before her, I embraced her knees, without being able to utter one word. At length, after a thousand mutual protestations of love and fidelity, I returned to Don Pedro, and with him went into Flanders."

CHAP. IX.

HOW SANCHE INTERRUPTED DON FERDINAND, AND OF THE AFFLICTION OF DON QUIXOTE UPON BEING INFORMED THAT THE QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS WAS DEPARTED.

DON Alvaro, the count, and the rest of the company, were attentively listening to Don Ferdinand, when Sancho, returning from the kitchen in a heat, interrupted the relation, crying out, as loud as he was able—"Great news, master Don Quixote! mighty news! You designed to combat this day at the court for Madam Zenobia; but, by my troth, you may save yourself the trouble: "the setting-dog may stay at home when the partridges are flown."—"What do you mean by that?" said Don Quixote. "I mean, Sir," answered the squire, "that the nest is empty; and "when the cage is made, the bird flies away."—"Have done with your proverbs," replied the knight, "and be plain in few words."—"Well, Sir," quoth Sancho, "to be plain in few words, I must tell you, that as for Madam Zenobia—whip's the word!"—"Speak that you may be understood, you brute!" said Don Quixote. "What is the meaning of all that?"—"Why, then," answered the squire, "the meaning is, that our lady queen has packed up her alls, and is no longer in Madrid."—"What do I hear!" cried the knight: "but you mistake, friend. It is impossible she should have left us

'so!'—"Pray, Sir, excuse me," quoth Sancho; "there is nothing more certain: she went away last night, and nobody in this house knows what is become of her."—"O Heavens!" cried Don Quixote, rising from his seat in such a manner as shewed he was full of grief and despair; "some enchanter has certainly conveyed her away! O unfortunate knight! Die! die with the shame of having so ill protected your princefs! Who will trust you for the future with infantas?—Son Sancho, go saddle Rozinante and Dapple immediately; let us fly to seek the peerless Zenobia in all parts. I swear by the sacred order of chivalry which I profess, that I will not stop in any place that is inhabited, and that I will eat without a table-cloth or napkin, till I have found that only lady of my affections!"—"Belly o'mel!" cried Sancho, abruptly; "where the devil shall we go look for her, when we do not know which way she is gone? You will make me renounce all my generation! What, I warrant, we do not know when we are well? Why should we leave these gentlemen, who entertain us so nobly, to run after a sham queen, who gives us the slip, with the mule and her silk cloaths, without so much as thanking us?"—"Do what I bid you," answered Don Quixote; "and let me hear no more." Thus saying, he would have gone to his chamber for his lance and buckler; but the count and Don Carlos, seeing him so resolved, endeavoured to dissuade him, by representing to him the dangerous consequences of his departure. "In short, Don Quixote," said the Granadine, "do you consider what you are going to do? Do not you remember, that, if you quit Madrid, the King of Cyprus, who is near at hand, will not fail to accuse you of cowardice? He will say you durst not wait his coming, and will proudly boast that he made you fly. I am sensible how much you are concerned at the loss of your princefs; but you know, better than I, that a knight is to prefer his honour to his affections."—"You are in the right, Don Alvaro," answered Don Quixote; "he is to mind three things; the first is religion, the second is honour, and the third his mistress: and, therefore, since honour obstructs my departure, I will

'I will stay here till I have slain Bramarbas; but, whilst I stay, I am in the mind to send Sancho to seek the queen every where, as ancient knights used to do upon the like occasions.'—'Good!' quoth the squire; by my troth, a hopeful commission! Why, d'ye think I have studied philosophy, then, to prognosticate where to find the princess? And, in case I should happen to light on her in the paws of some enchanter, do you take me for such a fool, forsooth, as to go and get my beard stripped off my face without a razor?'—'No, friend,' answered Don Quixote, 'I do not design you should expose yourself to unheard-of dangers to rescue her from the hands of a necromancer: that is not lawful for you, who are not dubbed a knight; and, provided you can but discover the castle where she is confined, I desire no more of you.'—'You see, Sancho,' said Don Carlos, 'that your master requires nothing of you that is hard or unreasonable.'—'It is not hard to be said,' answered the squire; 'but it is quite a different matter to perform it. "It is one thing to seek, and another to find;" and a man may travel ten leagues without stumbling over such a portmanteau as Cardenio's.'—'Well, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'you must, nevertheless, set out immediately; and, that you may proceed regularly in your search after Zenobia, I will now instruct you in the course it will be proper for you to follow. Proceed first to France, then into Flanders, and so to Holland; where you shall embark at the mouth of the Maese for England; then search Ireland, and Scotland, formerly called Albania; thence make a step into the Island of Thule, so much talked of among the ancients, who thought it the farthest part of the earth, because they were ignorant of the new world: next, continuing your voyage northward, you shall go into the Hyperborean regions, where you will find the floating-islands of the Hyperborean prince, my rival; there you must enquire narrowly after the queen; for it is likely the enchanter who has taken her away, may have conveyed her thither, to satisfy the Hyperborean prince's passion. If, upon strict search, you miss her there, you shall

embark on the frozen sea of Greenland, where some sage enchanter, my friend, will not fail to furnish you with a vessel to carry you to Lapland. You shall cross Norway, Gothland, and the country of the Vandals; now called Sweden; whence you shall pass into Denmark, once called the Kingdom of the Cimbrians; and, after visiting all parts of Germany, you shall traverse Illyria, Italy, and Sicily; and, when a vessel has carried you from Syracuse into Macedon, you will there see the famous fields of Philippi; then you shall travel through Bulgaria, Sclavonia, Servia, and the other parts of the famous Grecian empire. After that, you shall go into Sarmatia; thence into Circassia, that flourishing kingdom of the valiant Sacripant; and thence into the vast empire of Lucia, whose mighty power had like to have overthrown the flourishing empire of Greece, in the time of the warlike Amadis; then, directing your course to Constantinople by the Euxine Sea, and passing the Straights of Hellespont, famous for the loves of Hero and Leander, you shall land in Asia. In that part of the world, Sancho, the great empire of the Sultan of Niquea will astonish you with its rich and stately cities, and those sumptuous palaces, so admirably described in books of knight-errantry. Next, drawing towards Cappadocia, and the banks of the clear River Thermodon, which waters the delicious plains of the noble kingdom of the Amazons, you shall repair to Themiscyra; where you shall comfort those warlike women for the absence of their queen the Princess Zenobia; telling them that I am her knight, and will restore her to them in spite of all enchanters who shall pretend to oppose it. From Cappadocia sail not to proceed onwards into Armenia, Iberia, Georgia, and the famous empire of Tartary, now in the possession of the successors of the famous Agrican and Mandricardo, lovers of the beautiful Angelica, and rivals to that Count of Algiers, whom you saw not long since near Ateca. Thence proceed to the empire of Cathay, to that of China, to the Indies, and the Mogul's country; but, when you come to Isfahan, contrive, my dear friend, by presents

and

and artful management, to procure admission into the sophy's seraglio, and examine whether the Princess Zenobia be there. In short, Sancho, when you have satisfied your curiosity at the court of the Sultan of Babylon, you shall come back towards the kingdoms of Cyprus and Damascus, where formerly reigned the good old man Norandin, the great friend of knights-errant; but, before you leave Asia, visit all the Arabias, and particularly that where the phoenix is found: then, when you have attentively viewed the tomb of the Saracen prophet, you shall pass over the isthmus that joins Asia and Africa. You may stay one day to rest you in the great city of Alexandria; then, going up the Nile along those fruitful plains that river waters, you shall pass into the empire of Ethiopia and the Abissines: then, turning away to the southward, you shall advance into the kingdom of the Cafres, so fatal to strangers, because those barbarous people feed on human blood. After this, returning again to the northward, you will come into the kingdoms of Tombut and Senega, and the vast empire of the blacks; whence, crossing the dominions of the King of Morocco, and these which once belonged to King Agramant, that fatal enemy to the mighty Charlemagne, Emperor of the Romans, you shall embark at Algiers to return into Spain.—'Mother of God!' cried Sancho, 'what a journey is that! I had rather go to the Shrine of St. James in Galicia. Faith, my ass and I shall try what our feet are made of!'

—'In truth, Sancho,' said Don Carlos, laughing, 'Dapple and you are like to see abundance of countries: you need but follow the road your master has traced out for you, there is no danger of missing it. Go quickly, and make haste back!'

—'Make haste back!' quoth Sancho. 'Fair and softly, Don Carlos! I must first go to Constantinople, and thence into France; from France into the Sophy of Seraglio; and from thence to the Devil in Hell! Do not you consider, that, though my ass trotted all the way, he could not perform that journey in a week?'

—'Be gone quickly, my son!' said Don Quixote; 'make all the haste you can, and return as

soon as may be: you shall find me here. I, during that time, will immer myself in my chamber; for the laws of ancient chivalry require that I wholly give myself up to sorrow, that I pine away with grief, and that I perform all the actions of a despairing knight.'—'That is but reasonable,' said Don Alvaro; 'but I am of opinion that you should dine with us first, the better to feed your affliction.'—'Heavens defend me from it!' answered Don Quixote; 'I will be eight days without eating or drinking, or speaking one word.' This said, he gravely saluted the company, and retired to his own room, double-locking the door, for fear some indiscreet person should come to disturb the pleasure he was going to take in afflicting himself.

In the mean while, the gentlemen, having detained Sancho with them, began to rally him about his journey.

'Then you are going to leave us, Mr. Governor?' said Don Alvaro. 'Will you not dine before you go?'—'Dine with you!' answered the squire: 'you need not question it, Don Alvaro; and, if you please, I design to fill my wallet, as I did at Saragossa; for I have a great way to go, and, you know, it is the belly that carries the legs.'—'You are in the right,' said Don Carlos; 'it is a long way, and you will do well to lay in provisions. I could wish you were come back already, to give us the marvellous account of your expedition; to recount to us the rarities of strange countries; and, like other travellers, to talk of a thousand fine things you never saw.'

—'I have one favour to ask of you, Mr. Governor,' said the count. 'Pray bring me the largest pearls you can find in the Indies to make a necklace for my wife the Princess Trebasina.'—'Pearls do you say!' answered Sancho. 'Why, is the country I am going to a pearl-country?'—'No question of it,' replied the count. 'Pox on it! why did not you tell me so sooner?' quoth the squire. 'I had been gone an hour ago, and by this time I had been in England!'

—'May I presume,' said Don Pedro, 'to desire another small kindness of Mr. Governor?'—'You may,' answered Sancho; 'you need only name what you would have, and it is done.'

'Would

'Would you have some pearls too?'—
'I desire neither pearls nor diamonds,'
replied Don Pedro. 'I would only
have you, as you pass through the
country of the Caffres, make enquiry
how many squires they have eaten
this year: I have a curiosity to know
it.'—'Nay, as for that misbegotten
kingdom,' quoth Sancho, 'I crave
leave to kiss your lordship's hands:
'I will not come within an hundred
yards of it. I know enough already
of a spit with three points; and a
man that has once felt the colick,
'had need be afraid of the gripes.'
Don Carlos and the Granadine con-
tinued to give the squire farther com-
missions; but, whilst they were com-
municating their instructions, a vena-
rable old man entered the apartment:
he was clad in a long robe of black
satin, girt about him with a broad
yellow ribband; he had a cap of goat's
hair, and a white beard which reached
down to his knees: in his right hand
was a staff, with which he supported
his steps; and in his left he carried a
great book. The gentlemen soon per-
ceived that the old man was Don Car-
los's young secretary; and this new
disguise was the more pleasing to them,
as they did not expect it. Sancho, the
instant he cast his eyes on the enormous
furniture of the stranger's chin, ex-
claimed—'By the lady, what a beard!
'our horse's tail is nothing to it!—
'Friend,' replied the aged stranger,
'speak with greater reverence of a beard
'which has been twelve hundred years
'in growing.'—'Saints and Fathers!'
replied the squire, 'is it possible you
'should be twelve hundred years of
'age! Then you are an enchanter?'—
'Right,' quoth the old man. 'By
'my troth, I fancied as much!' an-
swered Sancho; 'for, I have heard say,
'enchancers live so long that they bury
'their grandfathers.'—'You have
'been rightly informed,' replied the
secretary; 'and I must tell you I am
'called "The Sage Lirgandus."' I
'believe you are no stranger to my
'name?'—'No, faith!' quoth the
squire; 'I know you well enough:
'you are a friend to my master Don
'Quixote. We have often called upon
'you in our combats: but so it is;
'My brother may cry on, for my fa-
'ther does not rock him.'" To deal
'plainly, you have left us so often in

'the mire, that it is a wonder we ever
'pulled our legs out.'—'My poor
'Sancho!' answered the enchanter,
'you have no cause to complain: we
'enchancers cannot be here, and there,
'and every where. We have so many
'damsels to enchant, so many knights
'to cast into prisons, so many squires
'to toss in blankets, and, in short, so
'much business on all sides, that we
'cannot always come just in time to
'help out a knight we take under our
'protection. Is it not sufficient that
'we arrive, after he is well beaten, to
'rub him down, or bring him some
'balsam? I can assure you it is not
'for want of good-will; and your
'master would be in the wrong, should
'he complain that I am unconcerned
'at his misfortunes. I come to Ma-
'drid on purpose to comfort him upon
'the departure of Queen Zenobia.'—
'Then you are welcome!' cried San-
cho; 'but, in the name of God, Mr.
'Lirgandus, take care to hinder him,
'by your magick, from being eight
'days without eating or drinking;
'and satisfy him that there is no need
'I should pass over the Hellish Ponds,
'and all the other ponds in the world,
'to run after the prince's! Pray order
'it so that I may not leave this place:
'save my afs this jaunt, and he will
'give you a thousand benedictions.'—
'Well, friend,' said the enchanter,
'lead me to your master's chamber,
'and I engage for it you shall not go.'
The squire, overjoyed at this promise,
conducted him as he desired. The
gentlemen, willing to know what the
Sage Lirgandus would say, followed
him; and, when they came to the cham-
ber-door, they heard the knight ex-
claim aloud—'O quintessence of beau-
ty! eighth wonder in the world!
'where art thou at this time? Alas!
'perhaps, environed with monsters,
'thou art now filling with thy doleful
'plaints the castle of some barbarous
'necromancer! Impatient I await my
'squire's return, that I may fly to your
'relief: in the mean while, listen to
'my dismal moan and sorrowful la-
'mentations, thou adorable sovereign
'of my soul!

'Open the door, Sir! open the door!'
cried Sancho, knocking furiously. 'You
'need not despair, Madam Zenobia is
'not lost.' Don Quixote recognizing
the voice of his squire, opened the door,

saying—'What now, my son, have you found out already where the queen is?'—'No, Sir,' answered Sancho; 'but here is the wife Lirgandus, your friend; who come to bring you tidings of her.'—'It is even so, Cavallero de los Amores; great Knight of the Cupids,' quoth the secretary, embracing Don Quixote; 'come to tel you wha hath befallen her cease your affliction; and think no more of Queen Zenobia. The wife Artemidorus has taken her from you, to restore her to her lawful husband.'—'What do I hear!' cried Don Quixote; 'is the princess married? Has she espoused Hyperborean, the Prince of the Floating Islands?'—'You have said it,' answered Lirgandus; 'you have read in that prince's history with how much valour he delivered that princess from the crystal tower in which the Enchanter Pamphus had confined her. But, since the history goes no farther, I must tell you the rest. The beautiful Zenobia, being set free by the Prince of the Floating Islands, grew so fond of him, that she resolved to let him know it: and the princesses of her country making no scruple, as you well know of going to meet princes in their camps, this chaste queen went away to see Hyperborean in his. He received her with all the kindness of a passionate lover; made a great feast; and they were married before dinner was over. Then he carried her to his Floating Islands; where, for a proof of his manhood, she was delivered of three children. But about a month after she had given this rare demonstration of her fruitfulness, the sage, or rather the extravagant Pamphus, (who was always in love with that princess, though she hated him) being determined upon revenge, transported her, one day as she was hunting, into a wood in Spain: there, having unmercifully stripped her to the smock, he bound her to a tree; and, to add to her misfortune, gave her the perfect resemblance of a bawdy woman at Alcalá, called Barbara Hacked-face.'—'Aye, by my beard, that is true!' cried Sancho, interrupting him; 'for Bracamonte the soldier was mistaken in her; and I dare lay a wager that the players we met the other day do not know they spent the night in

'drinking with a princess.'—'Pamphus the enchanter,' continued the secretary, 'having thus left Zenobia in the wood where you found her, made no question that the wolfe would devour her; but when he understood that you had rescued her, and that she was under your protection, he was ready to run mad. He attempted to steal her from you; but missing of his aim, he was so vexed, that he retired to one of his castles, and has never stirred abroad since. On the other side, Prince Hyperborean led a sad life for the loss of his comfort; but the wife Artemidorus found out by his art that she was here, and that you was in love with her. For this reason he stole her away from you last night. Dry up your tears, then, knight; banish from your heart and memory the resemblance of that princess, and think of nothing now but your combat with Bramarbas. That giant, I must apprise you, will be in town to-morrow, and you will stand in need of all your strength to vanquish him.'—'Enough,' wife Lirgandus! answered Don Quixote; 'I should be unworthy of your friendship did I not entirely follow your advice. Since Queen Zenobia is married, I will be her knight no longer; I take back my heart again.'—'By that worshipful beard,' cried Sancho, 'my master is the better for our curate's lectures! This it is to be an honest and a conscientious knight, thus to let his neighbour's wife alone. Would to God the worst in the world were like him! O how glad am I there's an end of my journey!'—'But, friend Sancho,' said the count, 'if you do not go, farewell my pearls.'—'As for that,' answered the squire, 'send for them by the post. Is there nobody in the world can fetch them but I? In short, I had rather you should go without pearls, than I should founder my Dapple.'—'Come, gentlemen,' said the Granadine, 'since Don Quixote is no longer obliged to lock himself up, and do penance for Queen Zenobia, let us go and sit down to table.'—'Will the wife Lirgandus do us the honour to dine with us?'—'I return you thanks, gentlemen,' answered the enchanter; 'I cannot stay here any longer; I am in haste to be gone into Cochín-China; all

all the enchanters in the world are to be there this afternoon, to decide a controversy that is risen between two of our brethren, about an infant whom they have stolen from her parents, and whom each of them would keep to himself.—Farewel, gentlemen, till we meet again.—Remember, brave Knight of La Mancha, that you shall see the dreadful Bramarbas to-morrow; and take notice, that if he falls by your hand, you will finish one of the noblest adventures ever performed by knight-errant! This said, he embraced Don Quixote, saluted the company, and retired into another room to Unlignandise himself; namely, to get rid of his magician's robe and beard, and reassume his habit of secretary. The gentlemen, meanwhile, finding Don Quixote comforted for the loss of Zenobia, carried him into the dining-room, where the table was covered. They all sat down; and, when dinner was over, they desired young Don Ferdinand to prosecute his story—which he did in this manner.

CHAP. X.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF DON FERDINAND'S STORY.

DON Pedro and myself, as I told you, returned to Flanders with all expedition, to carry the arch-duke our pleasing news. We came to Antwerp, where that prince received us with extraordinary kindness and satisfaction. Don Pedro delivered to him the original of the contract which was so advantageous to him, and with it a picture of the infant. She was extremely like her mother, who was daughter to Henry the Second, king of France, and the most beautiful princess in Europe. The arch-duke was much charmed with the picture, and made mighty preparations for the reception of the infant, who was to set out as soon as possible from Madrid. He preferred Don Pedro to the first posts in the army, and gave me fresh hopes. Though the campaign was then drawing to an end, yet understanding that the towns of Sluys and Grave were not well garrisoned, or provided, he resolved to besiege those two places, to

put a more glorious period to the campaign, and give that happy omen to his marriage. To this end he gathered two armies of twenty thousand men each, composed of such troops as were then in the field, and of such as he could draw out of garrison without exposing the frontier places to danger. He gave Don Pedro the command of the army designed for Grave; the other was commanded by a general officer, who took Sluys in a month. Grave held out but eight days from the opening of the trenches, which was occasioned by an accident seldom seen at such important sieges. Our trenches were well advanced, when the governor of the place, believing we should soon be in a condition to attack the covert-way, thought fit to make a grand salley with a chosen body of infantry, supported by all his horse. We were upon our guard, expecting some such attempt: Don Pedro posted several bodies of men in convenient places to protect our pioneers; and I was ordered to support them with our regiment. The besieged made a vigorous attack upon our trenches; our infantry opposed them gallantly, and then the horse fell in on both sides. The fight was bloody, and lasted long; but at last we repulsed them, and entered the town with them pell-mell. My first care was to secure the gate, and to send away in haste for our next troops to come and support me. They did so; and the best part of our army was in the town before the enemy thought of repulsing us, their confusion was so great. We made all the garrison prisoners, except some who fled out at the opposite gate; and even most of those fell into the hands of a detachment posted on that side. Thus we became masters of Grave. When the arch-duke received this news, he could scarce believe it: he gave me great commendations; declared he was beholden to me for that important conquest; and gave me the command of a regiment, with a pension to support my rank. That great prince's generosity was a mighty satisfaction to me; for every thing filled my heart with joy, which seemed to set me any thing nearer to Donna Anna. As for Don Pedro, the arch-

' duke shewed him the greatest tokens
' of esteem and honour, and commend-
' ed him for his conduct of the works
' against the place, and the measures
' he had taken to prevent it's being
' relieved. At this happy time the
' infanta arrived at Dunkirk: the
' archduke went thither to meet her,
' and found that she was more beau-
' tiful than her picture. I shall not
' pretend to recount the publick re-
' joicings which were celebrated
' throughout all the Low Countries: I
' will only tell you, that he carried her
' to Bruges, to Ghent, and to Ant-
' werp; where the people vied with each
' other in demonstrating their zeal and
' attachment. The Archduke Albert
' renounced willingly the cardinal's
' robe, to espouse a princess who, be-
' sides her charms, brought him in
' dower such considerable dominions.
' The wedding was kept at Brussels,
' with magnificence suitable to such
' illustrious lovers. Among other pub-
' lick shews, there was a gallant tilt-
' ing in the chief market-place or square
' of the town: all the nobility ap-
' peared at it in great splendor. I had
' the honour to be of Don Pedro's
' troop, and gained my full share of
' applause.

' But however delighted the arch-
' duke seemed with his good fortune,
' the sweets of love did not make him
' forget the care of the war. From the
' time that he became governor of the
' Low Countries, he had applied him-
' self, without remission, to the re-
' duction of the rebels; but the assist-
' ance they had received from France
' had hitherto been an obstacle to his
' success. To remove this impediment,
' conferences were held at Vervins be-
' tween the ministers of Spain and
' France, for the purpose of settling
' a peace between the two crowns,
' which would enable Spain to bend
' all it's power against the United Pro-
' vinces. The peace being conclud-
' ed, the archduke took the field, and
' defeated a considerable body of
' Dutch near Nieupoort; but, being de-
' sirous of pushing his success still far-
' ther, he ventured, contrary to the ad-
' vice of his generals, to attack the
' enemy in their entrenchments, and
' was defeated by Prince Maurice.
' This misfortune nothing abated his
' courage: the next year he formed the

' famous siege of Ostend; which will
' ever remain a memorable instance of
' the constancy of the besiegers, and
' the obstinacy of the rebels; for it last-
' ed three years, three months, and
' three days. I shall not trouble you
' with the particulars of an affair so well
' known; but will only tell you, that
' Prince Maurice used all possible means
' to raise the siege; and we, rather than
' forsake it, suffered him to take Grave
' Sluys.

' Though I was employed in the
' war, my thoughts still dwelt upon
' Donna Anna; and my love was so
' great, that I could never have lived
' thus long without seeing her, had I
' not thought it absolutely necessary to
' gain a name by my sword, that I
' might render myself worthy of be-
' coming her husband. However, my
' heart was far from being at rest; I
' was apprehensive that her father, see-
' ing himself advanced in years, might
' be desirous of settling his daughter
' before his death. This apprehension
' greatly troubled me; but fortune, fa-
' vourable to my passion, brought me
' back to Donna Anna, when I least
' expected it. Philip the Third, by
' his father's death, had now succeeded
' to all this mighty monarchy; and the
' Moors, looking upon Tangier, Ceuta,
' Oran, Mazagan, and our other
' places on the coast of Africa, with
' an eye of dissatisfaction, were deter-
' mined to make themselves masters of
' them. This they durst not attempt
' during the reign of Philip the Second,
' whom they dreaded; but, believing
' they might make an easy conquest at
' the beginning of a new reign, they
' set on foot extraordinary preparations
' for this purpose. The Duke of Ler-
' ma, who was at the head of affairs at
' that time, being informed of their
' design, began to raise forces. All
' the nobility of Spain, capable of being
' entrusted with the conduct of the
' African war, being then in Flanders
' or Italy, the king wrote to the arch-
' duke to send over some officers; but
' particularly two general officers, on
' whose conduct he might rely. The
' archduke, amidst all the great men in
' his court, pitched upon Don Pedro;
' and made choice of me to command
' under him. I was, you must think,
' sufficiently overjoyed to feel myself
' now become a general officer; nothing
' could

could add to it, but the pleasure of returning to Spain, where I hoped to see Donna Anna. We had scarce time to return our thanks to the archduke, before we were obliged to take our leave. This I may truly say, that all persons of any note were sorry to part with us; and the archduke himself, when we took our leave, very kindly declared, that he looked upon it as a great loss to himself to be deprived of our service; but that the obligations he had to the crown of Spain obliged him to make that sacrifice.

We left Brussels; and, as the peace lately concluded with France gave us the liberty of passing through that kingdom, we thought fit to go by land. We entered Spain by the way of Navarre; and, as soon as we came to Madrid, we waited on the Duke of Lerma, and the other great ministers, who received us very honourably; owing to the favourable account the archduke had given of us. They conducted us to receive the king's orders, who expressed himself in terms of satisfaction, and promised that our commissions should be made out immediately. All the business depending on Don Pedro, who was to command our little army, I had no more to do at Madrid till our departure for Africa; which, for the present, seemed at some distance, as our inferior officers were very backward in their levies, and a fleet was to be fitted out at Cadiz to carry us over. This proved very advantageous to me; for it gave me the opportunity of spending some months at Alcala. Thither I went, too impatient about Donna Anna to think of any thing else; therefore, leaving my man and horses at an inn, I hastened to the place where I had so often seen her. There I heard she had been some days gone to Sigüenza with her father about their private concerns, and that her return was uncertain. Afflicted at this intelligence, I was returning to the inn to rest myself, for it was then late: when, as I was passing by a house, a woman came out of it; and, taking me by the hand, without speaking one word, led me into it. I followed, without considering at first what I did; but recollected myself upon be-

ing ordered by the woman to shut the door, and follow her. I then judged that it was some amorous intrigue I was fallen into; and that the woman, being disordered by the thoughts of what she was doing unknown to her parents, or deluded by her imagination, mistook me in the dark for another person. I was on the point of returning back, though the occasion was such as might make a man bold; yet I would not be obliged to chance for my good fortune, and was too nice to accept favours which love did not design for me. Curiosity, however, prevented my departure. I had a mind to see whether the lady was beautiful, and what would be the issue of this adventure: perhaps my destiny thus ordered it, that by these means I should arrive at the knowledge of my own origin. I followed the lady to the top of the stairs, having only just shut the street-door without locking it, that I might the more easily retreat, if occasion required. She, having ordered me to wait for her in that place, retired. Presently I heard some person mounting softly up the stairs; I shrunk into the corner that he might not discover me: but the method I took to avoid him, threw me into his arms; for the man, who probably knew the ways of the house no better than I did, crept along the wall, and met me in the corner. Though I had not much time to consider, I soon concluded that he was the party designed for the intrigue. We began to feel one another without speaking a word; but, having every reason to fear he would not fail stabbing me when he discovered that I was a man, I took care to prevent him; and, drawing my poignard, struck it twice into his breast. I heard him drop down at my feet, fetching a deep groan. I slipped down the stairs, and out of the house, shutting the door after me that I might not be followed; and made haste to my inn, where I took care to conceal this adventure. I spent the rest of the night in making serious reflections on the extravagant madness of youth, which hurries us into all manner of misfortunes, when prudence does not direct us; and I could not forgive myself the action I had been drawn into the commission of

from

from the impulse of a foolish curiosity. What was my surprise, when, going the next day to Don Christopher's, I found all the family in confusion! I enquired into the cause of it; and was told that Don Christopher had the night before received two stabs with a poignard at the house of Donna Eugenia de Peralta; and that nobody knew how, or to what purpose, he went into that place. I desired to see him; but he knew nobody, and lay struggling for life. His friends pressed eagerly to offer their assistance; Don Louis was distracted, the servants all in tears. What a spectacle was this for me! I had no reason to doubt that I had been the murderer of my friend. I cursed my own folly; and I should have laid violent hands on myself, had not the surgeons declared that his wounds were not mortal; and, though his weakness gave cause of apprehension, yet they said they would answer for his life, if he fell not into a fever in two days. This assurance suspended my despair, and prevented my offering myself a sacrifice to my friend. During the two days we were all in the utmost anxiety. I never left the wounded man; but continued by his bed-side day and night, felt his pulse every moment, and dreaded the thoughts of a fever; and, to prove to you the excess of my concern, I assure you that, for those two days, I never once thought of my love. Happily Don Christopher had no fever; and such care was taken of him, that he began by degrees to gather strength.

When he was out of danger, every body occupied themselves in guessing at the cause and circumstances of his adventure, though far enough from suspecting the share I had in it. In the mean time, Eugenia made all possible search after her daughter: the magistrates, on their part, enquired into Engracia's flight, and the wounds of Don Christopher. The judge in criminal causes thought it not enough to examine Don Christopher, but he summoned Eugenia, and confronted them. Don Christopher concealed no part of what he knew: he frankly owned his love for Engracia, and their assignation. "By this, Madam," said the judge, "it

appears that you, looking upon Don Christopher as the seducer of your daughter, employed some of your kindred or servants to revenge your quarrel: and thus the suspicion of the intended murder falls upon you." Eugenia, in justification of herself, answered, that she was never acquainted with Don Christopher's love to her daughter. "Madam," said Don Christopher, "I do not accuse you of this attempt to assassinate me; your innocence I make no question of: and would to Heaven your daughter might be found equally blameless! But I have too much reason to conclude that some rival carried her off, after leaving me in a condition so unable to oppose him."—"Is there any likelihood," said Eugenia, "that my daughter should make an assignation to murder you?"—"It is that which confounds me," answered Don Christopher, "and prevents my being positive in my censure." The judge, having gained very little insight in the affair from this examination, delayed judgment, and resolved to scrutinize the matter still farther.

During this time, Donna Anna returned from Siguenza. She was overjoyed to find me; and the more so because she did not expect it. On my part, besides the satisfaction of finding her more beautiful than ever, I had the comfort to see her continue faithful and constant. We had several interviews in the house I before mentioned to you. My rank as general officer made us hope her father would approve of my pretensions; so that we both thought ourselves happy: but fortune soon thwarted our felicity. Don Christopher, recovering his strength within a month, went abroad. As I was one day congratulating him, he appeared discontented; and said—"My father has proposed to marry me to the daughter of a friend of his; and he is so bent upon the match that he will not allow any objections. This is very disagreeable to me, because I have still a kindness for Engracia, whatever cause I have to suspect her fidelity."—"Do you know," said I, "the lady who is designed for you?"—"No," replied he; "my father has not yet told me her name: he designs

"to

"to let me see her first. He has only informed me that she is very rich, of noble parentage, and that her person cannot be displeasing to me." I listened to what he said, as no farther relating to me than as it concerned him; but the next day, going to visit Donna Anna at the usual place, I found her in tears. This touched me to the heart; so that, casting myself at her knees, to enquire the cause of her affliction, I learned, with astonishment, that her father purposed marrying her to Don Christopher, and had positively resolved on it. These tidings were like the stroke of death to me; and I sunk down at the feet of my mistress. Donna Anna, fearing my seizure might be attended with fatal effects, held forth her hand to raise me up again; and, though not less agitated than myself with the misfortune that menaced us, she essayed, in the most tender manner, to comfort me. For a long time I could not speak one word: I recovered my senses; but only so far as to be more sensible of my grief. "Just Heavens!" exclaimed I, "am I then abandoned to the rigour of my destiny? Must all those hopes, that were the joy of my life, vanish in a moment!" Then, looking upon Donna Anna with the greatest disorder imaginable—"And you, Madam," cried I, "can you, then, consent to such a marriage? Will you not take the least step in favour of an unhappy man? Must the first efforts of a father's will thus easily tear you from my heart?"—"I have done all," answered she, "that decency will allow of; I have protested to my father my aversion to this match; I have conjured him not to force me to obedience: and I would still oppose him, could I think it were to any purpose; but I know I shall not prevail; since his word is engaged, my prayers and tears will but exasperate. Yet I will speak to him once more, and will spare nothing that may move him: in short, if I cannot be yours, I promise that you shall have no cause to complain of me." This said, she left me, and retired to make a last effort upon her father.

"As for me, I returned again to my inn, where I spent the rest of the day

in lamenting my hard fortune: but hope never failing, even in extremity, I called to mind the dispositions I had observed in Don Christopher; and thought that, by exhorting him to continue faithful to Engracia, notwithstanding his father's importunity, I might possibly break off his match with Donna Anna. Full of this project, I hastened to his house, flattering myself with the hopes of being successful; when he, perceiving me, came forth to meet me with all the transports of a man who cannot contain himself. "O, my dear Cæsar," cried he, "my condition is much altered since yesterday; I have seen the charming creature my father designs for me. You see I am in a rapture! She is an angel! I was impatient till I saw you; come now and partake of my joy." You may well guess these words were death to me. "How, Don Christopher!" replied I; "can you abandon the unhappy Engracia to her misfortunes? Can you, then, subject her to the mortal regret of having drawn down on her head the resentment of her family for a faithless lover?"—"Engracia," answered he, "is herself faithless; it plainly appears by her flight: but whether she was carried away by force, or by her own consent; whether she is innocent or guilty; I will not think of her any more. Do not oppose my new love, my friend: I find a thousand advantages in the match with Donna Anna. Her birth, her fortune, her beauty, do all plead for my love: I adore her more passionately than ever I did Engracia." These words quite overcame me: I turned colour; my eyes failed me; a cold sweat spread over my body; and I was ready to faint. My friend, thinking I was not well, did all he could to assist me; but, as soon as I came to myself, I left him, pretending that I would go and repose me at my inn; but, being very anxious to see Donna Anna, I repaired to our usual rendezvous. Word was sent that I expected her. She soon came; and, as I read in her face the sad news she brought with her—"Madam," said I, "I perceive I am a lost man, and that Don Bertrand has not more compassion than Don Christopher."

“ Christopher. Do not fear to pronounce the sentence of my death; I am prepared for it.”—“ Did you know,” answered she, “ how earnestly I have endeavoured to dissuade my father! But, alas! he is inexorable; and we must not any longer hope to live for one another.” At these words, which distracted my understanding, I accused Heaven and destiny; and could almost have expired with sorrow at her feet. She could not forbear weeping to see me in such a deplorable condition; and, though she wanted comfort herself, yet she incited me to bear this misfortune with resolution. I continued inconsolable. “ Madam,” replied I, “ the subject of our sorrow is not the same: you only lose a man who had nothing worthy your charms to offer you; but I, together with my life, am deprived of the most ravishing hopes, the most glorious fortune, that ever mortal could wish for.”—“ My dear Don César,” replied she, “ your loss is great, since in me you lose a faithful and a loving heart. I should be sorry to see you bear the loss of me with indifference; but your sorrow may contain itself within bounds, and your valour must triumph over it.”—“ Ah, Madam!” cried I, “ your resolution is great; but though your courage were ever so extraordinary, you could scarcely bear up, were you as sensible of the loss of César as César is of losing you.” Donna Anna did every thing in her power to appease me; but, at that time, all she could say rather heightened my affliction than gave me comfort. In short, the conclusion of this dismal interview was, that I should once more try Don Christopher, acquaint him with my passion, and represent how fatal it must be to our friendship, if he still persisted to rob me of my love. Donna Anna, with difficulty, was prevailed on to permit this attempt; but, seeing it was our only resource, she at last gave her consent. I went, therefore, in pursuit of Don Christopher, whom I found much concerned for me. “ Don César,” said he, “ I am glad to see you; I was afraid your distemper might have been attended with some ill consequences.”—“ It is not yet

over,” answered I; “ but is greater than you imagine.”—“ What can be the cause?” replied he. “ It is such,” said I, “ that I have reason to be apprehensive lest it break off that friendship which you have always honoured me with.”—“ That cannot be,” cried Don Christopher; “ our friendship is too strongly linked, and nothing can shake it.”—“ What if I should avow that it was I who stabbed you at Engracia’s?” answered I. “ Who, you!” cried he abruptly. “ Could you be my assassin? But, if you did, it was without knowing me; and I have no reason to be angry with you.”—“ It is true,” said I, “ the night was guilty of that crime, and I was not consenting; but what you cannot forgive me is, that I aspire to the love of the person whom you have thought worthy of your affection.” These words made Don Christopher change countenance; but, being liable to a double meaning, because Donna Anna was not named, he recovered himself, and answered—“ If it is Engracia you are in love with, the declaration you have made will cause no breach in our friendship; nay, more, I should be glad to see my second self fill up that place which I cannot forsake without some regret.”—“ It is not Engracia I love,” answered I, in a melancholy tone; “ you appeared, the last time I saw you, too averse from her, for me to imagine you could be concerned at her infidelity to you: Donna Anna is the object—” “ Donna Anna!” cried he, in a passion. “ What do you tell me, Don César? I forgive your stabbing me, but I cannot forgive you for aspiring to the only person who can make me happy.”—“ Had I staid till now,” answered I, “ before I offered up my vows to Don Bertrand’s daughter, I should think myself deserving of the severest punishment; but I have adored her for several years. Remember that sadness you saw me labour under the first time I returned from Flanders; it was Donna Anna who then filled my heart.”—“ Ah, cruel man!” cried Don Christopher, “ why did you not then tell me so? Must you needs stay till I was myself bewitched by her before you would own it? You did not

"not confide in me when you ought. Had I known your passion, I would have fortified my heart against loving your mistress; and friendship would have assisted me: but you concealed your love, and that mistrust has ruined us. We must needs be both unhappy; for it is now too late for me to withstand my new passion. Do not expect that I should quit claim to Donna Anna: I have formed to myself too sweet an idea of enjoying her, to be able to make a sacrifice of it to you. You may sooner ask this life you have already attempted, and I will sooner grant it you."—"I know," replied I, "that I owe all I have to you, and that I ought not to contend with you for the possession of a heart; but reflect, that I loved Donna Anna before ever you heard her name; before I could conjecture that you would ever know her. Take my advice, my dear Don Christopher; do not persist in robbing me of my mistress: you will never be happy in her. In spite of all your merit, your love has already cost her abundance of tears."—"Then you are beloved," answered he, "since you are so well acquainted with her aversion to me."—"I had the good fortune," said I, "to do her a considerable piece of service; and she has been as grateful to me as I could wish."—"O Heavens!" cried he, in a fury. "May I believe my ears? It is not enough that I am informed my best friend is my rival, but I must be told that he is well received, and myself hated!"—"I tell it you," answered I, "for your own good, to prevent the miseries that might follow, should you deprive me of Donna Anna."—"Such a discovery," replied he, "is fitter to distract, than to compose me!"—"Can you, then," said I, "think of marrying a lady whose heart you can never be master of? No, certainly, you deserve better; and you have too great a soul to make a woman wretched." Much more I added, to dissuade him from the match, but all to no purpose. I perceived, however, that his soul was full of distraction, and that friendship pleaded strongly in my favour; but the violence of his passion prevailed over his generosity.

"The same day I gave an account of this discourse to Donna Anna. "Madam," said I to her, "we must now take our leave for ever. I come directly from Don Christopher: neither my despair, nor Engracia's cause, will move him; and he is resolved, rather than forsake you, to transgress the most sacred laws of love and friendship." Donna Anna, hearing these words, wept plentifully, and sunk into a deadly dejection: my condition was not much better. At length, making an effort above herself, she said to me with firmness—"My dear Cæsar, this is the time to shew resolution: we must part, since cruel fate will have it so. Instead of suffering these sorrows to melt our hearts, we must resolve to harden them."—"Ah, Madam!" answered I, "when I think of losing you, my heart has not courage to withstand the shock! O Heavens, what a dismal separation is this!" Our words were continually interrupted with sighs. I kissed Donna Anna's hands, and moistened them with my tears; but, perceiving that, greatly as she was concerned at my sorrow, she still persisted in the necessity of our separation—"Well, Madam," said I, "it is in vain to struggle; I yield to fate, which has decreed my ruin. Farewell! I go to seek death at a distance from you. My presence shall no more disturb your quiet; and I pray Heaven, that the happiness I wish you may not be interrupted by the least thought of me!" At these words, I forced myself away, went to my inn, and the next morning set out for Madrid. As I went out of the town, I met Don Christopher coming from a friend's house: he was surprized, and would have shunned me; but the sight of him having put a thought into my head, I went up to him, and said—"Don Christopher, may the unhappy Don Cæsar beg one favour of you?"—"You have a better claim to it," answered he, "than any other man."—"May a soldier of fortune," replied I, "hope you will do him the honour to try your sword with him? I know you cannot but be surprized at what I propose; I have not forgot how much I am obliged to you; and I own I have nothing but what I owe

"to your uncle Don Pedro's goodness; but no consideration can prevail with a despairing lover; I only desire to die; and certainly fortune will have me fall by your hand, since you have already given me my mortal wound, in robbing me of Donna Anna." Don Christopher could not but be moved at my words; but, having recovered himself, he replied—"Don Cæsar, I shall not refuse the satisfaction you desire: I take it as an honour that you should look upon me as a rival worthy of your valour. Yet I confess it grieves me to be forced to draw my sword against my dearest friend: but I must submit to fate."—"I am not deceived," answered I, "in my opinion of your magnanimity; I was satisfied Don Christopher would scorn, on such an occasion, to have regard to the inequality of my birth: but since we are to fight without malice, and only love is the cause of it, I could wish it might be done without exposing a life so dear to me as yours is; and, therefore, if I am so fortunate as to get the better of you, I desire you will desist from your design on Donna Anna."—"I would lose ten thousand lives," said he, "rather than make you any such promise. If I am worsted, spare not my life: whilst I live, Donna Anna shall never be yours." These words perplexed me to a high degree; for I had only proposed fighting in hopes of disarming him, that then he might be restrained from crossing my love. But finding him now resolved never to resign Donna Anna, I cried out, in a sort of fury—"Why can you entertain such a thought of me, as that I would take away your life? I would sooner stab myself to the heart a thousand times. Though you are the cause of my misfortune, you are still more dear to me than my own happiness. Farewel, unfeeling Don Christopher! the wounds you give me are more cruel than the stabs you received at my hands. Go; and, if you can without remorse, enjoy the blessing you rob me of. Follow the inconstancy of your inclinations, in contempt of your first misdeeds, and with the loss of your best friend." Thus speaking, I left him, without waiting for his reply.

"I had not yet recovered myself, when I met my sister Engracia in the midst of seven or eight robbers: I ran to her assistance without knowing her; but I had perished in the conflict, had I not been succoured by the brave Knight of La Mancha. I have already told you that adventure: I must now give you an account of what happened after Don Quixote and I parted at Torrefava.

"When we came to Alcala, my uncle Don Diego de Peralta left my sister and me in an inn; judging it not safe to present us immediately to Eugenia, lest the excess of sudden joy might operate too powerfully upon a frame which long affliction had debilitated extremely: he went to her alone, and acquainted her in what manner he had found Engracia; and, when he had prepared her for the happy news that was to compleat her joy, he sent for my sister and me. We fell down at my mother's feet; and, whilst I kissed one of her hands, Engracia washed the other with her tears, begging pardon for her offences. Eugenia, shedding tears of joy, made us both rise, and embraced us. Having satisfied the first transports of maternal tenderness, she next affectionately embraced Mary Ximenez: then she desired to know all the wonderful passages of my life; which I related to her after the same manner I have to you. This done, the next thing was to contrive such measures as might oblige Don Christopher to marry Engracia. I was of opinion that force must be used, in case he refused to comply. My prudent uncle could not at first approve of my proposal; but at length he consented, in regard the honour of the family of the Peraltas was too deeply concerned to suffer Don Christopher to marry any woman but my sister, after the publick scandal occasioned by his wounds. I went, therefore, to Don Christopher with a resolution to challenge him, if he refused to marry my sister. I was told he was indisposed, and would admit nobody: but, as soon as he heard that I was there, and desired to see him, he ordered me to be brought in. I found him lying on his bed, overwhelmed with a dejection that surprized me. "Come, Cæsar," said he, "you have vanquished

" guided me! The struggle is over; friendship has got the better of love; I restore your mistress. I cannot deny that this resolution has cost me dear; but your despair touched me, and my own thoughts have done the rest!"—"My dear Don Christopher!" answered I, embracing him in a rapture of joy, "Heaven has given you this resolution, that you might not fully the splendor of your virtues, by tearing my mistress from me, and being unjust to Engracia!"—"As for Engracia," said he, "she has no share in the offering I make you: her flight, so unknown to me in all its circumstances, absolves me from any fidelity to her."—"Engracia's truth has never failed," answered I; and her flight ought not to set you against her. It is in your own power to be assured of her innocence."—"Alas!" cried he, "who can assure me?"—"Myself!" said I. Then I related the adventure of the robbers, and repeated to him all that I had heard from my sister; and, lastly, I acquainted him with the discovery I had made of my birth. He listened to me very attentively; and, when I had done—"O my friend!" cried he, "how surprizing are the things you tell me; Wonderful are the ways of Providence; which, by such unusual means, has brought you to the knowledge of your parents! You may believe my joy is as great as

"yours! As for Engracia, telling me she is innocent, you revive my love; I restore her my heart, and entail the happiness of my life on her." Not to lose this favourable disposition in Don Christopher, I presently led him to Eugenia's house, who received him as her son-in-law. He thought my sister so beautiful, that he was ashamed of having been false to her; and he protested that he should have always continued faithful, had he not unfortunately mistrusted her innocence. To conclude in few words, my uncle Don Diego went in search of Don Bertrand de Montoya and Don Louis de Luna; and, having given them a full account of all that had passed, obtained consent of the latter that his son should marry Engracia; and of the former, that I should marry his daughter. I am now come to Madrid to communicate these happy tidings to Don Pedro, and to acquaint him that my relations and his own wait only for his presence to conclude these two marriages.

Don Ferdinand having ended his story, all the company expressed their satisfaction in his good fortune. Then they parted: Don Carlos and the count went out together to pay some visits; Don Pedro and Don Ferdinand to prepare for their journey to Alcalá; and Don Alvaro staid at home with the Knight of La Mancha and his squire.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.



AVELLANEDA's CONTINUATION

OF THE

HISTORY AND ATCHIEVEMENTS

OF THE ADMIRABLE KNIGHT

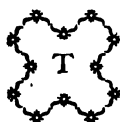
DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

OF THE GREAT ARCHBANTERER OF THE INDIES; HIS ARRIVAL AT MADRID; AND OF THE LOFTY SPEECHES MADE TO HIM BY DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE.



HE sage Alifolan, continuing the faithful relation of the matchless Don Quixote's heroick adventures, tells us that, the next morning, Don Carlos's secretary came to Don Alvaro, to communicate a project of diversion, which his master and the count had laid the night before, with a friend of theirs called the Marquis de Orisalvo; who, from the account he had heard of Don Quixote, felt a strong inclination to amuse himself at the expence of our knight-errant. Tarfe being informed of their design, which he thought very pleasant, dismissed the secretary; having taken upon himself the talk of preparing Don Quixote for the business, He accordingly went to his chamber; and said to him—' Sir Knight, I am come to announce a most agreeable piece of news; the great Archbanterer of the Indies arrived last night

' in this city!'—' The Archbanterer of the Indies!' replied Don Quixote, in amaze; ' I never heard of that prince before!'—' I wonder at it!' answered Don Alvaro. ' How can you, who know all things, be unacquainted with that monarch, who is doubtless one of the greatest princes upon the face of the earth?'—' And, pray, in what part of the world lies his empire?' quoth the knight. ' It lies,' answered the Granadine, ' betwixt the dominions of the Great Mogul and those of the Emperor of China.'—' If so,' said the knight, ' he must have conquered the kingdoms of Barantola, of Pegu, of Aracan, of Cochinchina, and all the other places which lie from the mouth of the Ganges to the Philippine Islands; and have assumed, by way of eminence, the haughty title of Archbanterer of the Indies.'—' That may very well be,' replied Tarfe; ' or rather, it cannot be otherwise: for he also styles himself Emperor and Lord of the Kingdoms of Aracan, Cochinchina, and all the rest of the dominions you have named. I long to see him; and, if you will be ruled by me, we will wait on him this very day.'—' With all my heart,' answered Don Quixote. ' And with mine too, Don Alvaro!' cried Sancho;

cho; 'I would fain see the great arch-
' bantling you talk of.'—'It is a com-
' mendable curiosity,' answered Don
Alvaro; 'and you may soon satisfy it
' at your leisure. Don Carlos and the
' count, who design the same thing,
' sent me word that they would take
' us thither this afternoon.' Don Quix-
ote was never weary of talking with
Tarfe about the archbanterer; of whom
he formed to himself a marvellous con-
ception from the novelty of his title,
which he had never heard of before.
Don Carlos and the count arriving about
four o'clock in the afternoon, Don Al-
varo ordered the mules to be put into
his coach; and Don Quixote having
armed himself at all points, they set
forth as follows: Don Carlos and the
knight in one coach; and Tarfe, the
count, and Sancho, in the other.

In the mean while, the Marquis de
Orisalvo, under the burlesque title of
Archbanterer, was preparing for the re-
ception of Don Quixote, in a magnificent
hall, illuminated, though it was not
yet dark, with a profusion of wax-
tapers and torches. Being perfectly ac-
quainted with the custom of ancient
chivalry, he had caused a small throne
to be erected at the end of the room,
under a stately canopy; and, to make
up a numerous court, he had invited
all his friends, and abundance of lad-
dies: besides this, he had equipped
himself with a diadem of cloth of gold,
and a small wooden sceptre wound
about with red ribbands. As soon as
he heard Don Quixote was at hand, he
seated himself on the throne, assuming
the utmost gravity possible. When the
knight entered the hall, and saw the
archbanterer with his crown and scep-
tre, enthroned under a rich canopy, he
presently called to mind what he had so
frequently found described in his vo-
lumes of chivalry, and felt all the sa-
tisfaction of the ancient knights-errant
when they presented themselves before
the foot-stool of some magnificent em-
peror. Don Alvaro, the count, and
Don Carlos, first advancing, saluted
the archbanterer with every token of
the most profound respect. Then the
Granadine, taking Don Quixote by the
hand, led him up to the canopy; and,
presenting him to the marquis, said—
'Renowned archbanterer, behold here
' the famous Don Quixote, the flower
' of La Mancha, the lanthorn of chi-

valry, the terror of giants, your
' mightiness's sworn friend, and the
' protector of your kingdoms!' This
said, he fell back, leaving Don Quixote
in the middle of the room. Then the
knight, resting the butt-end of his lance
on the ground, looked around him
without uttering a word; till, judging
by the general silence that it was ex-
pected he should speak, he raised his
voice, and directed his discourse as fol-
lows to the marquis, who found suffi-
cient difficulty in preserving his gravity
from being shaken by the whimsical
gestures of his visitor—'August and
' magnanimous monarch, Supreme
' Head of the ebb and flood of the In-
dian Ocean, Emperor and Sovereign
' of the kingdoms of Aracan, of Pegu,
' of Tonquin, of Cochín-China, and of
' Barantola! highly do I, doubtless,
' esteem myself indebted to my fortune
' for the happiness I this day enjoy in
' your imperial presence! I have tra-
' velled the greatest part of this vast
' hemisphere; I have slain an infinite
' number of giants, righted wrongs,
' disencharmed palaces, set princesses at
' liberty, revenged offended princes,
' subdued provinces, and restored usurp-
' ed kingdoms to their lawful owners!
' If all this can incline you to desire
' that I should devote my redoubted
' sword to your mightiness's service, I
' here make offer of it; assuring you
' that, as long as it shall support your
' interest, you will be respected by the
' Mogul and the Emperor of China
' your neighbours, and dreaded by all
' your enemies. The fame of my un-
' heard of exploits will pierce through
' their ears into their very hearts: but,
' to the end that you may be yourself
' a witness of my wonderful valour, I
' humbly beseech your great mightiness
' to grant me a boon.'—'Courteous
' and puissant knight,' replied the arch-
banterer, 'whatever be your request to
' me, I most voluntarily do accord the
' same, were it even my very arch-
' bantership.'—'Great monarch,' re-
plied Don Quixote, 'I neither ask your
' dominions, nor your wealth: the em-
'pires of Greece, Babylon, and Tre-
bisond, have enough to satisfy my
' ambition. The boon I ask is, that
' you will permit me, in your presence,
' to combat the Giant Bramarbas, who
' will speedily make his appearance in
' this city of Madrid?'—'I grant it,'
answered

answered the archbanterer; 'and will be myself judge of the combat, which will doubtless be as delightful to behold as was that which the valiant Clarineus of Spain maintained against the dreadful Brolandio. I do not question but the event will prove to you sufficiently glorious; your martial air warrants it, and puts us out of all concern for the success.'

Whilst the archbanterer thus spoke, Don Carlos drew near to Sancho, and whispered him in the ear, saying—'Come, my friend, your turn is next. It is time for you to shew yourself. Go, salute the archbanterer; and harangue him in your turn. I am satisfied he will dub you knight, when he perceives you are a man of such abilities.'—'As for that, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'if there goes nothing but making a fine speech towards dubbing me a knight, let me alone for that; the business is half done.' Having spoken these words, he went forwards into the middle of the room; and, kneeling before his master with his cap in hand, said to him—'Master Don Quixote, if ever I did you any service in my life, I beseech you, by Rozinante's merits, give me leave to let fly half a score words at my Lord Archbanterer, to the end that he may know I am a man of parts, and may bestow on me the order of knight-hood, back stroke and fore-stroke.'—'Hark ye, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I consent you should have the honour of addressing yourself to the archbanterer, provided you neither say nor do any thing that is impertinent.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'if you are so much afraid, stand behind me; and if I happen to say any thing amiss, you need only tell me so, and I will unsay it the next word.'—'In plain terms,' answered the knight; 'if I give you leave to speak, I fear I shall have cause to repent me.'—'No, no, Sir,' cried Sancho; 'fear nothing; every word I speak will be worth it's weight in gold; for I remember some words of your speech, and will clap them in so pat, that the devil himself shall be mistaken in me.'—'Take heed, then,' said Don Quixote; 'and I will entreat that great prince to give you a hearing.' Then directing his discourse

to the emperor, he proceeded thus—'Great and potent monarch! be pleased to grant my squire the liberty of addressing your noble mightiness. I can assure you, he has all the qualifications of Bignano, who was squire to the Knight of the Sun. He is prudent, discreet, and faithful; and when I send him on an embassy to any princess, he performs his commission exactly. He is, besides, very brave; and it is not more than two days since he gained an island by his valour.'—'Most hardy knight,' replied the archbanterer, 'I give full credit to all you say in praise of your squire. His mien and physiognomy discover his worth, and convince me that he is most worthy of such a knight as yourself. He may talk as long as he pleases; I am ready to hear him to the end, though he were as copious as a rhetorician.'

Sancho, having thus obtained leave to harangue the archbanterer, turned to his master, and said—'Your worship, if you please, will be so kind as to furnish me with your lance and buckler, that I may put myself into the same posture you were in when you made your oration.'—'Brute!' answered Don Quixote, 'to what purpose should you have my lance and buckler? Don't you consider you are not dubbed a knight? You begin to play the fool already.'—'Fair and softly, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'do not work yourself into a passion. Though I am not a knight now, I shall be by-and-by; for I shall make a curious speech, or I am much mistaken. And as for your lance and buckler, you shall see I will do well enough without them.' Thus saying, he clapped his cap upon his head, and set himself stiff upon his legs, with his arms akembo; then, having paused a while, as his master did, he began his speech after this manner—'Great monarch, Archbanterer of the ebb and flood of the Indies, Lord of the Hemispheres, Emperor of Cuckoldina, and Barren-toola—' 'No more, silly wretch!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him, in a low voice; 'you had better be quiet than prate any more. What will the emperor think of you?'—'By my troth, Sir!' answered the squire, 'he will think what he pleases; but, in short,

'short, he ought not to think any ill: for I design no harm; and God knows my meaning. Do you think that I have a memory like a scholar, to keep cramp words in my head? By the Lord! not I; I can never remember all that high stuff: but if an ass cannot sing, he can bray; and that is enough for a governor. Let me go on my own way, fair and softly, and you shall see I will not trip. You may listen to me; for I will go on with my speech, and will make an end of it, or I shall have very ill luck.—I say, then, Mr. Archbanterer,' continued he, raising his voice, 'that my wife's name is Mary Gutierrez, and I am called Sancho Panza the Black, born in the village of Argamasilla near Toboso.'—'Good!' said Don Quixote, interrupting him again; 'will not you tell us your children's names too?'—'Why not, Sir?' replied Sancho; 'they are not scabby, that I should be afraid to name them.'—'Yes, Mr. Archbanterer, I have a daughter called little Sancha, another called Teresa, and a third Joan. Peter Tamaydo, the scrivener, is godfather to little Sancha; Thomas Cecial to Teresa; and John Peres, the vintner, to Joan.'—'A plague confound thee and all thy generation!' cried Don Quixote; 'what needs the emperor be told all that bead-roll, thou coxcomb?'—'This is to let him understand,' quoth Sancho, 'that I am no liar: for every word I speak is true; and I had better speak the truth, than say I have killed giants, and all those lying stories knights-errant let fly in their speeches.' Don Quixote, who little expected such an answer, began to wax mighty choleric thereat; but the emperor's pretence curbing him, he said in a low voice to his squire—'Well, talk on as much as you will, scoundrel! but I assure you, you shall pay for this when we are alone.' Sancho, without paying attention to these menaces, went on with his discourse after this manner—'To come to my story again, Mr. Archbanterer, you must understand, that last night I won the Island of the Forcemeat Balls, fighting the black squire at tilticuffs. Therefore I desire you to dub me a knight. Do not go to put me off by saying I am a

peasant; for, by St. James, do you see, I am of the race of ancient Christians! and, when I am mounted upon my ass, I look as like a doctor as ever you saw any thing. And, in fine, and sum of all, I am squire to Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is such a good man that he never hurts any body; for, ever since we have been gadding about chivalry, I never saw him kill so much as a fly, till the other day he run a highwayman through the back: but that was a very good piece of work, and he will be rewarded for it in the other world.' Sancho having no more to say, the archbanterer answered—'Brave squire, I am very well satisfied with you. I am of opinion that you are very fit for the duties of a righter of wrongs; and therefore I will not refuse you the honour of knighthood, which you require at my hands. Had you no other merit, that of being squire to the redoubtable Don Quixote would alone give you sufficient right to demand my compliance. But this ceremony, with your leave, must be put off till another time; because, at present, I am under an affliction which will not allow me to attend to any thing of pleasure.' This said, he drew out of his pocket a laced handkerchief, and covered his face with it; like a man who, overwhelmed on a sudden with the recollection of some grievous misfortune, abandons himself to a thousand confused and melancholy reflections.

CHAP. II.

OF THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE,
THE THOUGHTS WHEREOF AF-
FLICTED THE ARCHBANTERER.

WHILST the archbanterer's face was covered with his handkerchief, Don Carlos, the count, and Teresa, feigned themselves greatly concerned at his sorrow, and anxious to know the cause of it. As to Don Quixote, he was really troubled; and his profound respect, which restrained him from questioning the emperor upon the subject, added to his distress. At length, the archbanterer resumed courage, and applying to himself an ad-
venture

venture which he had read in Don Belianis of Greece*, he related it to the company, particularly directing his discourse to the Knight of La Mancha, in these words.

‘ You have sufficient reason, gentlemen, seeing me thus overwhelmed with grief, to conjecture that my affliction proceeds from no small cause; but, believe me, it is above all you can possibly imagine. The gods had given me an only daughter, and I was thankful to them for having bestowed on her exquisite beauty; whereas, I ought rather to find fault with them for conferring a gift so fatal. Her name was Bantirina: I loved her tenderly; and the Empress Merry-dame, her mother, could not bear her absence for a moment. Thus happy were we in our dear daughter; when, on a certain day, some barons of my court came to acquaint me that there was a wonderfully rich tent pitched in a great square about three hundred paces from my palace; but by what means it was brought thither, nobody could form any conjecture. I went with the empress and the infanta to see so surprizing a sight. We arrived at the square; and were astonished at the richness and rarity of its workmanship. We stood a long time in admiration of it; and drawing nearer, that we might view it more accurately, our ears were saluted by a symphony from within, so delightful and harmonious, as not to be excelled. A most ravishing voice was heard, at the same time, above all the musick; which, at certain intervals, was interrupted by a dreadful noise of trumpets and kettle-drums, as it were sounding a charge. When we had a while enjoyed the pleasure of hearing this variety of instruments, we saw four wonderfully well-built knights issue forth from the tent: they wore their helmets upon their heads; they were cased in green armour, sprinkled with golden stars; and they led four very swarthy damsels, clad in long robes of cloth of silver. They all came up to us, and fell down at our feet. Whatever we could say to them, we could not persuade them to

rise; but one of the damsels, directing her discourse to me, with a loud voice, that was heard by all my barons, said—“ Most renowned Archbanterer, Puissant Lord of the Oriental Pearls, Emperor and Sovereign of the kingdoms of Aracan, Tonquin, and Cochinchina; great prince, to whom all the kingdoms of the earth ought to submit, since you excel all the kings upon the face of the earth in gallantry and genteelness; you must understand we are under the greatest of afflictions. Nothing can equal our misfortune; and we are persuaded that, unless we find some relief in this place, it will be bootless for us to seek it elsewhere. We therefore most humbly beseech your Sovereign Highness, as also the Right Honourable Merry-dame, and the amiable Banterina, to grant us a boon.”—“ Charming damsel,” answered I, “ ask what boon you please, I grant it you; and assure yourself, the empress and the infanta will not oppose it.” My wife Merry-dame and Banterina accordingly confirmed my grant. The knights and damsels then rose; and she that spoke before went on, saying—“ Most famous emperor, you must understand, that the caliph of Syconia is in the tent you see before you; and I must acquaint you with the cause and means of his confinement there. I know not whether you ever heard of the Infanta Cerizetta, his daughter, whose beauty has been so much celebrated throughout the world. The wife Herodian, King of the Island of Pearls, and one of the bravest giants that ever existed, sent to demand her in marriage of her father, who gave him a refusal. This so incensed Herodian, that on a day when there was a magnificent tournament held in Syconia, in which the caliph himself gave wonderful proofs of his strength and dexterity, this giant appeared in the lists, with these four knights in the green armour; and, among them, in less than a quarter of an hour, they slew or disabled above a thousand knights; which struck such a terror into all there

* The adventure from which this is copied may be found in Part I. Chapter xlii. of the English translation of the famous and delightful history of Don Belianis of Greece. Edition 1633.

“ present,

present that the spectators, and those who came to take part in the combat, fled together in confusion. The undaunted caliph was almost the only man that remained; for he could rally no more than ten knights, with whom he fell upon Herodian and his men; but he had the ill fortune to be overthrown, and his ten brave companions were all slain. Immediately this tent appeared in the square, in the same manner as you now behold it. The giant hurried the caliph and the infanta into it, after enchanting them both, and placed the four knights to guard the entrance of it; and they are such men as cannot be overcome by any human force; for though above two thousand knights of all nations have attempted to deliver the caliph and Cerizetta, yet none of them could ever prevail. All the caliph's court was in consternation; and we knew not what course to take, until one Friday morning, at sun-rising, we were informed by a magician, whom we had consulted, that the whole was a sort of enchantment, which we should never be able to dissolve unless we found out a prince's more beautiful than Cerizetta. Could we once find such a prince's, we needed only to persuade her to try the adventure; that she would enter the tent without any difficulty, and Cerizetta would deliver to her a sword she holds in her hand, with which the knights in the green armour would be easily overcome. The magician farther added, that all he could do for us, was to carry about the tent whithersoever we pleased: that four of Cerizetta's damsels might go into it, and that they should be guarded by the same knights. I presently went into the tent with these three damsels; and thus have we visited the courts of most Pagan princes. But, to say the truth, we have never yet seen any princesses whom we could think worthy to try the adventure. We now despaired of finding any, when fame informed us, that your daughter Banterina was as beautiful as we could desire. The tent was in a moment removed hither by magick; and we are come to entreat you to permit the peerless Banterina to un-

dertake the adventure. This is the boon you have granted us." "Such was the account given me by Cerizetta's damsel, at which I was not a little surprized: I returned, however, this answer—"Comely damsel, I am much troubled at the caliph of Syconia's misfortune; for we potentates have a great kindness for each other; and I should desire, above all things, that this rare adventure might be finished at my court. But, pray, inform me whether some unhappy accident may not befall the prince's, should she be unsuccessful in her attempt to achieve this adventure?"—"No, Sir," replied the damsel; "for the magician acquainted us, that in case the prince's who attempts it is not more beautiful than Cerizetta, she shall be held back by an invincible hand, and will not be able to go into the tent."—"Well, then," answered I, "my daughter Banterina has my consent to make trial of her beauty: but I must first prove the prowess of these four knights. There are those in my court who may overcome them; and, dispelling the charm by their valour, will, perhaps, save my daughter the shame of attempting in vain to dissolve it."—"Sovereign Prince of Cochin-China," replied the damsel, "you may do as you please; but I would not advise you to expose your knights to combat with these, who are so enchanted, that they alone can rout a whole army."—"No matter," said I; "I must satisfy my curiosity." I therefore ordered my knights to prepare for the fight; and in a moment above three thousand appeared in the square, all of them ambitious of finishing the adventure. The four damsels then returned with the four enchanted knights into the tent; which immediately opened, and presented to our astonished eyes a spectacle worthy of the deepest commiseration. We discovered the caliph of Syconia, armed at all points, sitting at the foot of a golden throne, on crystal steps, leaning his head on his hand, like one plunged in extremity of melancholy. The infanta, his daughter, was on his right, holding a naked sword, the hilt whereof seemed to be all of diamonds; and on

the left stood the god of love, with his bow and quiver, so exquisitely represented, that he seemed to breathe. Below this lay a knight stretched out, with one of the god's arrows sticking in his breast; and holding in his hand a Greek inscription, which nobody understood; but which expressed the caliph's and Cerizetta's misfortunes, in such terms, as drew tears from all eyes that beheld it. When we had fully contemplated these wonders, preparation was made for the trial of the adventure. The first who would attempt it was Prince Rozinel, my bastard, the very flower and cream of Pagan knights. His armour was of a rose colour bespewed with silver flowers; and he was mounted on a beautiful courser lineally descended from the god Boreas and the famous mares of Erichonius, which trod so lightly, that they would gallop over the ears of corn, and not break them. He appeared before the tent, attended by three of the most valiant knights in all my archbanterer-ship. The enchanted knights came out to meet them; but the combat was as soon ended as begun; for, at the very first rencounter, Rozinel and his companions were thrown out of the saddle, and borne to the ground with such violence, that they were unable to rise again. The rest of my knights, being well acquainted with the valour of those who had been overthrown, and concluding they could expect no better success, retired in disorder; and fled the place, as the fearful doves do before the cruel eagle, that has just devoured a kite. This only served to heighten the desire I felt of seeing the adventure ended. I caused the wounded men to be laid in rich beds, and sent the most beautiful princesses of my court to rub their sides. I then ordered my daughter to go up to the entrance of the tent. Banterina, who had always kept her eyes fixed on Cerizetta, whom she thought beautiful to a miracle, obeyed me trembling. She drew near the tent, and entered it without any difficulty. But, O unheard-of prodigy! O dismal misfortune! whose sad remembrance causes such grief in my soul as is continually recent! No sooner had she placed her feet within

the tent, than it immediately closed upon her; and, rising rapidly into the air, vanished with the caliph, Cerizetta, the knights, the damsels, and my dear Banterina. We concluded, but too late, that this was the fraud of an enchanter—"Hold, treacherous necromancer!" cried the empress; "restore me my infant, or come and take my life!—Banterina, O my dear daughter! can the righteous gods suffer you to be taken from your mother?" But, alas! her cries were in vain; her voice was lost in the air with her unhappy daughter: grief overwhelming her, she sunk speechless into the arms of her women; who, sharing her sorrow, beat their breasts, and made the square echo with their sighs. I tore my hair and beard, I cast myself on the ground; and my barons were forced to hold my hands, fearing I should kill myself. To conclude, in a few words, the remainder of this pitiable history, the empress was carried into her apartment, and I into mine. We both of us spent a whole month in immoderate sorrow; but at length, considering that, thus indulging our grief, we neglected that which should have been sooner thought of, which was to send our knights in quest of Banterina to all parts of the world; I employed all those who were willing to undertake it, with strict orders to search narrowly all the castles upon the face of the earth, from the castles of princes to the palaces of financiers. This was not all: I caused my daughter to be posted up from the mouth of the River Ganges, to the Danube; and from Mount Caucasus, to the mountains of Terra Australis; in so much, that the very posting has cost me in paper and paste five hundred thousand ducats: and yet three whole years are passed without hearing the least news of Banterina. This makes us apt to believe, that the knights we have sent in quest of her spend their time idly, instead of attending to the execution of their commission. Therefore the empress and I, considering that every body can do their business better themselves than by proxy, have left the government of our archbanterer-ship to an able and honest minister, if ever any such was. We have

'have crossed Asia; and, after traversing Africa, are come into Spain, where we shall stay no longer than is requisite to seek the Infanta Bante-rina.'

CHAP. III.

OF THE DREADFUL COMBAT BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GIANT BRAMARBAS IRONSIDES, KING OF CYPRUS; AND THE STRANGE EVENT OF IT.

WHAT pen can declare the thoughts which agitated the Knight of La Mancha, whilst the Emperor of Cochin-China was making his dismal relation? Who is able to express how much his tender bowels were moved? All the tongues in the world put together have not words enough to make known the different struggles of rage and pity that distorted a heart so highly concerned at whatever related to the rape of maidens. As soon as the emperor had done speaking, he took upon him to answer; and, in a voice that sufficiently discovered his disorder, said—'Magnanimous emperor, you may judge, by my concern for the misfortunes of the meanest private persons, how much I am disturbed at yours. Your disasters are as grievous to me as to yourself; and I must inform you, that it is the enchanter Friston who has stolen away the peerless Banterina; I perceive it by the fatal circumstances of the adventure: he made use of the same enchantment to steal away the peerless Floribella at Babylon. He brought such another tent, with four knights in green armour, adorned with golden stars, and the four damsels clad in cloth of silver, who begged the same boon of the sultan. In short, the whole story you have told us, is, word for word, in the authentick History of the Adventures of Don Belianis; which is an undeniable proof that the same enchanter has committed this rape upon the princess your daughter: but I swear by the sacred order of knight-errantry, that, the moment I have slain Bramarbas, I will depart from Madrid to seek that beautiful infanta throughout the world; and will never rest in any place till I have found her!' The archbanterer thanked Don Quixote for his kindness; but, as he

was thanking him, the company were alarmed by five or six blows of one knocking at the door so violently, that they expected it would be shattered to pieces. 'See who is there!' exclaimed the archbanterer to his pages. 'It must certainly be some giant; for such is the manner in which they accustom themselves to tap at the doors of emperors.' As he said, so it proved: the pages had no sooner opened the door, than in came the dreadful giant Bramarbas. His dress consisted of a long robe of blue napped-cloth, an immense ruff of black crape, and a turban of muslin striped with gold, and adorned with a variety of feathers; an enormous belt of pinked leather crossed his shoulder, and supported a sword of painted wood at least two yards in length, and a foot broad. As soon as ever Sancho espied him, he ran and squatted himself down by the archbanterer; crying out, with might and main—'Mercy on us! here is the dog Barrabbas come in the nick! He is grown three pikes length since we saw him. Saints and Fathers! what will my poor master Don Quixote be in the hands of that confounded Goliath, who is like to sell all our guts for fiddle-strings, if good Saint Nick does not assist us!' Don Quixote hearing these words, looked askance upon his squire, and commanded him to hold his peace. In the mean while, the King of Cyprus, who had been forced to stoop very low to get into the room, came forward, turning his prodigious head every way, and rolling his eyes after a frightful manner, but without speaking a word, or so much as saluting the emperor; who said to him—'Genteel and courteous giant, tell me who you are, and what brings you to my court?'—'I am the dreadful giant Bramarbas Ironsides, King of Cyprus!' answered the giant with a broken voice; 'and I am come to look for the Knight of La Mancha, who, I am told, is in this imperial chamber.'—'You have been rightly informed,' cried Don Quixote: 'and I am glad to see you; for I suppose you come to be as good as your word to me?'—'I do, knight!' answered Bramarbas; 'I come to combat with thee in pursuance of my challenge at Saragossa. This day my dreadful sword shall put an end to thy glorious days! This day will I

cut off thy bald head, and carry it into my dominions, to nail it up at my royal chamber-door, with an inscription in High-Dutch, which shall most elegantly exprefs how the flower of La Mancha was mown down by my invincible hands! This day will I caufe myself to be crowned king of all the earth; for, when thou art gone, there will be none left that will dare to difpute it with me! This day, in fine, will I make myself mafter of all thy victories, and will carry away with me to Cyprus all the ladies here, to put them into my feraglio, which wants recruits! If thou art fo brave as thou art reported, thou mayeft come out immediately, and we will conclude the bufinefs in this imperial chamber, if the emperor will give us leave.—‘I confent,’ faid the archbanter, ‘though it be not ufual: thefe combats are generally within lifts; but I have fuch a mind to fee you in action, that I cannot ftay any longer.’—‘I would not bring my deadly club,’ faid the giant, ‘becaufe I can, without much trouble, overcome the Knight of La Mancha with only this fword, which was made by Vulcan, a god whom I adore; as I do alfo Jove, Neptune, Mars, Mercury, and Proferpine.’—‘Mafter Barrabbas,’ cried Sancho, interrupting him, ‘pray take heed what you fay: you had better bite your thumbs than to call all thofe fcoundrels you fpeak of gods; for, fhould the Inquifition hear of it, black were the day that you came into Spain!’—‘I fpeak not to thee, numfcul!’ answered Bramarbas; ‘I would advife thee to hold thy tongue.’—‘You advife me!’ quoth Sancho; ‘do not you know that, at Rome, they laugh at one that gives advice before he is asked? What a pox! do you think I muft not dare fay my foul is my own becaufe you are as tall as Antichrift? Pray take notice, that a little worm eats through a great log; and that a gnat troubles a man more than an eagle can do him good.’—‘Hold thy peace, I fay again, thou knave!’ replied the giant; ‘or, I swear by the Alcoran, I will make thee an example to all faucy fquires!’—‘The Alcoran and you,’ quoth Sancho, ‘are a couple of lousy rakes; and I value neither of you!’—‘How now, bold man!’ faid the King of Cyprus,

do you dare to talk to me fo faucily? To me, who make the fultans and the caliphs quake! By the god of the herrings trident, if I lay hold of you, I will crush you to powder, and throw you up into the air with fuch force, that your duft fhall fly into Japan!’—‘You threaten me,’ answered the fquire, ‘to fright my mafter; but you muft not think to beat the dog before the lion. Take notice, that my mafter Don Quixote is worth us both; and values your hellifh carcafe no more than he values the jade that bore you!’—‘O infolence!’ faid Ironfides, advancing a few fteps towards Sancho; ‘I will teach thee to pay a refpect to giants of my quality!’—‘Help! help! Murder!’ cried Sancho, feeing the giant move towards him; ‘if he touches me I am gone!’—‘Hold,’ Bramarbas! faid Don Quixote, ftepping in betwixt him and Sancho; ‘do not attack a man that is not in a pofture of defence. If you find yourfelf offended at my fquire’s difcourfe, I am here ready to give you fatisfaction. Let us combat in the prefence of the great archbanterer and all his court; we can never have nobler witnesses of our valour: but, fince you have no armour, I muft take off mine; I will not fight with odds; the conqueft would not be honourable. That you may fee I do not fear you, I will take off my helmet and my cuifafs, and will meet you with my fword only: if yours is longer, mine is in a better hand.’ Having fpoken thefe words, he turned to his fquire, and faid—‘Rife, my fon; come and help off my armour: you fhall foon fee that dreadful monfter, our enemy, ftretched upon the ground.’—‘God grant it, Sir!’ answered Sancho, going towards his mafter; ‘but, methinks, we and all thefe gentlemen here prefent had better fall upon him together; fome might hold his legs, and others his head, till he were half dead. By thunder and lightning, could I once fee him flat in this room, giving up the ghofth, I would give him more bangs on his long fides than he has hairs in his whifkers!’—‘That is not lawful,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘but I need no help to overcome a giant, be he ever fo ftrong. Make hafte to take off my armour; and leave the reft to the force of my arm.’ Sancho did

as he was commanded; so that the knight was presently disarmed. His figure in this dishabille state furnished new matter of mirth and marvel to the company. His pate was bare and bald; his carcase long, lank, and fleshless as a skeleton; it was cased in a doublet of black satin, miserably scanty, and more than half threadbare; under which peeped out a very dirty shirt; for he had not changed his linen since he left Saragossa.

Such was the appearance of our knight-errant; when, laying his hand upon his sword, he advanced towards the King of Cyprus—'Come,' said he, 'arrogant monster! since the emperor gives leave that we combat in this room, let us lose no time in frivolous babbling: courage is known by actions.' At these words he unsheathed his weapon; when suddenly, as our knight's adventures always proved very extraordinary, the assembly beheld the immense carcase of Bramarbas tumble backwards; and in his place appeared a damsel, clad like a shepherdess, and her face covered with a napkin. Those who had not been prepared for this event were much surprized; and Don Quixote, dropping the point of his sword, fell back two steps, and stood still, expecting what the maiden would say. The body of Bramarbas being instantly hurried off by two figures habited like demons, the damsel, without unveiling herself, addressed the Knight of La Mancha in the following terms. 'Valiant Don Quixote! indefatigable Atlas of chivalry, father of orphans, comfort of widows, sweet hope of enchanted infantas, fixed star which hast conducted me to the haven of my desires! be not amazed at beholding a horrible giant transmogrified thus suddenly into a little tender damsel: this metamorphosis ought only to be surprizing to such as are unacquainted with the arts of enchanters. You have finished an adventure which will sink the memory of the Palmerins, and will gain you as much reputation among wise nations, as the disenchantment of Polixena did the valiant Knight Don Lucidanor of Theffaly: but, illustrious Prince of La Mancha, you must crown this work by restoring me to my parents, who are in the greatest affliction imaginable for the

loss of me.'—'I will, beautiful princess,' answered Don Quixote; 'you have a right to demand it at my hands. I will conduct you into your dominions: acquaint me only where they are situated, and who is the renowned prince that gave you your being?'—'My name is the Infanta Banterina,' replied the damsel; 'and I am only daughter of the great Archbanterer of the Indies.' The emperor hearing these words, overcome by fatherly affection, rushed hastily from his throne; and, lifting up his eyes to Heaven—'O ye immortal Gods!' exclaimed he, 'is it then possible that you restore to me my daughter, when I least expected it? In return for this mighty favour, I vow, as soon as I return to my palace, I will offer to you in sacrifice an hundred horned animals; for there are abundance of them in my empire.' Then stepping forward to the infanta, with open arms—'Dear Banterina,' continued he, 'come and embrace your father! Alas! what grief pierced my soul when you was ravished from my love! My sad thoughts have never ceased to follow you!'—'O my dear father!' answered the infanta, 'I have not words to express what I felt at that time; and, if you followed me with your thoughts, I can assure you I left my heart behind when I was carried away.'—'By my troth,' quoth Sancho, 'methinks the princess ought to shew her face! Who the devil ever saw a daughter embrace her father after that manner? I should laugh to see my little Sancha, when I go home to my country again, come to kiss me with her nose muffled up in a napkin. Pox take me! God knows my meaning!'—'Sancho is in the right,' said the archbanterer; 'why do not you shew your face, princess? Let fall that veil which hides those dear features from me!'—'Pray, Sir,' answered Banterina, 'excuse me from taking off my veil; I have reasons that move me to be covered: and, to convince you, I must give you an account of what has befallen me since you lost me. You will hear abundance of strange adventures.'—'I do not question it,' answered the archbanterer; 'a daughter that has been so long from her father and mother must needs have fine stories to tell; but no matter; provided

‘ provided the devil be not in them, I will take all in good part.’—‘ You shall hear how the matter stands,’ replied Banterina, ‘ if you will listen to me.’ Then she began the sad relation of her adventures after this manner.

CHAP. IV.

CONTAINING THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S SURPRIZING RELATION.

‘ **A**S soon as the tent flew up in-
‘ to the air, and I heard the
‘ cries of the empresses my mother, be-
‘ ing of an excellent disposition, my
‘ senses failed me, and I fell down in
‘ a swoon upon the crystal steps at the
‘ feet of the Infanta Ceizetta. The
‘ four damsels took pains enough to
‘ help me; but, though they rubbed
‘ my nose with all sorts of spirits, they
‘ could not bring me to myself: there
‘ was no sign of life left in me; and,
‘ therefore, thinking I was dead, they
‘ began to weep bitterly. I cannot
‘ tell what could make them have such
‘ a kindness for me; but certain it is,
‘ nobody ever was more troubled than
‘ they were: my own ladies of hon-
‘ our could not have made more ugly
‘ faces. They presently struck up a
‘ funeral dirge; they chanted recita-
‘ tives and trios. Alas! what trios!
‘ Nothing was ever heard so dolorous!
‘ Their recitatives were now-and-then
‘ interrupted by a full chorus of all sorts
‘ of voices, repeating these words—

“ We labour in vain, in vain we deplore;
“ Alas! Bante ina the bright is no more!
“ Weep, weep! let tears like fountains flow,
“ And sigh away your breath;
“ We’ve stol’n perfection from below,
“ To yield it up to death.”

‘ Notwithstanding all this, I did not
‘ die; and whether musick has the pow-
‘ er to call back the spirits that are fled,
‘ or that the grief for the loss of parents
‘ is not mortal, I recovered my strength
‘ insensibly. The damsels were in ex-
‘ tases of joy: they gave over their dis-
‘ mal ditties; and nothing was then sung
‘ but tender and gallant airs in praise of
‘ me. Among the rest, I remember the

‘ following verses were chanted by an
‘ excellent voice—

“ Jove, jealous for his slighted fane,
“ From earth long since to Heav’n had ta’en
“ Our princes, but he fear’d to do it:
“ For Venus threaten’d him full sore,
“ If you came there, she’d make him rue it;
“ She’d leave the skies, and come no more.

“ But, howsoever the dame was wroth,
“ It need not much have scared his god-
“ head;

“ For he’d have found you, surely, both
“ A prettier lass, and abler-bodied.”

‘ All this time the tent flew through
‘ the air with incredible rapidity, till,
‘ stopping on a sudden, it opened, and
‘ I found myself at the gate of a stately
‘ palace. Then the knights in the
‘ green armour, the damsels, the tent,
‘ and all that was in it, vanished, and
‘ I was left alone sadly out of counte-
‘ nance. But it was not long before I
‘ espied six curious ladies coming to-
‘ wards me, all clad in white satin,
‘ lined with rose-coloured taffety, flash-
‘ ed, and all the flashes embroidered with
‘ pearls. They had long sleeves hang-
‘ ing down, and on them a wonderful
‘ rich embroidery: their hair was very
‘ fair, and delicately curled, and their
‘ heads were stuck fuller with dia-
‘ monds than any heroine’s upon the
‘ stage. Judging of their quality by
‘ the richness of their apparel, I thought
‘ they could be no less than sultan’s
‘ daughters; and I was providing a
‘ high compliment for them, when,
‘ falling down before me, they all em-
‘ braced my knees; and, when they
‘ had kissed my hands over and over,
‘ one of them said to me in a most re-
‘ spectful manner—“ Peerless Bante-
‘ rina, most lively portraiture of the
‘ chaste goddess Venus, universal heir-
‘ ess to all Oriana’s and the beautiful
‘ Nichea’s graces; behold here at your
‘ feet six damsels appointed to wait on
‘ you! The owner of this palace has
‘ culled us out from among an hun-
‘ dred thousand duennas, to honour
‘ us with this glorious employment:
‘ I can assure you he could not have
‘ made a better choice; for, without
‘ vanity, my companions and I are the
‘ cleverest wenches in the world at
‘ pinning a gown, dressing a head, co-
‘ louring the hair, mending the com-
“ plexion,

"plexion, and curing the green-sicknesses."—"Pretty damsels," said I, "pray tell me where I am, and what the prince's name is that reigns here?"—"You are," answered she, "in the palace of the King of Terra Australis. This kingdom is of an infinite extent, or rather, it is a new world unknown to the other inhabitants of the earth, with the good leave of the apocryphal accounts strangers have given of it. Precious stones, gold and silver, grow up under our feet; and are consequently of so little value with us, that these cloaths, which you think very costly, are but the common habit of tradesmen's wives. I would have you see our women of quality and our princesses; they have otherguise sort of cloaths. By this you may guess that the king must be a puissant sovereign; but what you do not know, and is very fit you be told, is, that this prince is very young, and has a mind to marry; and understanding, by an enchanter his friend, that you are the most beautiful princess in the world, he caused the said enchanter to steal you away." This news redoubled the tears which the remembrance of my parents made me shed incessantly: but another of the damsels said—"O beautiful infant, do not waste those precious tears! When you have seen the king your affliction will cease. He will soon return from hunting." In effect, I presently espied him coming in a chariot of sapphires and topazes, drawn by six white unicorns. I must confess, I never saw any thing so fine! He leaped out nimbly to the ground; and, perceiving he carried a bow and quiver, I took him for the god of love. I cannot say whether it was any enchantment, or the mere working of nature, but I was so taken with his mien and beauty, that I thought no more of my parents. He seemed to me not less smitten with my features; and he was so disordered when he came up, that he made me a compliment which was neither rhyme nor reason. I returned an answer without head or tail. The damsels smiled; and believed, with some justice, that I had not over-much wit:

but the prince, who had as little as myself, was very well pleased. He took me by the hand, and led me into a stately apartment, where, having recovered himself from his disorder, he confirmed all that the damsels had told me concerning my rape, with an eloquence I did not expect from him. In short, he said such tender things to me, that we need no longer marvel at the prompt compliance of Psyche with the insinuations of the god of love. He soon perceived my sensibility; at which he was so overjoyed, and his passion grew so fast upon him, that he earnestly entreated me not to defer his good fortune one moment, but to marry him immediately.—"Prince!" said I to him then, so sweetly that it quite charmed him, "you are very hasty. Consider that marriage is a matter of moment, and requires mature deliberation. Leave me here alone; I desire a full quarter of an hour to consider." I was afraid he had been too deep in love to grant this delay; but, on the contrary, instead of denying it, he commended my discretion, and went out of the room, saying, he had the greater value for me, because women, for the most part, did not take so much time to consider.

Thus was I left alone to make serious reflections on his proposal. I found it so advantageous to me, and my head was filled with such pleasant notions, that a sweet sleep soon overcame me: but I slept not long, ere, perceiving myself pulled by the arm, I awoke. It was the wife Belonia, whom I knew, because I had seen her sometimes at my father the archbanterer's house, she being protectress of his dominions. "Look to your honour, my dear Banterina," said she; "it is in wonderful danger. You are now upon the edge of the Euxine Sea, betwixt Constantinople and Trebisond. It is not the King of Terra Australis that is in love with you; it is a false enchanter, who has taken upon him the shape of an amiable prince to deceive you. My power is inferior to his, and I cannot carry you hence; but I bring you the famous ring of Bendanazar*. As long as you keep this, the enchanter

* See Book I. Chap. V.

" will

"will have no power over you: you will see things as they really are; and if you can once set your foot out of this enchanted palace, I will carry you away in my chariot. Take care to hide this ring; for if the enchanter gets it from you, you must expect no farther assistance from me." This said, she gave me the ring, and immediately flew out at the chimney. When she was gone, I remained melancholy and musing, as is usual when a young woman has a great fancy for a handsome man, and is told his ill qualities. I was not so well pleased that I had been deceived, as I was vexed to understand that the prince I had been so fond of was a mere illusion. However, I concealed the ring in my bosom; and continued in my reverie, when I saw a little old fellow enter the room, with a long grey beard, and a violet-coloured cloth cap on his head, which covered his ears. He had on a gown of tygers skins, and he leaned on a staff, without which he could not move; for, notwithstanding his crutch, he limped so wretchedly, that, at every step he took, I thought he would have tumbled upon his nose.—'Beautiful infanta!' said Don Quixote, interrupting her, 'that was certainly the enchanter Friston; for he has been lame ever since he broke his leg at Babylon.'—'It is very true,' quoth Banterina; 'now you put me in mind of it, the wife Belonia told me it was Friston, and I forgot to tell you so.—Now, gentlemen, do but consider, if you please, how much I was surprized, when, by that little lame scoundrel's discourse, I found out that he was the very same fine prince I had been so much taken with. I looked aside with horror. He drew near to me; I shrieked out; and a sudden qualm made me faint away. He called in his women to help me; five or six witches came in and unlaced me, to give me air. My ring dropped down; the enchanter caught it up; and, having viewed it—"Oh, ho!" cried he, "here is the knack on it! Who the devil brought her this jewel, and has been with her the moment I was away? By my troth, they are not deceived, who say it is hard to keep maids!"—'Ads-bobs!' quoth Sancho, 'Friston talks notably enough

for an enchanter! For I have heard our batchelor Sampson say, that maids are like sheep: if the shepherd has not always a watchful eye, they run astray, and the wolf devours them. But go on with your story, Madam Infanta; these gentlemen and I sit upon thorns till we hear the rest.'—'When I came to myself,' said the infanta, 'I looked about for my ring; and, not finding it, was as much troubled as if I had lost my lap-dog, or my parrot. I called the enchanter, "Old goat; nasty cripple;" and "ragamuffin sorcerer!" In short, I gave him such scurvy language, that he changed all his love into hatred. He muttered some words in Dutch; and then, taking me about the middle, threw me like an arrow out at the window, with such force and violence, that I flew from the shore of the Euxine Sea, where I then was, and fell into waters of the River Signon.'—'What a damned skip was that!' cried Sancho. 'How the devil could an old fellow, that was not able to go without a crutch, have strength enough to throw you so far?'—'Do not you consider, friend,' replied the infanta, 'that he did it by virtue of those hellish words he had muttered to himself?—But, gentlemen, I should never have recovered after such a fall, but that, as good luck would have it, a young shepherd, who was playing on his pipe whilst he looked to his sheep on the bank of the river, perceiving I was like to drown, came speedily to my assistance. He took me upon his back, and swam ashore: then, perceiving that I still breathed, he carried me into his hut, lighted a fire, dried me, and brought me to myself. I returned him thanks for his care in such words as made him believe I had not been ill bred; which awakened his curiosity, and he desired I would tell him my story. I did so very precisely; but not without shedding abundance of tears, which made him drop as many. He told me he was much concerned at my misfortunes; and, that he might not seem to confide less in me than I had done in him, he said—"Beautiful princess, you have related your misfortunes to a shepherd, who is not less unhappy than yourself. I am the natural son of the valiant Perianens of Per-

“*fin*; and, as if it were the fate of his family to be unfortunate in love, I became enamoured of a lady who afforded me no better requital than he received from Floribella. The Queen of the Amazons, the charming Zenobia, with whom I fell in love, upon seeing her dandle on her lap a pig she was violently fond of, has been deaf to all the testimonies of my passion. But what drove me quite to desperation was, that at the very time when I complained of her cruelty, the Prince of the Floating Islands had as much cause to boast of her kindness. In a fit of anger, I renounced knight-errantry; and, removing for ever from my father’s court, I repaired to the banks of this celebrated river, with a resolution to turn shepherd. Since then I have been told that the magician Pamphus has enchanted my ungrateful fair-one, and has converted her into a frightful tripewoman; but this I do not aver to you for a certainty.” — ‘Nay, before God, and on my conscience,’ quoth Sancho, interrupting the *infanta* again, ‘whoever told the shepherd that story, did not lye, for there is nothing more certain. Madam Zenobia is as perfect a tripewoman as ever you saw: she has a great scar on one cheek; is blear-eyed; blubber-lipped; and all the rest suitable. When we first found her in the wood, where she was tied to a pine-tree, the soldier Bracamonte, the alderman, and I, took her rather for a daughter of the devil than a fine princess. Only my master was not mistaken in her. Let him alone: he presently espied she was a great queen. Body o’ me! he knew her at first sight, and called her by her Christian name and surname, as if they had been old school fellows!’ — ‘You need not wonder at that,’ quoth Don Quixote; ‘if knights-errant had not the faculty of knowing *infantas* under every variety of enchantment, how could they rescue them out of the hands of enchanters? But we do not consider, Sancho, that we interrupt the princess.’ — ‘No matter, Sir Knight,’ answered Banterrina; ‘I have a good memory, and you shall see I am not put out of my story.’

“I came then to establish myself,” said the shepherd, “in this delightful place: I soon got some sheep, a dog, a reed, and a bag-pipe; and, changing my name from Prince Persino, as I was called before, I took that of the Shepherd Persino. My squire would not follow my example; but desired me to requite his long services by conferring on him the honour of knighthood: I, being of a generous temper, not only granted his request, but presented him with my own horse and arms; for hitherto he had ridden only upon a she ass, which would not have been the properst steed for a knight. Then I sent him, with my blessing, to seek adventures. The truth of it is, he was a clever fellow, very fit for the ladies service; and if he has not had his brains knocked out in some melon-field, no doubt he has comforted many widows: for my part, my only endeavour is to lead a pleasant quiet life in this delicious place. Sometimes I play on my reed, and sometimes on my bag-pipe; and sometimes I make verses on the wonderful works of nature. I describe the pleasures of a country life. The birds are heard to sing in my poems; in them the silly lambs are seen to skip after the careful ewes, and the murmuring streams to wind their crystal waters along the grass: in short, I enjoy a thousand pleasures. But, alas! I want one, which is the most substantial, and without which I am sensible a shepherd can never be truly happy; and that is a shepherdess. Beautiful princess,” added he, looking on me very earnestly, “I will not love Zenobia any longer. I am tender, kind, discreet, and faithful; give me leave to dedicate my thoughts to you, and do not think the gods have brought you hither to no purpose: it is certainly their will that you should make me happy. Be obedient to their sovereign decrees! Be my shepherdess! Ah! what a pleasure ’t is to love! Let us follow where love calls; to him let us yield up our hearts. Let us renounce our parents’ empires; let us despise our grandeur. Let us forget our kindred and friends; and let us spend the rest of our days

"in tender sighs and amorous melody."

"You may judge, gentlemen, whether it was possible for me to withstand such an offer. The shepherd Perfino was gay, handsome, and sung well. What a treasure this to a young girl at fifteen! I could not deny him. I assumed the habit and crook of a shepherdess. Perfino committed half his flock to my care, together with a dog which he called Melampus; and not thinking the name of Banterina very fit for verse, he changed it to Phillis. It is impossible to tell you exactly how many verses he composed upon me and my dog Melampus; but the devil take me, if, in less than a year, he did not make two hundred eclogues, as many elegies, and above a thousand rondeaus! He had a very poetical fancy, and there was no end of his invention. Sometimes, though he was never a day without me, he complained of my long absence: at another time, he would accuse me of cruelty, with as little reason. Another time he would compose lively ditties, and all to divert his Muse, and vary his subjects. There was, in all his writings, a characteristic tenderness which ravished me. One day, among the rest—I shall remember it as long as I live—he sung me a song, which I will repeat to you. I was transported with it. I was quite out of breath. I thought I should have died, my rapture was so excessive. The words are these—

"As Phillis, late serenely sleeping,
Stretch'd her soft limbs beneath the shade,
The gay Perfino, near her creeping,
By stealth the heedless fair survey'd:
"And so divine he felt her beauty,
And such strange raptures it did move,
That, ah! forgetful of his duty,
Too vent'rous youth! he dar'd to love."

"Besides the pleasure of hearing such charming songs every day, I had the satisfaction of seeing the shepherd Perfino's name, and my own, carved on every tree, and the history of our faithful loves written in the sands of the Lignon, in such characters that they were proof against the winds. Thus I spent my days very happily, when one morning, as I was tending my flock, there passed by me a knight,

armed at all points, who stopped to take a full view of me; and, turning to his squire, said—"Aurelio, take notice of that shepherdess. Are not those the features of the infant?"—"Yes, indeed, Sir," answered the squire; "that face is not at all unlike her."—"I am satisfied," replied the knight; "she is certainly Banterina. Her country habit cannot deceive my eyes." This said, he alighted from his horse; and, lifting up his vizor, that I might see his face, I immediately recognized Prince Rozinel, my father's brave and worthy bastard. The surprise and disorder of my countenance fully convinced him that he was not mistaken. "O, my dear infant!" said he, "the gods have at length permitted me to meet with you! I have been these twelve months seeking you in all parts. What chance made you a shepherdess?" When I had satisfied his curiosity, he told me that my parents were inconsolable for the loss of me; and, having a notable fluency of tongue, he painted their affliction in colours so lively, that I had like to have cried at it. "Come, Banterina," added he, "let us hasten away to my father's court: let us fly to deliver him from that dismal melancholy in which I left him, and drive away the sad shades of death which by this time sit about the empress." I was mightily perplexed. If I thought of comforting my parents, I was no less concerned to leave Perfino. An afflicted father, a weeping mother, a despairing shepherd, a whining dog, and a straying flock of sheep, were all distracting thoughts which succeeded one another. But it was necessary to come to some determination; and, my life being a series of wonders, I preferred my family before my lover. I chose rather to forsake such a discreet and well-behaved shepherd, than to be deaf to the calls of my disconsolate kindred. I had fixed my resolution; but, as I was preparing to follow Rozinel, Perfino, the unhappy Perfino! came up to us. He was looking for me to sing me a new song; but he had little mind to sing, when he understood he was so near losing me. He made the woods and the banks rattle with his doleful complaints; he threw
away

'away his reed; broke his crook; tore his eye-brows; and, that I may make use of one of Homer's most celebrated comparisons, "He rolled himself upon the ground, as a black-pudding rolls upon the fire." In short, the doubly and trebly unfortunate Persino did his utmost, and downright died before us for mere love and vexation. I must here take breath, gentlemen, that I may be better able to recount the rest of the transactions of that fatal day.' Here Banterina paused a while, and then continued her discourse as follows.

C H A P. V.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE INFANTA BANTERINA'S WONDERFUL ADVENTURES.

'WHEN I saw my shepherd stretched out dead upon the ground, I reclined myself upon Prince Rozinel; was for a time silent and motionless, and so overwhelmed with grief, as to lose all sensation. But soon after I tore my cloaths and hair, and lifted up my voice to Heaven, complaining of his death in terms of the most outrageous extravagance: I railed so bitterly against Jupiter and Calisto, that the prince and his squire were absolutely terrified. The eloquent Rozinel thought fit to tell me, that men, in their greatest afflictions, are bound to honour the gods; but though he had read that word for word in Seneca, I took little notice of it, and never gave over abusing the gods and goddesses, till the shepherd Persino was buried. After this, my sorrow began to grow lighter; I found my reason return; and I can safely boast that, at fifteen years of age, I bore as good a heart as any widow at thirty. I wiped my eyes, and comforted myself: then my brother took me up behind him, and we rode sixteen hundred leagues, talking over the adventures of knights-errant; for I am strangely fond of books of chivalry; and I do not yet despair but I may, one time or other, distract myself with reading them.' Here Don Quixote put up his hand to his forehead, and had a strong temptation to interrupt the princess in favour of

the books of chivalry; but he forbore out of respect to the company, which may be considered as an act of uncommon violence to his own inclinations.

'Having travelled, without disturbance, to the frontiers of Colchis,' continued Banterina, 'I was full of hopes that I should soon see my dear mother Merry-dame, and my honoured father the archbanterer; when, in a wood, we met twelve giants carrying away five infantas whom they had newly ravished. They stopped us without ceremony; bidding my brother surrender upon discretion, if he would save his life. The brave Rozinel, having caused his squire to set me down, without regarding the odds, drew his sword; and, like another Don Quixote, had the courage to fight all those giants, who looked like so many windmills. But, alas! the poor bastard had no better luck than if he had been lawfully begotten! for he received so many strokes on the head with their clubs, that he lost his stirrups, and fell down stone-dead under his horse's belly. Then they laid hold of his unfortunate squire, and began tossing him in a blanket; making him cut such pleasant capers in the air, that I could have laughed heartily, had I not been so full of trouble. I fared like the rest of the infantas. They carried us directly to the Moorish enchanter's castle, which was but two leagues off.'—'But, Madam Princess,' said Sancho, interrupting her again, 'pray tell me whether those two-handed rogues took your brother's squire along with them, or whether they left him in the wood, after having so well settled his bones for him?'—'As for that,' replied Banterina, 'they were not satisfied with tossing him in a blanket till they were weary, but they carried him to the castle, where they shut him up in a dungeon underground, which was fourscore and nineteen thousand fathoms deep.'—'Bless us! what a dungeon!' cried Sancho: 'why a man had as good be in Limbo! What an unmerciful crew of Goliaths these were! Hang me, if the very enchanters be not civiler persons! When they have tossed a squire handsomely, they give him at least the key of the country, and turn him loose about his business.'—'That

"is a great comfort for a squire that
 "has been tossed in a blanket, answered
 "the princefs; "and would to God
 "my brother's had come off so well!—
 "But to return to my story. You must
 "understand that, as soon as I came to
 "the castle, with my five unfortunate
 "companions in bondage, the enchanter
 "desired to see us. Though I was but
 "in the habit of a shepherds, and
 "that rather ragged, (for I had not
 "spared it in my transports of grief at
 "Persino's funeral) yet I was reckoned
 "the prettiest of the half-dozen. I
 "had the good luck to please the wizar-
 "d; and, at the same time, he had
 "the misfortune to appear in my eyes
 "the most horrid individual of the hu-
 "man species: in a word, his hair is
 "frizzled, and red as blood, and his
 "face black as ink; and it is doubt-
 "less for these reasons that they call
 "him the Moonish, or the carrot, en-
 "chanter. I could not endure the
 "fight of the monster. When I looked
 "upon him, I made a sort of a face,
 "which he did not think very favour-
 "able to his desires; and, in truth, there
 "was no need of his being a great
 "conjuror to guess what it meant. He
 "made up a face in his turn which was
 "as plain as the other: he knit his
 "brow; and, looking fiercely on me—
 "How now, little gipsy!" said he, in
 "a voice like a mule-driver; "I per-
 "ceive you do not like us. To hu-
 "mour you, we must send for those fine
 "effeminate fellows, those starched
 "beaus of our sex. I could have
 "borrowed one of those empty shapes,
 "as poor silly Frifton did; but I would
 "not put such an affront upon nature."
 "I durst not make the brute an answer,
 "for fear of provoking him yet farther.
 "But, to pass by a thousand needless
 "circumstances, and come to the con-
 "clusion of my adventures, I must
 "tell you that, when he had in vain
 "tormented me three months, to bring
 "me to compliance with his passion,
 "he was so incensed to see himself de-
 "spised, that he resolved to be revenged
 "on me. This resolution he executed
 "after a manner that has scarce any
 "precedent in history. He touched
 "me first with his wand; he then pull-
 "ed out of his pocket a book in folio,
 "and opened it; then he read to him-
 "self; and, as he read, I perceived my
 "little arms increase in length, and

"my whole frame dilate itself hideously:
 "to be short, in less than a quarter of
 "an hour I was converted into a giant
 "from head to foot. The enchanter
 "then, addressing me in a scornful
 "tone—"Go," said he, "termagant
 "princefs! go, traverse the earth un-
 "der that agreeable form! I command
 "you," added he, imperiously, "by
 "the soul of the great Calchas, who
 "perfectly knew what was to come,
 "what was present, and, best of all,
 "what was past, take the name of
 "Bramarbas Ironsides. Do all the
 "mischief you can in the world. De-
 "throne virtuous princes, and support
 "the wicked. Slay all the knights
 "that shall fall under your clutches,
 "and seek out the most famous men
 "to combat them. By my powers of
 "magick, I bestow on you strength to
 "destroy them all. There is but one
 "in the world that can overcome you:
 "his name I withhold from your know-
 "ledge. If you happen to meet him,
 "and he does but draw his sword
 "against you, your gigantick figure
 "will drop off like an enormous case
 "of pasteboard; which, being carried
 "away by my familiar demons, you
 "will again become an infant. But,
 "to perfect my revenge, I must tell
 "you that, in the same hour, your
 "snow-white countenance shall assume,
 "that sable hue of mine which you be-
 "held with such abhorrence; and this
 "shall be known to you by a white
 "veil enveloping your head." I
 "have now," continued the princefs,
 "been occupied, during two years, in
 "ranging the world by the force of
 "that enchantment, and performing
 "devilish actions. Happily, I have
 "not been obliged to dethrone many
 "princes. I only invaded the good
 "King of Cyprus's dominions; and it
 "even now troubles me to the heart that
 "I killed him. As for knights, I con-
 "fess I have demolished of those more
 "than enough; and I came into Spain,
 "after Don Quixote, for no purpose
 "but to treat him in the same manner:
 "but, thanks to the Heavenly Power!
 "he, it appears, was that most valiant
 "knight who alone could disenchant
 "me. The worst of it is, that I am
 "still as black as a crow; for, though
 "no person has told me so, and I have
 "not yet seen my own face, yet, since I
 "have this white veil on my head, I am

‘ as fully convinced of the fact, as if I
‘ had spent four hours at a looking-
‘ glass. So that you see I am not
‘ much in the wrong for refusing to
‘ discover myself to the company.’

Banterina having thus finished the
strange recital of her adventures, the
archbanterer said to her—‘ My dear in-
‘ fantia, I call to witness all Olympus,
‘ from Saturn’s mighty son to the eagle
‘ that stole his cup-bearer, that I am
‘ overjoyed at finding you! When I
‘ call to mind the Prince of Terra
‘ Australis, the giants, and, above all,
‘ the Moorish enchanter, I perceive
‘ you have escaped a scowering. As
‘ for the innocent shepherd Perfino, his
‘ moving songs make me very much re-
‘ gret his death. But I have this com-
‘ fort, that his soul must needs enjoy
‘ sweet rest in the fields of Elysium;
‘ for I cannot think Pluto could be so
‘ unjust as to shut it up with the ghost
‘ of Tarquin. As to your complexion,
‘ my dear child, that malady is not ir-
‘ remediable. There are abundance
‘ of ladies in my court, who will com-
‘ municate their secrets to you: but,
‘ as yet, we have not seen your face.
‘ How do we know whether it is so bad
‘ as you imagine? Perhaps the Moorish
‘ enchanter has not carried on his re-
‘ venge to the utmost, and thought it
‘ sufficient to frighten you.’—‘ No, no,
‘ Sir,’ answered Banterina; ‘ I am too
‘ sure it is so.’—‘ No matter,’ replied
‘ the emperor; ‘ discover yourself, your
‘ father commands you.’—‘ Then I
‘ must obey,’ said the infantia; ‘ but I
‘ can assure you, you will find me great-
‘ ly altered.’ Thus speaking, she
‘ threw aside her napkin; and displayed
‘ to the assembly a countenance so far
‘ from white, that it appeared to have
‘ been daubed over with five or six coats
‘ of shining ink. The ladies and gen-
‘ tlemen seemed strangely astonished at so
‘ terrifying a spectacle; and Don Quixote,
‘ finding his work of disenchantment im-
‘ perfect, was sunk in affliction. As
‘ soon as Sancho set his eyes on this
‘ grimly varnished visage, he roared, as
‘ loudly as he was able—‘ Body o’ mine,
‘ what an infantia! I would not be in
‘ her skin, if St. Michael chance to
‘ meet with her. Saints and fathers!
‘ what is the meaning of this? All our
‘ princesses, forsooth, must be either
‘ back-faced or black faced, with a
‘ pox to ’em!’—‘ In truth, child,’ quoth

the emperor, ‘ you are in a woeful
‘ tawny condition. I am much afraid
‘ we shall find it no easy matter to
‘ bleach this freckled complexion of
‘ thine. However, we will not spare
‘ expence in the experiment; we will
‘ try those washes our brown-skinned
‘ ladies use to flay their faces with;
‘ and, perhaps, by dint of hard scrub-
‘ bing, we may at length succeed.’—
‘ I scarce think it,’ answered Ban-
‘ terina sorrowfully: ‘ I had better pass
‘ the rest of my days in retirement,
‘ and renounce the world for ever.
‘ Alas!’ added she, weeping, ‘ what a
‘ spectacle shall I make with this fear-
‘ ful countenance! The young people
‘ will all shun me like an old decayed
‘ countess; and, besides the grief of
‘ having no lover of my own, I shall
‘ have the vexation of seeing other wo-
‘ men every day chopping and chang-
‘ ing!’

CHAP. VI.

OF THE EXPEDIENT THAT WAS
FOUND OUT FOR FINISHING THE
DISENCHANTMENT OF BANTE-
RINA.

WHILST the poor princess thus
lamented her fable destiny, on
a sudden a paper folded up like a letter
was seen to drop at her feet, being
thrown in by one of Don Carlos’s
pages so dextrously, that Don Quixote
and Sancho never perceived it—‘ What
‘ new prodigy is this?’ cried the arch-
‘ banterer. ‘ Sure this is some advice
‘ from an enchanter our friend. Let
‘ us read it, for we ought to flight no-
‘ thing.’ This said, he caught up the
‘ paper, opened it, and read these verses
‘ aloud.

‘ TO THE SOOTY-FACED INFANTIA.

‘ THY strange mishap revolving late,
‘ I op’d the magic roll of fates
‘ There saw I that thine ivory face
‘ Will ne’er retrieve it’s wonted grace,
‘ Unless that warrior, fierce as fire,
‘ The drubber of the smoaky quire,
‘ Will keep a fast for thy sweet sake:
‘ A thing most hard to undertake!
‘ But, if that kind and gallant wight,
‘ In pity of thy doleful plight,
‘ For one whole day shalt be content
‘ To take no grain of nourishment;
‘ Then

' Then shall the lily and carnation,
 ' To that infernal bronze succeding,
 ' Restore thee like a new creation;
 ' Fresh beauties in thy visage breeding.
 ' This vote was paid, by full consent,
 ' Last night, in Pluto's parliament.

' THE MOORISH ENCHANTER.

' Blessed be the parliament!' said the archbanterer. ' Cheer up, child, you will soon recover your beauty; for I cannot think the most obliging Sancho Panza will refuse to do you this piece of service.'—' Sir,' quoth Banterina, ' there is nothing certain in the world. I cannot tell whether that illustrious squire will live a day without eating for my sake.'—' How! whether he will!' cried Don Quixote. ' Alas, beautiful princess! you do him much wrong to doubt of it.—Is not this true, my son? Do not you now reckon yourself the happiest squire that ever was; that is; or ever will be? Do not you feel a sort of joy you are scarce able to contain?'—' No, by my troth!' answered Sancho; ' I am not so full of joy as you imagine. Do you think I am so well pleased to be four and twenty hours without eating; and to live upon my own nails, forsooth, while others work their jaws without counting mouthfuls? Pox take me! it is a pretty business to rejoice at. But, pray, why must I do penance for other folks' sins? That's a choice fancy. I should have a long Lent, were I to fast for every lady that has played the devil. Belly o' me! I will not do it at all.'—' You do not consider what you say,' replied Don Quixote in a half angry tone; ' though you are but a simple squire, you may gain immortal renown, worthy to be envied by the most applauded knights.'—' Simple or not simple, Sir,' quoth Sancho, ' the knights need not envy me on that account. If my fast tempts them, they need but say so, and they shall share in it; and if one day is not enough, they may fast ten. I promise you they shall not see me vie with them.'—' But, Sancho,' answered Banterina, ' you do not consider that four and twenty hours are soon gone: for all the time you have fasted from dinner must be reckoned in, and you may dine again to-morrow; and then the whole business is but going to bed

' without a supper.'—' That is too much,' quoth Sancho; ' but it is easily said; and yet, if you were to do it, you would make many wry faces.'—' Would to the gods,' answered the princess, ' that the success of this affair depended on me! my face would be as clear as crystal to-morrow. What! can you imagine I should think much of fasting till to-morrow for the sake of a good complexion? If you do, you do not take me for a woman. By my reputation, I would live a whole year upon bread and water to obtain the faintest glimpse of whiteness, or any the least agreeableness of countenance!'—' How hard you are to be brought to,' said the archbanterer; ' as if you had never gone to bed without a supper! I believe you did not go to Rome for a pardon every time you did it in the course of your adventures.'—' I grant it, Mr. Archbanterer,' answered Sancho; ' but neither did I tell you every time I was fretted to my heart.'

Don Carlos, the count, and Don Alvaro, who, till then, had continued silent, now drew near the squire to persuade him to do things with a good grace. The archbanterer conjured him; and Banterina, as most concerned in this affair, did not only entreat, but fell down at his feet to render her prayer the more touching. Don Quixote, whose forbearance was already stretched to the utmost by the emperor's condescending to supplicate his squire, lost all patience when he beheld this action of the princess, and was just ready to break out; when Sancho, unable to resist any longer such earnest entreaties, and melted by the final prostration of the infants, raised her up, saying—' Well, rise, Madam Princess; " Since the child " cries, it must be rocked." I have a tender heart enough, considering I am a peasant. I will undertake this penance for you; and I promise I will acquit myself to a miracle.' The archbanterer hearing him, ran to embrace the generous squire; Banterina smothered him with acknowledgments; the ladies and gentlemen showered down commendations; and Don Quixote was pacified. ' My dear friend Sancho,' said Don Alvaro, ' I am overjoyed to think that you will have the honour of finishing the disenchantment.

'chantment of such a beautiful infant.'—'I am glad, too,' replied the squire, 'for that matter: but what vexes me is, that I never felt such a craving appetite as I have this afternoon. Hang me, the devil is in the dish, I believe! My guts cry a famine, because I have nothing but wind to feed them with.'—'Right,' said the count; 'this is the humour of all men: as soon as a thing is forbidden, every man longs for it.'—'Aye, and the women too are of the same humour,' quoth Sancho; 'for I very well remember, that John Alpado, the shoemaker of our village, one day forbade his wife to go to the wood a nutting; and yet the jade went, and never got home again till she had gathered a lapful.—But, gentlemen,' added he, 'though I am forbidden eating a supper, yet I hope I may be allowed to dip my fingers ends in the sauce; that will not break my fast.'—'I beg your pardon,' answered Don Carlos; 'we can never be too scrupulous when the disenchantment of a princess depends upon it. You must not eat so much as a bit of bacon a fowl is larded with, for fear of infringing the decree of the parliament. Nay, I am of opinion, you should keep as far as may be from the kitchen; for I look upon the very steam of the meat as sufficient to break the order.'—'By my troth, Don Carlos,' cried Sancho, 'I have an excellent thought come into my head! You cannot imagine what I will do. As soon as I can get to Don Alvaro Tarfe's house, I will go to bed; and, if I can, I will sleep till it be time to say grace to-morrow.'—'I like the project well,' said the count; 'and by that means you will avoid all temptation. Besides, the proverb says, "That he who sleeps, dines."—'Right,' answered the squire; 'let us talk no more of it; I will away, and fast like a bishop; and then we shall see whether the order of knighthood can be denied me.'—'No, no, my dear Sancho,' answered the archbanterer; 'you may rest satisfied you shall be dubbed. That is the least reward you can expect from me.' The infanta perceiving the squire so favourably inclined to her, changed the discourse; and said to the emperor—'Pray, Sir, give me leave to ask you, whether the

empress my mother is in this palace, or whether you have left her in your archbanter'ship. I long to hear from her.'—'I am overjoyed at your earnestness,' answered the archbanterer; 'your mother is here, and in her apartment, bewailing the loss of you; and is still so afflicted, that she will see nobody.'—'Let us go and dry up her tears,' replied the princess; 'and, having bidden the company a good night, await the event of my disenchantment, which cannot fail, since it wholly depends on Don Quixote's abstemious squire.' The ladies and gentlemen hereupon went away to their homes, very well pleased with the actors in this comedy; but particularly with Don Carlos's young secretary, who had played the part of Banterina to such perfection.

CHAP. VII.

HOW SANCHE FINISHED THE DIS-
ENCHANTMENT OF THE INFANTA
BANTERINA.

WHEN Don Alvaro, Don Quixote, and his squire, returned to their lodging, the knight, who was full of what had happened at the archbanterer's, said to the Granadine—'I cannot tell, Don Alvaro, whether the things we have seen and heard have made so great an impression on you as they have done on me. These are some of those wonderful accidents, which have discredited the books of knight-errantry; and, I am of opinion, that when posterity shall read in my history the adventure of the Infanta Banterina, it will not be believed.'—'I do not question it,' answered Don Alvaro; 'nothing is more unlikely than that princess's enchantment; and, in short, the whole of her relation. I am much concerned at her misfortunes. When I consider her in a wood at the mercy of twelve giants, and then in the clutches of a base Moor—What a sad thing it is! For, perhaps, the poor infanta did not tell us all; she might conceal some things out of mere modesty. God grant I may be mistaken in my guess, and that her father find her as Achilles did Briseis! You know, Don Quixote, that Agamemnon swore he re-
' turned

'turned her pure and undefiled; and that all the Greeks took his word, as a man would believe a guardian who swears he has not cheated his pupil.'—'Don Alvaro,' answered Don Quixote, 'I grant you the chaste Banterina has run through great dangers; but, to satisfy your scruples, I must inform you, that we read in the authentick books of chivalry, that the Infanta Aurora* came out pure and unspotted, after she had been three years shut up in a cave among giants; and the same of a thousand other princesses I could quote to you.'—'Nay, if so,' replied the Granadine, smiling, 'I shall set my heart at rest as to that point.'—'But, pray, gentlemen,' cried Sancho, 'did not you take notice of the coarse expression Madam the infanta let slip in her story?'—'What coarse expression?' answered Don Quixote. 'Zooks!' quoth the squire, 'did she not say "the devil take me?" Methinks those are curious words for an emperor's daughter; they favour something of the scoundrel giants she had kept company with!'—'I must confess,' said Don Quixote, 'I was something startled at first to hear that expression; but I considered afterwards, that, since the princess made use of it, it must be an usual mode of affirmation at her father the emperor's court.'—'I am of your opinion,' answered Don Alvaro; 'no doubt but the infanta has been too well bred to use such words, had not custom authorized them among the archbanterer's ladies.'

After some farther conversation of this sort, Don Alvaro, changing the discourse, said to the knight—'Don Quixote, I have a favour to beg of you; which is, that you will excuse me from supping with you to-night; Don Carlos and the count expect me to settle some private affairs depending betwixt us.'—'Why so much ceremony?' answered Don Quixote. 'Friends must not confine one another. Go where you please, my dear Tarfe: I design to shut myself up in my chamber with Sancho; for I am resolved not to leave him out of my

sight till he has perfected the disenchantment of the Princess Banterina.'—'I approve of your resolution,' answered Don Alvaro; 'it will not be amiss for you to watch your discreet and abstemious squire, that he may be the more exact in performing his penance.' Thus saying, he took leave of the knight, and went away to the count's house; where he found the Marquis de Osifalvo, Don Carlos, and his secretary, laughing heartily at the imposition they had put upon Don Quixote, and concerting new fooleries for the ensuing day.

In the mean while, our knight being withdrawn into his chamber with Sancho, the Granadine's steward came to tell him supper was ready. 'If you would oblige me,' said Don Quixote, 'bring me a glass of wine and a mouthful of meat hither; for I would willingly sup in my chamber to-night.' The steward went out, and returned immediately with two pages; one of them bringing a great piece of bread, a bottle, and a glass; and the other the table linen, and a roasted pullet on a plate: they left all upon the table, and withdrew, Don Quixote having dismissed them, by saying his squire would be sufficient to wait upon him. As soon as they were gone out, Don Quixote double-locked the door, and caused himself to be disarmed by his squire; who, in the mean while, said to him—'So, Sir, now we are alone, pray talk to me as a good master ought to talk to his squire. Must I of necessity perform my penance?'—'What, do you mean to question it?' answered Don Quixote. 'Have you not promised the infanta and the emperor so to do?'—'Yes, Sir,' said the squire, 'I have promised; but, you know, words are but wind, especially among great men. Cannot you lessen my penance? Do you think, if you give me a leg of that little bird, the infanta will be ever the less disenchanted?'—'No doubt of it!' replied Don Quixote; 'you must not eat the least morsel: nay, I cannot tell but the will may be taken for the deed.'—'Good God!' cried Sancho, 'what do you mean?

* See Belianis, Part I. Chap. 2 and 5; but I cannot find the term of her confinement there specified. The Princess Materosa, also, in the same romance, (Part II. Chap. 14) is rescued spotless from the hands of Altifer and his two brothers, all monstrous giants, to whom she had been for some time prisoner, by the prowess of Belianis and his knights.

'Where are we then? I shall have made a fine piece of work of it to-morrow! It will appear that I went to-bed without a supper, and that the princefs is no more disenchanting than my grandmother!'—'And, if so,' answered the knight, 'you must begin again to-morrow.'—'Then, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I must eat to-night, if you think I shall be obliged to begin my fast again to-morrow.'—'To tell you my opinion,' replied Don Quixote, 'I do not think you infringe the order of the enchanters in only withholding to eat; but, however, I advise you to go to bed, whilst I eat my supper, if it were only to save the trouble of withstanding the temptation.'—'Sir, I will take your advice,' answered the squire; 'but, first, you will give me three good glasses of wine; for there is nothing better towards disenchanting: and, you know, I had been disenchanting the other day, had I performed the rest of the ceremony as cleverly as I took down the three bumpers the bachelor gave me.'—'This is not the same case,' said Don Quixote; 'you are absolutely forbid taking any sustenance; and, therefore, you must neither eat nor drink.'—'For God's sake, Sancho, do what is required of you nicely, that I may not be upbraided with keeping a base, mean-spirited squire, who has not the heart to finish an adventure! And, pray, what hard matter is put upon you? I never knew any infant disenchanted at such an easy rate; and yet you go about this glorious action with so much reluctance. What would you do, friend, if you were to give yourself ten thousand lashes?'—'What would I do?' said the squire; 'By the Lord! I would lash myself so gently, that the enchanters should have no cause to laugh at me; and, if any one did not like it, he might even lash himself for me: he is a great fool who hurts himself to please another. I believe the ancient squires errant did not use to flay themselves for infantas.'—'There was not one of them,' answered Don Quixote, 'but would have whipped himself till he had been raw all over, for any common damsel.'—'In those days,' replied Sancho, 'when the sun went down, he left abundance of asses in the shade. The squires in our days,

'God be praised! are no such fools; and I could name you those that would not pull three hairs out of their beard for all the princesses in the world.'—'Will you never entertain nobler thoughts?' answered Don Quixote. 'You are finely qualified to receive the glorious order of knight-hood! Had the archbanterer heard what you say, I am sure he would cause you to be turned out of his palace to-morrow.'—'As for that,' quoth the squire, 'I should take better heed how I talked before him; for I remember I have heard that we are not to tell emperors all we think.'—'That is true,' answered Don Quixote; 'but you are little the better for the instructions you receive. You talked a while ago so loosely before the archbanterer, that a courtier could not have had the impudence to do the like. But let us not rip up past faults; I am willing to forget them: undress you, and say no more.' The squire obeyed; but, his stomach being ill disposed towards his usual rest, he could not get to sleep, but lay tossing and tumbling in his bed like a widow. The knight sat down to supper, and soon satisfied himself with a glass of wine, a bit of meat, and a mouthful of bread, envying, all the time, the good fortune of Sancho; who, opening the curtains to have the better sight of what was on the table, ogled the pullet so lovingly, that he would willingly have forfeited the honour of disenchanting a thousand infantas to have exchanged places with his master. 'Master Don Quixote,' cried he, 'that fowl delights my eyes! How purely it smells! It is quite a perfume to me! You should fall to it lustily: you only tickle it's ribs. Body o'me! if I were at it, I would handle it after another manner!'—'Glutton!' answered Don Quixote, 'it is better for you to endeavour to fall asleep than to gaze at this pullet, which is such a temptation to you.'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'I cannot sleep; my belly does not love fasting, and I find it is stark frantick: yet it might as well be patient, for the task is not near over; yet, however, I will do all I can to fall asleep.' This said, he sunk down into the bed; and, giving way to thought, said to himself, (for the wise Alifolan reveals his most secret meditations)—

tions)—' Alas! poor governor of the Force-meat-Balls, must you be starved to death, when other governors at this time are at table eating their fill? By my foul, I am a mere fool to fast for a gipsy *infanta* I know nothing of, nor is any kin to me! Besides, what shall I get by disenchanting her? Honour, and that is all! Faith, I do not value that profit which a man cannot put up in his pocket! And as for the order of knighthood the archbanterer is to bestow on me, I am not in such haste for it; and whenever I am, why should I be harder to please than my master Don Quixote? I will even make the first innkeeper I meet with dub me knight. What shall I do then? Cannot I, when my master is gone to bed, get up softly, without any ceremony, and go mumble the pullet and the lunch of bread I saw upon the table? That I may; and it was well thought on! Who will know any thing of it? Nobody! O but to-morrow, when they find the princess is not disenchanting, they will say—"Sancho, you took some sustenance!" What answer shall I make to that? Well, I will say I did not. It is as easy to say "No," as "Yes;" and I shall not be the first squire that told a lie. I shall be believed; and the mule will be blamed for the driver's fault. There is an end of it; I am resolved I will eat. In short, if I break my fast, what harm can it do? It is no fast imposed by our Holy Mother the Church; and I shall not suffer for it in the other world.'

Whilst the squire was forming this resolution, Don Quixote made an end of his supper: then he walked a little about the room, pulled off his scanty doublet, put out the candle, and went to bed. As soon as Sancho felt him by his side, he lost no time, but arose to put his design in execution. 'Whither are you going?' asked Don Quixote. 'Sir,' said he, 'with your leave, I must get up about some business which I hope is not forbidden me.'—'No, my son,' replied the knight, 'that matter is lawful.' The squire groped out his way to the table; and, meeting with the pullet and the bread, laid hold on it, and went to bed again. 'Be of good heart,' said Don Quixote, 'one night is soon gone; and, if you happen not to rest so well as at other

times, you may comfort yourself with the thoughts that you shall restore the princess to her former beauty.'—'I do comfort myself,' answered Sancho; 'and I fancy to myself that the princess's face is by this time as white as a sheet.'—'Now you talk of the princess,' said Don Quixote, 'I am glad she told us that Prince Persin's squire rode upon an ass; I shall not henceforth fear being upbraided with your following me upon such another creature. From this account I infer, that most of the ancient squires were mounted on asses; and that, therefore, there is no mention made in abundance of books of chivalry of the squire's steed. I repeat it once more, my friend; I am very glad the *infanta* has told us a thing which authorizes me to leave you your Dapple: for, to deal plainly with you, I was not satisfied as to that point, and was about buying a horse.' Whilst the knight talked, Sancho mumbled the pullet and the bread; and, lest his master should overhear the grinding of his jaws, he munched as gently as he could, and for the most part swallowed down mouthfuls without chewing: yet, with all his precaution, he made such cracking, that Don Quixote could not forbear saying—'What is this I hear, Sancho? You make a noise with your mouth as if you were eating.'—'Sir,' answered the squire, with such a presence of mind as one would scarce have thought him guilty of, 'I am half asleep; and I dream I am at a feast, laying about me handsomely. Pray do not awake me!' Don Quixote smiled at this answer, without so much as mistrusting the truth. 'Well, sleep on, then, my son,' said he; 'I will not interrupt the enjoyment of a dream you are so well pleased with, and which can no way prejudice Banterina's disenchantment.' The squire, rejoicing at the success of his cheat, carried it on to the utmost. When he had demolished the pullet and the bread, considering so much meat deserved some drink, he arose again to go to the bottle. 'Do you rise again?' said Don Quixote. 'Are not you well?'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'I can bear with my distemper; and I will do so well this time, an't please God! that I shall have no more occasion to rise to-night.' In short, having found the bottle, he put it to his mouth,

mouth, and at one pull sucked it so dry, that there was not enough left to drop *supernaculum*. Then retiring to bed again, he had no sooner laid his head on the pillow, than the lovely God of Slumber, who was generally so much his friend when his stomach was satiated, shrouded him all over with his somnifick vapours. The knight, on the other side, fell asleep insensibly, without the least jealousy of the horrid breach Sancho had made of the ordinance of Pluto's parliament.

CHAP. VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF SEVERAL THINGS; AND, AMONG THE REST, OF THE NOVEL OF THE IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

THE Knight of La Mancha was the first who awaked in the morning; and, it being then broad day, he called his squire; but finding he was asleep, he began poking him so roughly with his knees and elbows on the ribs, that the poor wretch cried out two or three times—'Pox take me, Sir, do not thrust so hard! Must you kill a man to wake him?'—'Let us rise, my son,' answered Don Quixote; 'it is a shame for men of our profession to lie so long in bed: I am impatient to hear from the Infanta Banterina. I have seen her, Sancho! I have seen her in a dream last night! O Heavens! how charming she appeared! what a beauty she is, my friend!'—'If so, Sir,' said the squire, 'she is disenchanted!'—'Yes, certainly!' replied Don Quixote; 'and, I can assure you, your faith has been successful already.'—'Have a care, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'lest you be mistaken: dreams are often false; and I have no faith at all in them.'—'Do not fancy,' said the knight, 'that my dream is the production of a heated imagination: it is real. The wife Alcuise laid before me a picture of that princess, even as the wife Belonia displayed to the Knight of the Precious Image the true resemblance of Floribella in the prison of Persepolis: so that, my son, you may reckon the infanta is disenchanted.'—'God be praised, Sir!' quoth the squire; 'but if she is not quite, I must tell you it is no fault of mine.' This discourse

occupied them whilst they were getting up. The knight, if he had looked towards the table, might easily have perceived that the penance had not been so religiously performed as he imagined; but he was pleased to take no manner of notice of it; and, when they were almost dressed, they heard a knocking at the chamber-door. It was Don Alvaro, the count, and Don Carlos, who came to acquaint them with the infanta's disenchantment. This pleasing news did not at all surprize Don Quixote, who was prepared for it; but Sancho was so amazed, that he could not forbear crying out—'By our Lady! is it possible the infanta should be disenchanted?'—'Why so much wonder,' Sancho? said the Granadine. 'Have you broke your fast?'—'No, Sir!' answered the squire; 'my master Don Quixote can witness for me that I fasted like a dean, and am ready to begin again, if the princess wants but a speck of whiteness: but, to deal plainly, I can hardly believe she has changed her countenance so soon.'—'It is certainly true,' said Don Carlos; 'for this morning one of the Empress Merry-dame's pages gave me an account of this wonderful accident, and swore to me that the princess's beauty was beyond all expression. I grant pages are very ready to swear; but they ought to be believed when they speak well of their masters.'—'Don Carlos,' said the Granadine, 'the empress's page told you nothing but the truth; for the archbanterer has sent me word that his daughter is disenchanted, and that he expects Don Quixote and his squire, to return them thanks.'—'Gentlemen,' said the count, 'I long to see that beautiful princess; and, since I do not question but you have the same curiosity, we may satisfy it immediately, if you please; for we have a large coach at the door, drawn by six good mules. Let us lose no time; for, you must know, the emperor is removed from his palace.'—'Right,' quoth Don Alvaro, 'he is not now in Madrid: he went yesterday, with all his court, to lie two leagues off at a palace a prince has lent him, which is much more fitly and befitting an archbanterer.' The gentlemen, hereupon, all resolved to set out; and, as soon as the knight was

armed, they went into the coach. A while after, Sancho followed upon his ass, with his portmanteau behind him, carrying his master's lance and buckler, and being guided by one of the count's pages mounted on Rozinante.

The palace they went to was a country-house belonging to the count: the Marquis de Orisálvo was gone thither already with some of his friends and all the ladies who were at his house the day before. Being resolved to prolong the amusement they received from the extravagancy of Don Quixote and his squire, they had judged it better to draw them from the metropolis to the country, where they could execute their plans with less hazard of inconvenience or obstruction. Don Carlos's secretary was making preparation for new wonders: he had procured from the theatre two superb suits of cloaths, in one of which he purposed to play the Disenchanted Infanta, while the other was allotted to equip an old waiting-woman belonging to the count's sister, who was to personate the Empress Merry-dame. Whilst these two were putting on their finery, the ladies and gentlemen were conversing in the hall where the future farce was to be performed; and the author of this true history relates, that their discourse fell upon the Knight of La Mancha and his squire. 'Ladies,' said the Marquis de Orisálvo, 'what think you of Don Quixote? Do not you find abundance of good sense amidst all his madness? And is not Sancho's simplicity wonderful?' — 'He is very diverting,' answered one of the ladies; 'I am mightily pleased with his ingenuity. Every now-and-then something excessively shrewd drops from him; and yet he has no design in it; and it is amazing that the simplest fellow in the world should talk so wittily without being sensible himself of what he says. I am not at all pleased with Benengeli for having varied his character; for it sometimes he makes Sancho talk like a frank, guileless peasant, and sometimes like an arch, malicious knave.' — 'Madam,' answered the marquis, smiling, 'if you have not a care, you will fall foul upon Benengeli.' — 'Heaven forbid!' replied the lady; 'his Don Quixote is an excellent book; it is full of morality: and, besides the true comick humour

that reigns almost throughout, there are most exquisite novels in it. Among the rest, I think that of "The Impertinent Curiosity" is very pleasant and instructive.' — 'I am of the same opinion,' said the count's sister; 'and I have been mightily taken with that novel.' — 'I must plainly own my ill taste,' said another lady; 'I do not so well like the Impertinent Curiosity as you do; because I observe in it many things contrary to nature and probability.' — 'Be pleased, Madam,' said one of the gentlemen, 'to give us your remarks upon it. I own I am a great admirer of Benengeli, and can scarce believe there is the least fault in the novel we speak of.' — 'If you had read it with attention,' answered the lady, 'you would be of another opinion. In the first place, there is one thing in it which you yourself will soon grant me to be contrary to nature: it is when Anselmo lies hid to observe his wife Camilla. You recollect Camilla is apprized of this circumstance: she makes a long speech, and performs a thousand odd actions, which are more than enough to cure Anselmo's jealousy. After this, she stalks about like a madwoman, with a dagger in her hand, and her eyes full of fury, as if she were resolved to kill Lotherio: he comes in; she upbraids him with having entertained such a vile opinion of her as to imagine she could be false to her husband. "I am to blame," says she to him, "that I have not punished you so severely as I ought to have done; and I will now revenge that fault upon myself: but dying, I must kill you, and thus satisfy my vengeance." So saying, she throws herself upon him, manifesting such eagerness to stab him, that he himself knew not what to think of her intention; and was actually obliged to exert his whole strength and agility in his defence. If the lover was deceived, the husband could not but be so too; and, since Anselmo believed all that passed was done in earnest, was it natural for him to lie still in his hiding-place, and not step out to save his friend's life, by making known his innocence to Camilla? Did he design that Lotherio should receive two or three stabs with a poignard before he discovered

‘vered himself? Nay, he has not only the patience to let him remain in that peril, but still keeps close, after that Camilla, having wounded herself, feigns swooning away. Surely he intended to stay till she was dead and buried before he would shew himself.’

‘Just so,’ said the marquis, ‘would a husband have done, who had a mind to get rid of his wife; but it does not at all suit with Anselmo, who was desperately in love with his.’ — ‘You see, then,’ said the lady, ‘that I am not so much out in my criticism upon that point; but there are many more that displease me. As for instance, when the author says—“Anselmo, hearing a noise in Leonela’s chamber, and endeavouring to get in and see what it was, perceived that the door was held against him: this opposition heightened his curiosity; he made a violent effort, and forced it open; and then caught the glimpse of a man slipping down from the window into the street.” In the first place, I do not understand what violent noise Leonela and her gallant could make sufficient to disturb Anselmo, and oblige him to rise; and again, methinks two lovers, who had reason to fear a surprize, should not forget to lock the door: besides, what need was there for Leonela to tell her master that none but herself was concerned in that affair? Was not he sufficiently convinced already? Had he any cause to suspect Camilla after the scene he had lately been witness to? And why did Leonela, after having avowed the intrigue to be her own, promise Anselmo that she would the next day disclose things of greater importance than he imagined? What design could she have in it? By discovering the familiarity between Camilla and Lothario, she only aggravated her own crime: she brought additional blame upon herself, and lost her mistress’s protection; which, if she did not accuse her, she was sure of enjoying.’ — ‘Nay, Madam,’ said the gentleman who espoused Benengeli, ‘you do not consider that Anselmo threatened to kill Leonela, and actually clapped a poignard to her throat, which must necessarily hurry her spirits to an extreme degree, and confuse her so that

she knew not what she said.’ — ‘Well, Sir,’ said the lady, ‘I will pass that by, in complaisance to you. But, supposing the fear of death made her talk wildly, and that in her agitation those indiscreet words might slip from her, you cannot but allow that it was an unpardonable fault in Anselmo not to force Leonela to tell him those mighty matters immediately, which she reserved for the next day. How could he consent to put off that information, especially being of such a curious temper as he is described? He was not in disorder like the maid, and therefore should have compelled her to speak; and, when he locked her up, he ought to have considered that she might follow her gallant’s example, and make her escape out of the window.’ — ‘That reflection,’ answered the gentleman, ‘is very good; and I have nothing to object against it.’ — ‘Then let it be granted,’ replied the lady, ‘that the author’s genius was deficient; and that, not knowing how to unravel his plot, he chose to break in upon nature and probability, for want of a natural and ingenious contrivance to discover to Anselmo the familiarity betwixt his wife and his friend.’ — ‘I had not made all these observations,’ said the count’s sister; and, when I read that novel, I only disliked Camilla’s flight.’ — ‘That is true,’ said the marquis; ‘considering how well she had acted her part till then, she took the alarm too soon. Since her husband did not yet suspect her, she had nothing to do but to feign herself more enraged than himself against Leonela; and, under pretext of terrifying her with menaces, to give her under-hand assurances of protection, or else to get her dextrously out of the house: in short, Camilla ought to have extricated herself from this danger by some new piece of effrontery. By this means Benengeli would have rendered the artful character he gives her of greater use to him in his story; and the thing itself would have been more agreeable and perfect.’ — ‘That is not all,’ said another lady: ‘I would fain know why Anselmo left the town, when he found neither Leonela nor his wife, nor his friend. Had it not been more to the purpose to seek them out in Florence, and so to have been convinced of the
misfortune

' misfortune which as yet he was only
' jealous of, than to run away into the
' country, where, in all likelihood, he
' could meet with nobody to inform
' him?'—' Yet, for all that, Madam,'
said the marquis, ' he there met a gen-
' tleman; and, if you remember, this
' gentleman came from the city. An-
' selmo asked him what news there was
' at Florence. "Very strange news,"
' answered the gentleman. "It is re-
' ported that Lothario hath this last
' night carried off the wife of Anfel-
' mo, his intimate friend. This dis-
' covery was made," added he, "by
' a maid who served Camilla, and
' who was taken up by the watch as
' she was letting herself down into the
' street by sheets fastened to her win-
' dow." How could any one be told
' by Leonela that Camilla was gone off
' with Lothario, when Leonela knew
' nothing of the matter; for it did not
' happen till after she herself was taken
' by the watch? Is not that a fault in
' judgment? Besides, Anselmo's death
' is very ill managed, and improba-
' ble. He sat down to write a letter;
' he had strength enough to begin it;
' and died half way. What a wretched
' conclusion!'

CHAP. IX.

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY HONOUR
THAT WAS CONFERRED UPON
DON QUIXOTE.

THIS discourse was interrupted by the
young secretary and the old wait-
ing-woman, who now entered the hall,
and engaged the attention of the com-
pany. Those two princesses were clad
in cloth of gold, adorned with abun-
dance of false diamonds: they wore
caps embellished with feathers of all
colours; whilst a profusion of flaxen
hair, which their heads had assuredly
very little right to, waved gracefully
in ringlets over their shoulders. The
secretary, being unfortunately possessed
of an immoderate length of visage,

grievously scarified with the small-pox,
and having, moreover, a squat nose,
with a mouth like that of an oven, it
was at first somewhat apprehended that
he would but ill sustain the reputation
of an infanta who had been stolen for
her beauty: he had, however, so well
managed matters, and had been so la-
vish of red and white in the composition
of his countenance, that the ladies a-
greed he was inimitable. The Empress
Merry-dame, otherwise siled Madam
Uriquez, had not been less diligent in
assuming the form and carriage of a
magnificent princess. The company
had scarce taken a full view of their two
highnesses, before a page acquainted
them of Don Quixote's arrival. The
marquis, hereupon, immediately clap-
ped on his archbanterer's crown, caught
up his red sceptre, and ran with the
princesses to seat themselves on three
thrones, under a great canopy. Don
Quixote, Tarfe, Don Carlos, and the
count, presently appeared, and made
low obeisances to the imperial family;
but, as soon as the emperor saw Don
Quixote, he came down from his throne,
and ran to him with open arms, say-
ing—' Welcome, brave Knight of La
' Mancha! May the gods ever prove
' favourable to your wishes!' Don
Quixote then stepping forwards towards
the emperor, and kneeling upon one
knee, would have kissed his hand; but
the archbanterer drew it back, raised
the knight; and, having saluted both
his cheeks, presented him to his Empress
Merry-dame and the infanta, who came
down from their thrones to embrace
him, according to the custom of ancient
empresses, who never failed embracing
such famous knights as came before
them after finishing some important ad-
venture. 'Invincible Don Quixote!' said the empress; 'worthy offspring of
' the god Mars! what thanks can we
' return you? What can we do to re-
' quite your insuperable valour?'—
' Sovereign princess!' answered the
knight, 'honour is the only reward I
' propose to myself in all my under-
' takings. No other recompence can

* This does not appear to have been necessarily the case. The capture of Leonela by the watch might have been subsequent to the flight of her mistress, for any thing that is to be found to the contrary in the novel of Cervantes. It is odd enough, that our author should chuse to alledge so doubtful a circumstance as a proof of Leonela's ignorance, when a much better proof really exists in Cervantes; viz. that Leonela had remained locked up in her own chamber from the time that Anselmo left it.

' please

' please me: and if I had the honour
' to be the cause of your recovering
' the infanta, it is enough for me that
' you should vouchsafe to open your im-
' perial mouth to thank me.'—' Well,
' then,' said the emperor, ' expect no-
' thing from us but thanks. I had
' thoughts of making you a present of
' the noble kingdom of Cochín-China,
' and of giving your squire the best
' government in my archbantership:
' but no more of that; let the honour
' of having finished a glorious adven-
' ture content you both.'—' The gods
' grant,' cried Banterina, ' that all
' the world may soon ring with the
' noise of my disenchantment! May
' rumour hasten to spread the happy
' news from the fair German to the
' sun-burned Ethiopian; from the em-
' pire of Trebísond to the little shops
' in Toledo! And may the valiant Don
' Quixote still pursue the paths of fame,
' evincing to the whole world that he
' is far above all she can say of him!'
—' May his renowned name,' added the
empress, ' be transmitted from genera-
tion to generation, and never fail but
' with the failing world!'—' Gentle-
' men,' said the archbanterer, address-
ing himself to the whole company,
' give me, I desire you, your sentiments
' of the Infanta Banterina. Are you
' not stricken with the marvellous al-
teration in her complexion?' Don
Alvaro and the count readily acknow-
ledged their amazement; and Don
Quixote, having looked on her with
the vision of a true knight-errant, af-
firmed himself ready to maintain that
no creature could exceed her in perfec-
tions. Don Carlos, in corroboration
of an opinion so reasonable, observed
that the infanta's beauty palpably justi-
fied the sudden death of the shepherd
Perrino; and he called all the ladies to
bear him witness; who, notwithstanding
the repugnance which women gene-
rally feel in commending the charms
of another, were all ingenuous enough

to declare that the infanta was really
incomparable. The air with which
that princess received all their com-
mendations was diverting enough. She
observed strict silence, it is true; but
at every obliging word her downcast
eyes were sunk to the ground, and her
body inclined in token of acknowledg-
ment, with such marks of shame-faced
timidity, as convinced Don Quixote
that she was a princess of extraordinary
bashfulness. When it was dinner-
time, the archbanterer said to Don
Quixote—' Sir, it is my will, that you,
' and all these gentlemen, dine with
' me; and I request you to make some
' stay here. The empress and the in-
' fanta desire the same: you are too
' courteous and civil to deny them that
' satisfaction.' Don Quixote, having
civilly accepted of the honour that was
offered him, took the infanta by the
hand, and followed the archbanterer,
who led the empress. The gentlemen
did the same by the ladies; and, when
they were all come into a large room,
where the cloth was laid, they sat down
at a long table: then several musicians,
whom the count had brought from Ma-
drid, began to play on sundry instru-
ments, and to sing delightful ditties in
abundance. Don Quixote's satisfac-
tion was inexpressible; for he was seated
directly opposite to the infanta; who,
to try the power of her charms, smiled
upon him, cast amorous glances, and
wonderfully allured him*. He was
too sharp-sighted not to perceive the
lady liked him; but he was not at all
surprized at the discovery: he very well
knew it was no unusual thing for in-
fantas to fall in love with knights of
his renown, though he thought it ra-
ther strange the impression should be so
lively and violent; and he judged the
princess must needs be desperately in
love with him, since she had not the
power to govern herself before her fa-
ther and mother.

When dinner was almost over, an

* Relaxations of decorum were not at all unfrequent among the fair-ones of chivalry. In the romance of Palmerin D'Oliva, the Princess Alchidiana is introduced accosting Palmerin as follows. ' Some in their love delight themselves with embracing, kissing, and
' such ceremonial behaviour: as for me, amorous private and familiar conference I re-
' pute a chief content. Yet hath Love one shaft in his quiver more pleasing than all these,
' being the only argument of each other's resolution: in respect whereof I commit my ho-
' nour into your protection; prizing, esteeming, and chusing you above all the men in the
' world beside.' Palmerin, however, a perfect Don Quixote, in chaste loyalty to Polynarda
his mistress, pretends not to understand this amorous intimation, and counterfeits a swoon
by way of avoiding farther advances. See Part II. Chapter 9. Edit. 1637.

angry

angry voice of a man was heard at the door. The musick ceased; and presently Sancho came into the room in a sputtering passion. 'What is the matter, friend?' said the archbanterer. 'What ails you, Mr. Emperor?' cried the squire in a heat; 'you must come quickly, if you please, and make them put Rozinante and my as into the stable; for your rascally servants have a mind to thrust them into a pig-stye, as if they were not fit company for your horses.' The ladies and gentlemen could not hold their countenances, hearing this piece of simplicity; their highnesses, the musicians, the pages, and all the company, burst out a laughing: but the archbanterer, when he had laughed as well as the rest, perceiving that Don Quixote blushed, re-assumed his gravity, and said to the squire—'Fear nothing, my dear Sancho! I will take care, without going to the stable myself, that such an indignity shall not be put upon the famous Rozinante, and his illustrious companion: I design them nobler society.—Go,' said he to one of his pages; 'I charge you see those two peerless animals lodged with the twelve horses of my imperial chariot; and I expect they have the best stalls.'—'Nay, as for the best stalls,' answered Sancho, 'there is no reason for that; your greatness's horses ought to take place, without question.' When the page was gone out to execute his orders, the squire fell into a good-humour again; and the archbanterer said to him—'My friend Sancho, you behold here, sitting by me, the empress and the infanta Banterina; I assure you they are both much pleased with you.' The squire immediately cast his eyes on Merry-dame, and then on Banterina; and was so dazzled with the lustre of their cloaths and diamonds, that he was never weary of gazing at them. 'This is something like!' cried he, in the excess of his amazement; 'this is what we call infantas in my country. A man need not be knighted to know them; they are seen at first sight by their cloaths. Adsbobs! these are not like the Galician

wench's rags!'—'Generous squire,' answered the emperor, 'admire your own handy-work; behold the blessed fruit of your penance: view my daughter well. Is not her countenance changed?'—'Yes, by my faith!' replied Sancho; 'she looks now perfectly like a picture: I did not expect I should find her quite so handsome; and when I bethink myself how she looked last night, by the Lord, I thought twenty Lents would have been little enough to cleanse her!'—'For all that,' said Banterina, 'you see that one day's fast has done it: and, what pleases me most of all is, that I shall not marry the King of Ethiopia's son, on whom my father had an intention of bestowing me.'—'It is true,' said the archbanterer, 'that I had some thoughts of that match; but you may think I have no great mind to it now.'—'O, my dear Sancho!' quoth the empress, 'what gratitude do I not feel towards you for performing such a sovereign penance for my daughter's complexion!'—'Madam Empress,' answered Sancho, 'spare not me; I am ready to obey all your commands, and to keep a fast, if need be, for every tooth that is wanting to your highness.'—'No, no,' Sancho, said the emperor; 'that would be imposing too much hardship upon you: it is time you should make amends for your abstinence. You may go with my courtiers; I have given them orders to make much of you.' Thus saying, his highmightiness rose from table; the ladies and gentlemen did the like; and Sancho made towards the kitchen, laughing in his sleeve, to think they attributed the disenchantment of the prince's to his abstinence; but cautious enough of letting slip any word touching that ceremony. The company went back into the room where they were before dinner, but staid not long there, for the emperor, the empress, and the infanta, retiring to their apartments to take a few hours rest, the ladies and gentlemen did the same; and every one went to the chamber the archbanterer had appointed.

CHAP. X.

OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

AS soon as Don Quixote was alone, he began to meditate on the delight which he had observed his presence excite in the infanta; and was extremely overjoyed when he considered there was no reason to distrust her being desperately smitten with him. Whilst he was thus wrapt in reveries of felicity, his squire opened the door, and came into the room loaded with the portmanteau, the lance, and the buckler. 'Are you there, my friend?' cried Don Quixote. 'I expected you; I have a secret of importance to communicate to you; but shut the door first.' When the squire had done as he was bidden—'So, Sancho,' said his master; 'have you taken good notice of the Princess Banterina? Confess she has all that beauty I told you of this morning.'—'No doubt,' answered Sancho, 'but she is as fine as you dreamt she was last night. O, by our Lady, it is she that has coral eyes, ivory lips, and all the rest you used to say of Madam Zenobia! But there is one thing which puzzles me still. I would fain know why the enchanters allow me to see the Infanta Bantlina as she really is, more than any of the others. Is it because, disenchanting her, I disenchant myself at the same time? Has my fast killed two birds with one stone?'—'That is not impossible,' answered Don Quixote; 'but tell me, my son, would not you think me very happy, if that beautiful lady should choose me for her knight?'—'Yes, by my faith, Sir!' replied Sancho; 'that would be a lucky job for you; but, to deal plainly, I fancy the grapes are above the fox's reach.'—'There's your mistake,' said the knight; 'what would you say, friend, if I should tell you that this princess is in love with me?'—'Admirable, Sir!' cried Sancho; 'did you dream that too?'—'There is nothing to certain,' Sancho, answered Don Quixote; 'the infanta loves me: and, what is not strange, her passion is so violent, that she

'could not forbear, a while ago, giving me many private tokens of it before her father and the empress.'

Here they were interrupted by one knocking at the door; and the squire, opening it, found it was a young handsome damsel, well clad, who brought a basket covered with a great piece of green taffety. 'The gods preserve you, Don Quixote!' said she, when she came in. 'May one talk to you, before your squire, of an affair of the highest consequence?'—'Yes, pretty maiden,' answered the knight; 'I will answer for his secrecy.'—'If so,' replied the damsel, 'I must tell you that my name is Laura: I am one of the Infanta Banterina's damsels, and have the honour to be trusted with all her secrets; and I come from her to bring you this basket, together with a billet-doux, written with her own hand.' This said, she set the basket on the table, pulled the billet-doux out of her pocket, and gave it to the knight; who, after having read it to himself, cried out in a rapture of joy—'O peerless princess! you shall not have the ill fate of the Infanta Imperia. I am not pre-engaged to another lady, as was the Knight of the Babiliks.—Son Sancho, open the portmanteau immediately!' The squire, guessing at his master's design, did not obey without muttering; but Don Quixote, enjoining him to hold his peace, took a handful of ducats out of the portmanteau; and, giving them to the damsel, said—'Beautiful Laura, I entreat you to accept of this, till I can give you greater proofs of my gratitude.'—'I thank you, Sir,' answered Laura, taking the ducats; 'I am glad my mistress has made choice of a knight of your worth. I will do you all the good offices I can with her; and I swear it shall not be my fault, if I do not often bring you such billets-doux. But, Sir Knight, will not you answer this?'—'I will not fail,' replied Don Quixote; 'and my squire shall carry it, who will perform it with as much art as secrecy.'—'That is enough,' said the damsel. 'Farewell, Sir Knight! With your leave, I will go back forthwith to my mistress, for she is a very hasty infanta. I am sure she expects me in her chamber with as much impatience

'as a young churchman at the university does a benefice.'—'Gentle damsel,' said Don Quixote, 'pray satisfy my curiosity before you go. Tell me how comes it that the emperor, the empress, and the infanta, speak Spanish as naturally as if it were their mother-tongue?'—'I will tell you the reason,' answered Laura; (who had too much wit to be gruelled by such a question) 'though the Chinese language is generally spoken in the archbishopric, yet there are abundance of masters who teach all other languages. Above all, Spanish is particularly the fashion; and the emperor has taken such a liking to it, that he cannot endure any other language should be spoken at court.' Don Quixote, perfectly satisfied with this answer, dismissed the damsel; who, saluting Sancho as she passed, very graciously said to him—'Adieu, courteous squire; cheer up.'—'Aye, aye,' answered Sancho, in a sad tone, 'we must cheer up, forsooth, while Madam the Abigail runs away with our ducats!'—'Friend,' said Don Quixote, 'you are too covetous of money: let me tell you, it is a great fault in a governor. Can you never curb yourself? I cannot conceive how it comes to pass that my words and actions have not inspired you with more generosity, so long as you have been in my service. Can servants learn nothing of their masters but their ill qualities alone?'—'Sir,' replied the squire, 'these are fine words; but, take my word for it, it is good to lay up something for a rainy day. When we have given the damsels all our money, the jades will laugh at us; and you shall see how we will be treated at inns, when we have nothing but love-letters in our portmanteau.'—'Go, go, fear nothing!' replied Don Quixote; 'we are not yet come to the bottom of our bag. I do not spend it idly; and you cannot but grant that it was no great present I made the damsel Laura. I am satisfied the infanta will make you a greater when you carry her my answer.'—'Nay, if that be so,' cried Sancho, 'I have no more to say. Make haste, then, and write to her quickly; for here is pen, ink, and paper, ready upon the table.'—

'First, let us see what is in this basket,' said Don Quixote; 'and let us admire the princess's favours.' Then, taking off the taffety that covered the basket, he pulled out above two hundred yards of old ribbands of several colours, and a scarf of black silk much worn. 'Body o'me! what a parcel of ribbands there is!' cried Sancho; 'I question whether Bertrand Ricacho, the mercer of our town, has so many. But pray, Sir, what do you call that black contrivance I see there?'—'It is a scarf,' said Don Quixote; 'was there ever any thing so fine?'—'Yes, faith and troth, it is very fine!' quoth Sancho; 'it would do rarely about a hat at a funeral.'—'You do not know, my son,' answered Don Quixote, 'what use the infanta wills me to apply this to. You will never guess what she writes to me about it: I must read her letter to you.'—'I shall be glad of that,' replied the squire; 'for I have a great mind to hear it.' Hereupon, Don Quixote read aloud the infanta's letter, which was to this effect.

'TO THE HERO OF LA MANCHA,
'THE PARAPET OF ORPHANS,
'THE CURTAIN OF INFANTAS,
'AND THE PLATFORM OF
'KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

'VALOROUS Don Quixote!
'beautiful flower of chivalry!
'which always turns towards glory,
'as the sun-flower does to the sun; I
'ought to die for shame, that I shake
'off the yoke of modesty to declare to
'you that I love you; but the unmerciful
'god whose slave I am, will
'have it so; and your rare qualities
'will be my excuse: besides, I do nothing
'that has not been done before.
'The Infanta Imperia, of gallant memory,
'made love to the Knight of the Basilisks;
'but, alas! you know he rendered her but an ill return for
'her forwardness. Heavens grant I may
'prove more fortunate than she was! I send you some ribbands I wore
'myself a long time; and a rich scarf,
'which was once the Prester John's girdle:
'do not fail to adorn your curious shape
with it; and let all the court see you anon decked
with

'with these rich favours. But I beg of you to preserve as much discretion as I have kindness for you. Take care, when you shew love's favours, that you do not discover the lover.'

'Well, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'what think you of this letter? Has it not exquisite turns of expression? And does not the infanta appear pregnant in wit?'—'By my troth, I think she does!' answered the squire; and she must be pretty well used to write love-letters to knights, to know how to do it so well.'—'Hold there, friend!' quoth Don Quixote, interrupting him hastily; 'you sometimes let fall such expressions that, though you mean no harm by them, yet they are offensive. If any body should hear you talk thus, they would imagine the Infanta Banterina to be a finished coquette; whereas she is the most precise and virtuous princess in the world: for, in short, though she ventures so far for my sake; though she writes to me; yet Love alone can be blamed, who exercises such an absolute power over her, that he makes her insensible of the reservedness of her sex, and causes her to forget what is due to the nobility of her birth.'—'Sir,' said Sancho, 'I can assure you I did not mean to affront the infanta: but I speak before I think, and that is the mischief of it.' By my faith, the rope will go after the bucket! When my tongue is once set a running, there is no stopping it; and the devil makes the most of it.'—'So much the worse,' answered Don Quixote; 'but you ought to take care to curb yourself.'—'I hope, Sir, I shall mend one time or other,' replied Sancho; and, come what will, it is better to be naught, and hope to be good, than to be good with a design to be naught.'—'Let us have done with that,' replied Don Quixote: 'I forget that the infanta is perhaps in an agony till she receives my answer. I will write and send it her immediately.' Having thus said, he walked about the room a while, deliberating what he should say; and then, taking pen and ink, wrote a letter, which he read to his squire, as follows.

'TO THE INFANTA BANTERINA,
'THE PHOENIX OF BEAUTY,
'THE QUINTESSENCE OF GRACES
'AND CHARMS, THE SOURCE OF
'SMILES AND PLEASURES, AND
'THE MIRROR OF ALL PERFECTIONS.'

'I Most humbly thank your sovereign highness for the precious favours you have heaped upon me. I will make such use of them as you desire, with such secrecy as you shall have no cause to complain of. But is it possible, O noble lady! that the sole heiress to the Archbanterer of the Indies should prefer a plain knight, only commendable by unheard-of actions, before all the princes in the world? How flattering is this preference to me! Verily, though Love has always treated me with much rigour, I have now cause to return him thanks, since he allows me to raise my audacious thoughts as high as your lofty and sublime perfections. Could he have reserved for me a more beautiful infanta! You are the ornament of his empire; and your eyes seem to be the arsenal of his unavoidable arrows! Be you, then, peerless Banterina, from henceforward, queen of my will; and grant me leave that, seeking new adventures under the auspices of your charms, I may go from kingdom to kingdom to make all knights, who never had the felicity of beholding you, acknowledge that you are the most beautiful princess in the universe.'

'Hang me,' cried Sancho, 'the curate does not preach so well but his vicar will be even with him! Lord, Sir! that is a rare answer! Let me die, if it be not as good as Latin! Give it me quickly, that I may go receive my present.'—'In the name of God, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'take heed that you do not appear too covetous before the infanta! I do not forbid you taking whatever she will give you; but take it not greedily, and in haste.'—'I understand you, Sir,' answered the squire. 'Let me alone for that. When the infanta says—"Hear, Sancho, this is

"for you;" I will take no notice; but
 • will hold out my hand fair and soft-
 • ly, like the prior of Toboso, when
 • he takes the money of the Brother-
 • hood of St. Agnes.'—'I have one
 • thing more to say to you,' added
 Don Quixote; 'take heed how you
 • talk, lest you let fly some foolish ex-
 • pression.'—'Enough,' replied San-
 cho; 'fore-warned, fore-armed.' I
 • will hold so fast by the mane, that I
 • will not fall; and I promise you I will
 • not spit out a word but I will chew it
 • first.' The knight, then, having
 closed the letter, gave it him, saying—
 • Go, then, my son, slip privately into
 • the prince's apartment, and execute
 • your commission with all the dexte-
 • rity you are master of.'—'Sir,' an-
 swered Sancho, 'when I meddle in an
 • affair, that is sufficient. I would
 • defy a monk to do it better, with all
 • his divinity.' Thus saying, he went
 out of the room; but had scarcely quit-
 ted the door when he met Laura. 'O!
 • is it you, Mrs. Laura?' cried he.
 Pray, what do you do here?'—'I
 • waited for you,' answered she, 'to
 • conduct you to my mistress's apart-
 • ment; for I am satisfied you do not
 • know where it is.'—'No, truly!'
 replied the squire; 'but I would have
 • desired somebody to direct me to it:
 • for a man may go to Rome if he has
 • but a tongue in his head.'—'That
 • was just what I designed to prevent,'
 quoth Laura: 'you would have asked
 • some prating page, perhaps, who
 • would have discovered the whole
 • plot. Let me die, we who wait up-
 • on amorous princesses must be very
 • cunning, and foresee things long be-
 • fore they come to pass! We can
 • never be too cautious in conveying
 • billets-doux to them: and I am of
 • opinion that you had best give me
 • your master's letter; I will deliver it
 • to my mistress, and you may go
 • back.'—'No, no, good Mrs. Busy
 • Body!' cried Sancho; 'I will carry
 • it myself; I have hands as well as
 • you, God be praised! to receive du-
 • cats; and the fairest way is for every
 • one to have his due.'—'You do not
 • take me right,' answered Laura; 'I
 • would only carry the letter for the
 • greater secrecy: but, since you think
 • I designed to wrong you of your per-
 • quities, I will soon undeceive you;

• come along with me.' Thus speak-
 ing, she led him into a room, where
 they found Banterina lying on a bed.
 • Madam,' said Laura to her, 'here is
 • Signor Sancho Panza, who brings
 • you a billet-doux from his master.'
 The infanta, hearing these words, start-
 ed up; and, making towards Sancho
 very hastily, said to him—'Well, wife
 • and discreet squire, do you come to
 • bring me good news?'—'I do, Ma-
 • dam Princess,' answered Sancho,
 pulling the letter out of his pocket;
 • I could not have brought you better,
 • though you were my mother: you
 • need only read that letter, and then
 • you will find the day is your own.'
 Banterina instantly took the letter; and,
 having perused it, exclaimed—'Gra-
 • cious powers! what a courteous and
 • sprightly gentleman is your master
 • Don Quixote! His expressions charm
 • me! How much am I beholden to
 • my stars for having thrown this ad-
 • mirable knight in my way! My only
 • fear is, lest I should not possess the
 • whole of his heart; for I have been
 • told that he still retains some kind-
 • nesses for the Hacked-Face princess,
 • the fat Zerobia.'—'No, Madam,'
 quoth Sancho; 'my master, I can as-
 • sure you, does not love her any long-
 • er, since he knew she was married to
 • Prince Hiperbolan.'—'But is it cer-
 • tain,' said the infanta, 'that this
 • prince has married her?'—'Yes,
 • Madam,' answered the squire; and,
 • by the same token, she had three
 • children at a birth, as the wife Lir-
 • gandus told us.'—'If Lirgandus
 • told you so,' replied Banterina, 'there
 • is no doubt to be made of it; and,
 • on that assurance, I am resolved to
 • make the Knight of La Mancha's
 • fortune. It is decreed! I will give
 • way to my soft inclinations; nothing
 • shall stay me. Go, Sancho, go tell
 • your master, that I wholly devote
 • myself to my passion for him, and
 • that I joyfully accept of the glorious
 • empire of his heart.' The squire,
 still expecting when the infanta should
 make him some present, was not hasty
 to be gone, which the prince's seemed
 to be uneasy at. 'What is it detains
 • you, friend?' added she. 'Go back
 • to your master quickly; run and tell
 • him I have made choice of him for
 • my knight: make haste and carry
 • him

him this joyful news. Get out of my chamber immediately, for fear you should be seen here.—'And what if I should be seen here?' cried Sancho. 'Have I stolen any thing?'—'That is not the case, Mr. Squire,' quoth Laura. 'Do not you see the princess's reputation lies at stake? If the empress, who is very jealous, should find you here, we are all undone; therefore be gone quickly.' Sancho, perceiving they dismissed him in good earnest, without any present, lost all his patience, and cried out, in a choleric tone—'I vow, by my beard, your infantas are scurvy jades, then! They send away a squire, methinks, with as little acknowledgment as if he were bound to serve them. Belly o'mine! I will go tell my master he is a fool to be in love with a griper, that dares not spit for fear of being dry.—And as for you, Mrs. Impertinence, who can pocket up knight-errants ducats so cleverly, you had best come again. By our Lady, your rump shall not cry for want of kicking!' The mild Banterina, instead of being offended at this disrespectful folly of the squire's, immediately calling to him, said—'Indeed, my poor Sancho, you have good cause to be angry with me; I confess it. How could I thus dismiss a man who brings me a billet-doux worth more than I am able to pay! Nay, a man to whom, on other accounts, I am so infinitely beholden; who was the great finisher of my disenchantment! I entreat you, kind friend, pardon my distraction. I am so full of your master's love, that I can think of nothing else: besides, I must own to you I am very subject to oversight; inasmuch, that one day a farmer of mine, having paid me a thousand ducats, I forgot to give him a receipt, and soon after made him pay them over again. Was not that a rare piece of forgetfulness for the poor devil of the farmer? But I will make amends for my neglect towards you, my dear Sancho.' Having spoken these words, she went into a closet; and, returning with a great leather bag, fast to him—'Here, brave squire, take my purse, which you see is pretty large and well provided; I give it you as freely as if it were a little one.' Sancho laid hold of the

bag in a rapture of joy, and was going to thank the princess for her munificence; but, as ill luck would have it, his usual eloquence suddenly failed him; and he fell into such a fit of stammering and non-sense, that, perceiving himself he could make nothing of it, he returned all his compliment in bows and scrapings: of these he bestowed on Banterina and Laura at least a hundred; and, though they were not very courtly, yet they came with a good will. This done, he hurried away to his master; and the damsel Laura, who did not much desire to remain long alone with a princess of Banterina's disposition, returned to her real mistress, who was one of the ladies then in the house.

CHAP. XI.

WHICH REQUIRES STILL MORE ATTENTION.

'GOOD news! good news!' cried Sancho, as he came into his master's chamber; 'I have now found the hare in her form! I have made my fortune! My Lady Infanta has given me this purse; and I will warrant there is enough in it to purchase a heavenly house.'—'I knew well enough,' said Don Quixote, 'you would not come away without some costly present.'—'Nay, by my trixth,' answered the squire, 'it was none of the princess's fault that I came not away empty-handed; but I was no such ninny, first-foot! I let fall a few words, and she presently dropped her present.'—'What have you done, then?' cried Don Quixote. 'You ought not to have said any thing. I fear she will take you for a mere scurvy squire.'—'No, no, sir!' replied Sancho; 'she soon found she was in the wrong, and begged my pardon for her distraction.'—'How do you mean pardon for a distraction?' quoth Don Quixote. 'What is the explanation of that nonsense?'—'It means,' answered the squire, 'that the princess told me she thought so much of you, that she forgot to make me a present; and therefore she desired me to pardon her distraction.'—'Distraction, you mean,' said Don Quixote; 'now I understand you: but let us see, friend,

'friend, what the infanta has given you. I must confess the purse is of an enormous magnitude; and I am much mistaken if the sum of money it contains be not very considerable.' Sancho, still more eager to be satisfied than his master, untied the strings very expeditiously, and pulled out of the bag an handful of brass-medals, which had something the resemblance of antiquity, yet were modern enough; being a parcel which the count, to whom they belonged, and who was skilled in coins, had thrown aside as refuse. The squire's excessive joy was soon cooled, or rather converted into utter sorrow, when, in the place of good golden ducats, he beheld a collection of cankered pieces of blackish metal. 'Ill luck betide me!' cried he, in a lamentable accent, 'what a congregation of farthings! How could any prince in Christendom find in her heart to make me such a present? Without doubt the enchanters have been at work here, and have transfigured these ducats into such scurvy bits of iron; the dogs have owed me a spite this long time.'—'No, no, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'you are in an error, my son; you have no cause to complain of the enchanters on this occasion: those pieces are Bronze medals of inestimable value. The Infanta Bantierina has made you a present worth more than all the treasures of Asia. It is certainly so,' continued he, viewing some of the medals attentively; 'these are what the most curious antiquaries so earnestly seek after: this must be a genealogical collection of the archbanterer's ancestors; they are wonderful; the inscriptions are scarcely legible. I am not ignorant that some men have counterfeited ancient medals so exactly, that those very persons who pretend to most skill in them are daily imposed upon; but, though there were many more false medals in the world than there are, I am satisfied these are none of that sort. This ærugo of theirs is a sufficient proof of their excellency; and therefore you must keep them most charily.'—'Good!' answered the squire; 'and, pray, what would you have me do with them? By my faith, I believe I must sell them to the tinker at Toboso; and I question whether he will give any thing for

them!'—'Heaven forbid!' cried Don Quixote; 'you can never put so much value on them as they deserve.'—'Out upon it, Sir!' answered Sancho; 'do you not see they are all worn and rusty? These are choice jewels to be kept, with a pox to them!'—'What ignorancel!' exclaimed the knight; 'it is that very circumstance which gives them their value: the more they are disfigured with age, the more they are worthy the curiosity of those great men who seek after and study the monuments of antiquity. I wish you had applied yourself to the understanding of medals, that you might know the value of these. I verily am hurt at seeing your abominable ignorance.'—'I am as much hurt as yourself, Sir, for matter of that,' returned the squire: 'I wish I had learned grammar and divinity; but not for the sake of understanding medals, forsooth! No, no! I should be sorry I had taken so much pains to so little purpose; but that I might cast accounts, and know how much money twenty sheep, at two crowns a piece, come to.'

'Let us have done with your medals,' said Don Quixote; 'we will talk of them another time: let us now discourse about the infanta. How did she receive you?'—'She received me as if I had been a prince,' answered Sancho; 'for she ran directly to meet me, gamboling all the way as if she were bewitched.'—'And, perhaps, she fainted away when she read my letter?' said Don Quixote. 'Effects of joy has often wrought such effects.'—'No, Sir, she did not,' replied the squire; 'but, when she had read it, she fell a chattering at such a rate, that, adad, it would do a man good to hear her! She said all this, and all t'other, and a great deal more besides; which made it plainly appear that she had a soft place in her heart for you.'—'That is,' answered Don Quixote, 'that, relying on your secrecy, she gave a loose to her passion for me.'—'That is right,' replied Sancho; 'I meant just so. I will be hanged for her, if she does not love you almost as well as she does her grandfather: and I assure you she is very good-natured for a lady.'—'Why, what have you observed, Sancho,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that you could

‘ could judge of her good-nature by?’ — ‘ Sir,’ answered the squire, ‘ when she went into her closet to fetch me the purse of medals, her damsel Laura went in with her; and there I saw the infanta throw her arms about her neck, and kiss both her cheeks without the least ceremony.’ — ‘ Perhaps,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ the damsel spoke in praise of me, and the infanta embraced her to shew how much she was pleased with that discourse.’ — ‘ It may be so,’ said Sancho; ‘ but I believe Mrs. Laura is not so very good-natured; for the struggled in the prince’s arms as if she had been going to ravish her.’ — ‘ The damsel did not struggle,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘ she only received the prince’s kindness with a respectful confusion, which you do not know how to express.’ — ‘ That may be too,’ replied the squire; ‘ and, for aught I know, perhaps she was not so loth to be kissed as I fancied.’ — ‘ By the account you give me, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘ I conclude the Princess Bancerina adores me: and, since I have chosen her for the sovereign lady of my thoughts, I must now think of nothing but performing such actions as may be pleasing to her; and, therefore, to begin, help me on with these ribbands and this scarf. But I cannot tell, friend, whether you are dextrous enough to perform that service?’ — ‘ O dear, yes, Sir!’ replied Sancho; ‘ I have been with the clerk of our parish an hundred times, on the eve of Twelfth-Day, dressing up the three kings; and we did it so rarely, that, the next day, every body took them for three bridegrooms.’ — ‘ I believe I must be disarmed,’ said Don Quixote; ‘ for you can never tie on those ribbands over all my armour.’ — ‘ You are in the right, Sir,’ quoth the squire; ‘ you had better be in your doublet and shirt.’ Don Quixote consented, and laid aside all his armour, except his helmet, which he did not think fit to leave off. Then the squire, in proof of his dexterity, began tying on the ribbands one by one; and the quantity being so great that he had full scope to follow his genius, he was not at all sparing, but bestrewn his matter all over from the nape of the neck to the very ancles; and, to compleat this singular adjustment, the rusty black scarf was super-

added to the whole. The knight, smitten like a second Narcissus, was charmed with his own figure; and the squire, in admiration, cried out — ‘ Body o’ me! “ fine feathers make fine birds!” Why your worship is now fit to sit for your picture. These ribbands look perilous comical; and, for the scarf, it becomes you better than ever it did Peter John. ‘Tis a thousand pities you have not got his square cap too; you would beat all the lords of the court a pike’s-length!’ — ‘ I marvel at your simplicity!’ said Don Quixote. ‘ You think, then, that Prester John was a priest, like our curate Peter Peres?’ — ‘ Why, what was he then?’ answered Sancho. ‘ I have often heard the barber Master Nicholas talk of him; and I would have laid my island he was a priest.’ — ‘ No, my son,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ I will inform you what he was. I do not, indeed, so much wonder at your ignorance on this head; for many, much more learned than you, are so. I must confess historians do not agree upon it: but I will tell you their different opinions, and you may adopt that which you shall judge the best. Some say that a great king of India bore the name of Priest John, or Prester John, as being descended from one Joannes Presbyter, a Nestorian, who killed Coirein Cham, and usurped the crown: others affirm, that Prester John was a powerful Nestorian king in Tartary, next to China, and that his subjects called him Juhanna, being the name given to all the princes of that empire. Some authors will have it that the name Prester John comes from the Persian words “Peste Cham,” signifying Christian King; that he was first called Prester Cham; that is, King or Emperor of the Christians; Cham signifying King or Emperor, and Peste being the common name of the Eastern Christians. I remember also to have somewhere read, that the Moguls, who possess a great part of India, have often taken the name of Schah Gehan, signifying King of the World: and you see, Sancho, that the word Gehan, added to their name, is not unlike that of Prester John. Now, friend, I will tell you my opinion in this matter. I do verily believe the only and true Prester John was in Tartar

' must inform you, lest you should, like the greatest part of the world, run into this error, that the name of Prester John is very improperly given to the Emperor of Abyssinia, or of Ethiopia: for, when Stephen de Gama, governor of India for the King of Portugal, entered the Red Sea, and left his anchorage under the command of his brother Paul, with David King of Ethiopia, to help him to drive the Mahometans out of part of his dominions which they had possessed themselves of; neither of those two brothers ever gave an account that the said Emperor of Ethiopia was called Prester John; which they would certainly have done, had it been his name.'

The Knight of La Mancha might very well have spared this dissertation concerning Prester John; and perhaps the reader would have been better pleased without it; but it must be charged upon the indifference of Sancho, who was certainly the cause of it: yet we cannot but admire Don Quixote's memory, since he could remember even to the very barbarous names mentioned by those authors who have written concerning Prester John. The sage Alifolan was, however, very near omitting this tiresome discussion of his hero's; and assuredly he would never have inserted it, had he not observed that many of the same kind had dropped from Benengeli: this gave our author an ill example. Our knight, having now cleared up to Sancho the meaning of Prester John, proceeded in the following terms—' So, friend, now that I have satisfied your curiosity, pray listen attentively to the advice I am about to give you. We are going into the imperial chamber, whither the emperor is by this time come with all his court: take heed you do not let fall any words that may discover my passion for the infanta; nay, you must seem to take no notice of her, lest courtiers, who are sharp and subtle, should discover my love in your looks; for, in short, greatly as the archbanterer is obliged to me, if he should happen to be told that I am in love with his daughter, he would certainly treat me as the Emperor Marcellian did the Knight of the Three Images; and that is doubtless the reason why the infanta recommends secrecy to me in her let-

ter.'—' But, pray, Sir,' cried Sancho, ' what was it the emperor you talk of did to the Knight of the Three Images?'—' He expelled him dishonourably from his court,' answered Don Quixote; ' and we may expect to receive the same affront: but we shall prevent it, if you take care to be as discreet as I am.'

The squire having promised to imitate his master's discretion, they both went to the hall where all the company was assembled, impatiently expecting Don Quixote; the absurdity of whose dress was even beyond their expectations. Having bestowed infinite applauses on the elegance of the knight's fancy, they began next to banter him on the motive of so extraordinary a gamb. ' How now, Sir Knight?' quoth the archbanterer; ' you have scarcely set foot in my court, and the ladies have already overwhelmed you with their favours. No merit less than your own could have prevailed so rapidly. The most gallant knights of ancient times did not advance with such expedition.'—' I should be glad to learn,' said the empress, ' which is the happy princefs for whom Don Quixote sighs; for his putting on those ribbands, and that rich scarf, is a sure token that he repays the lady's love who sent them.'—' Why should you desire, Madam,' quoth the emperor, ' to know that fortunate fair-one? Would you do the knight of La Mancha any good offices with her?'—' I would, Sir,' replied Merry-dame; ' I can assure you I would spare no pains: what is it I could not do for that hero, after the obligations he has laid on us?' Don Quixote, in token of acknowledgment, returned a profound reverence to the empress; but avoided strictly every thing that might tend to satisfy her curiosity; and, in spite of all their endeavours, the ladies could not wrest from him a syllable of his secret. Upon this, one of them addressed her discourse to Sancho, saying—' Well, friend, are you too as impenetrable as your master? Is there no way to get the lady's name he is in love with, from you?'—' Not a word of it,' answered Sancho; ' my master has forbid me telling of it, and that's enough. It is better to hold one's tongue, than say the thing that's wrong. I will not so much as look upon

C H A P. XII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

upon the infanta, for fear any body should see in my eyes that my master loves her; and that my lord the emperor should turn us out of the court.' This blunder of his squire sorely embarrassed Don Quixote; but the arch-banterer, pretending not to have taken notice of it, started a new discourse, and began conversing on the subject of ancient knight-errantry. Don Quixote recovered by degrees out of his disorder, and exerted his talent upon that subject. Whilst the ladies and gentlemen diverted themselves in listening to the medley of gravity and extravagance which our knight displayed in this conversation, the damsel Laura took the squire aside, and said to him—'Signor Sancho, are you pleased with the present my mistress made you?'—'No, by my troth!' answered he; 'I would rather have had an handful of ducats, than those broken bits of iron, which have neither cross nor pile upon them.'—'Well, then, friend,' replied Laura, 'let us make an exchange; give me your medals, and I will give you all the ducats I had of your master, and we shall be both pleased.'—'Faith, with all my heart,' quoth Sancho; 'and he is a son of a whore that does not stand to his bargain.'—'Nay, I shall not go from my bargain,' said she; 'for I shall never make a better. Not that I value those rusty bits of brass any more than you do; but because I know some that light a candle at noon-day, who will give me any rate for them.' Hereupon they struck their bargain. The damsel Laura, however, as appears certain, did it only to rid her hands of Don Quixote's money, which she did not care to keep upon the terms she received it, though she was but a mere waiting-woman. It is true, the ducats being transferred to Sancho, the restitution was not over exact; but that trusty squire had well deserved them for his services. Our Arabian historian in this place informs us, that the company spent the remainder of the day entertaining themselves at the expence of our adventurers; but that, being willing to mix the pleasures of the country with their present pastime, they appointed a hunting match for the following day.

ALL things being prepared for the chase by order of the count, the whole company, excepting the Empress Merry-dame and the infanta, sallied forth from the castle after breakfast, to follow that diversion. Don Quixote was mounted on Rozinante, and armed at all points, hoping to meet with some adventure. Sancho followed on Dapple, with the portmanteau behind him, and a wallet full of provisions, as if he had been going a long journey. The ladies and gentlemen, being well mounted, soon left our adventurers in the rear; who, finding themselves alone, stopped short in a wood a quarter of a league from the castle. 'Son Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'I have a thought come into my head; I am of opinion we had best seek adventures, instead of hunting. I have a strong presage that we shall this day meet with something extraordinary.'—'Content, Sir,' answered the squire; 'for Rozinante and Dapple are quite out of wind with coming all this way upon a trot. This sort of hunting does not agree with them. Let us rather walk gently; and when we have a mind to rest, we may sit down under a tree. God be praised! I have a thousand pretty bits in my wallet; and there is no feat like the beggars, when they have put all their scraps together.'—'What a glutton thou art!' said Don Quixote. 'What need was there of bringing out provisions? Did not you breakfast before you came from the emperor's palace?'—'That I did,' answered Sancho; 'but the day is long, and a few hours hence I shall be very ready to munch what I have in my wallet. But, pray, Sir, which way must we go to meet with adventures?'—'That must be left to Rozinante's discretion,' answered Don Quixote; 'he is a good guide; I believe he is endued with human understanding, as was Bayardo, the steed of Rinaldo.' This said, he gave his horse the reins, who struck

* For the rational power of Bayardo, see Ariosto, Book II.

into a path leading across the wood to a farm-house belonging to the castle. 'Let us go, in God's name!' cried the knight; 'Heavens grant that the infanta may see me again anon crowned with fresh glory! What praises shall I not receive from the emperor and the empress! The ladies will be lost in admiration: but I fear lest most of them, charmed with my prowess, should send me passionate love-letters, and overburden me with favours: I fear, I say; for, should this be the case, you may believe I will return their billets-doux without so much as reading them. This will necessarily transport them with rage, and then they will never give over till they discover my love for the infanta. This discovery will redouble their fury; and those jealous rivals, consulting together, will, perhaps, ruin my reputation with Banterina by their false practices.'—'Well, well,' cried Sancho, 'so much the better. That is what I would be at.'—'Why so much the better?' answered Don Quixote. 'You do not consider what you say.'—'I beg your pardon for that,' replied the squire; 'for if these princesses put you out of the infanta's favour, the infanta will turn you out of her palace; if the infanta turns you out of her palace, you will never see her again; if you never see her again, you will have your bellyfull of vexation; if you have your bellyfull of vexation, you will be as well pleased as if you were a king; for then you may go weep and lament in the wilderness. Did not you tell me but the other day, that it was a happiness for a knight not to be beloved by his lady?'—'I did not tell you that,' replied Don Quixote: 'it is always more pleasing to be beloved than to be hated. I told you, perhaps, that a nice knight finds a sweet in the sorrows of love: and that I yet hold to. Nay, I must confess I should be glad if I had rivals, and that Banterina might seem to be without partiality for either of us; for then should I perform a thousand famous exploits to gain the preference of them. However, though I have no known rivals, yet our amours will nevertheless be assuredly thwarted: for, I will not flatter myself; I cannot suppose that the emperor and empress, however highly

they may esteem me, will bestow their sole heiress on a plain knight; and this obstacle will furnish sufficient subject for my lamentations. But as all worldly things have an end, so my sufferings will not last always. I shall, with mighty toil, win ultimately the empire of Trebifond; and then the archbanterer of the Indies, perceiving how honourable it must be for him to be allied to me, will freely consent that Love and Hymen shall unite me to his daughter. Of us will come a son, who will in time be the very model of knights-errant; his name shall be composed of both our names, for we will call him Don Quibanterin, in imitation of Don Belianis and Florisbella, who called their son Don Belsloran.'—'Hang me!' cried Sancho, 'if I would not give a groat, with all my heart, that all this were come to pass already! But saying and doing are two things: we are far enough from such sport; and God knows whether ever I shall live to see it!'

This sort of talk held them across the wood; and, when they were got through, Don Quixote espying the farm-house, which was but a small distance from them, began to view it very earnestly. Then turning to his squire—'Friend Sancho,' quoth he, 'here is the strangest adventure we could ever have met with. The fortress there before us is the work of two enchanters. The wise Silfenus and the wise Friston, the mortal enemies of Don Belianis, caused it to be built formerly to secure Florisbella, whom they had stolen. There the unfortunate princess was delivered of Prince Belsloran, whom I but now told you of. Do not you see a woman at the door, bearing a child on her lap?'—'Yes, Sir,' said Sancho; 'and, by the same token, she is now feeding it with pap.'—'Well,' added Don Quixote, 'that child is Prince Belsloran himself, who has been at least these fifty years just in the same condition you now see him.'—'Saints and fathers!' exclaimed Sancho, 'what is it you tell me? Is it possible that little child should have been these fifty years in it's swaddling-clouts?'—'Nothing so sure,' answered the knight: 'that woman is a witch, who, by the fatal power of a horrid charm,

stops

stops the course of nature, and keeps that prince in an eternal infancy, because it is foretold that he will one day exceed his father in valour; and that witch, who is an enemy to the house of Greece, hinders his growth, that he may never make good the prediction. But Heaven has certainly brought me hither to put a stop to such a felonious practice. I will attempt to rescue Belfloran; I will espouse the interest of the house of Greece; the glory of knight-errantry calls upon me to try such a noble adventure: all those monsters I see at the gate of the fortrefs do not in the least deter me from my purpose.' Sancho gazed with all the eyes he had, and did all he could to discover the pretended monsters; but, being unable to descry them, he said to his master—'For my part, I can see nothing about that farm-house but three goats, and a few turkeys, scratching upon the dunghill.'—'Those you call goats,' answered Don Quixote, 'are ferocious bears; and your turkeys are the most dreadful griffins enchanters ever made use of to guard the entrance of their castles.'—'Since you say it, I believe it,' replied Sancho; 'for you, being dubbed a knight-errant, can see all that is, and all that is not; whereas, for my part, I protest I see nothing at present but the witch and the little child fifty years old eating it's pap. But, marry Sir! let him play that knows the game, say I! If you are sure of what you tell me, even down with those griffins: I have a strong fancy they may be dispatched with a blow or two, if they do not fly away.'—'Hold a little, son,' quoth Don Quixote; 'I must first offer up a prayer to that sovereign lady of my heart, beseeching her to give me strength for this adventure; which is so perilous, that I can never finish it without the particular assistance of that peerless infant.' As he thus spoke, the amorous knight drew a deep sigh from the bottom of his breast, and accosted Panterina in these words—'O thou wonder of nature! princess, whose beauty shall never be brought into comparison whilst I have breath! vouchsafe to favour me in this first adventure I am about to attempt under your banner! Let the world see, by your taking part

with me, that a knight, strengthened by your divine favour, is not to be overcome!' Here he broke off, for he perceived an object fall out of the farm, which took up all his attention. It was a young fellow in a fustian cap and waistcoat; he was mounted on a black mule, and had a sack of corn under him. 'Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'do not you see that dreadful monster coming towards us?'—'Nay, Sir,' answered Sancho, 'as for him, I cannot agree with you. That is certainly no monster. Though I were a thousand times worse enchanted than I am, I would lay a wager that that is a young fellow carrying corn to the mill to grind.'—'An illusion, friend; a mere illusion!' replied Don Quixote: 'I assure you he is a Centaur, a monster, half man and half horse. He comes forward to fight us, fancying he can easily overcome us, and carry us into the fortrefs, there to keep us enchanted for many ages; but he shall soon fall by the strength of my blows. Be not, therefore, afraid of his dismal shape and aspect; but let my presence encourage you.'—'Nay, faith, Sir,' quoth Sancho, 'I am not afraid at all. I am not afraid either of the bears or the griffins; nor do I stand any more in awe of them, than if they were goats and turkeys.'

By this time the Centaur drew near, thinking to have continued his progress without molestation; when Don Quixote, resolved upon his destruction, made at him with couched lance. The young man, who had only a switch in his hand, not seeing fit to stand the brunt of so formidable an assailant, turned short about, and fled back towards the farm-house with the utmost expedition. The knight instantly pursued; but being unable to overtake him, let loose the torrent of his rage upon the goats; and, drawing his sword, presently put two of them to flight, and sorely wounded the third. He next encountered the turkeys; but they fled with terror before him. Upon this our hero sheathed his sword; and, giving his lance to Sancho, he made up without loss of time to the woman; who, not knowing what to think of this adventure, was running into the house with her child, and the saucepan of pap in her hand. Don Quixote arrested her upon the threshold,

and endeavoured to take away her child: she screamed and struggled; and, resolving to make the best defence in her power, brandished her saucepan; and, bestowing a weighty blow with it upon the head of the knight, nearly suffocated him with the stummary. Don Quixote, however, quitted not his hold; and Heaven, at that time, favouring the house of Greece, he at length got possession of the son of Don Belianis. This precious charge he instantly delivered to his squire; which was scarcely done before they beheld the Centaur advancing again on foot, with two other young fellows belonging to the farm; all of them armed with long staves, and followed by their mastiff dogs; whose dreadful barkings, aided by the cries of the woman, made the neighbouring country resound. As soon as ever Sancho espied them, he could not but call to mind the dismal adventure of the melon-ground; and though he had remained unterrified either by the bears or the griffins, his heart now began to quake with apprehension. Don Quixote, on the other hand, resolving to maintain possession of his prey, unsheathed his sword, and opposed himself to them as undauntedly as the valiant son of Priam did to the two Ajaxes, when they advanced to wrest from him the body of Patroclus. The young men of the farm were in a deadly fury; their eyes flashed fire; nay, there is a certain Greek author hesitates not to affirm, that the blood-thirsty god of war was himself present, and urged them to the fight. Now, too, had the Destinies seized the fatal scissars, and with merciless hands were about to cut the vital threads of the combatants; when, as good fortune would have it, Heaven was pleased to interpose, and prevent the effusion of blood; for the chace happening to take a turn that way, the presence of the count soon appeased the Centaur and his companions, and pacified the clamours of the woman. Sancho, joyful as a pilot who has just escaped some dangerous rock, bawled out, as loud as ever he was able—'Welcome! heartily welcome, gentlemen! In good faith, you are come as opportunely as Easter does after Lent! Had it not been for you, those three wags there would have handled us very roughly.'—'But, why do you take away that child, Sancho?' said

the emperor. 'To wean him, Mr. Archbanterer,' answered the squire. 'Is it not a shame he has thriven no better, and has been at nurse these fifty years?' The ladies and gentlemen easily guessed, by these words, that some new whim had struck the knight's pericranium; and not being able to look on him without laughing, they asked him who had daubed his face so filthily. He answered, very gravely, that it was a witch; and proceeded to relate to them the whole story of Prince Belfloran, and how he had finished the adventure of his deliverance. Very fain would he have fallen upon the young men of the farm; protesting that they were villains unworthy of longer existence: but Don Alvaro and Don Carlos at length pacified him, and persuaded him to put up his sword; alledging that, since they surrendered upon discretion, they ought to have good quarter given them.

'Indeed, Don Quixote,' said the archbanterer, 'so the thing should be; and you ought to rest satisfied with having rescued the heir of the house of Greece: all that remains, is to get him a better nurse, that he may grow apace, and be soon in a condition to fulfil the great decrees of fate.'—'Leave that to me,' quoth the count; 'I shall take a pleasure in performing it, as being so entirely devoted to the Emperor Trebatius, whom I love and honour as my friend and brother-in-law.' This said, he took the child from the squire, who still held it, and privately conveyed it to the farmer's wife. The ladies and gentlemen then returned to the castle, very sufficiently diverting themselves both with the adventure and the adventurers.

CHAP. XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE AMOURS OF DON QUIXOTE AND THE INFANTA BANTERINA.

OUR knight's visage was still enriched with a considerable portion of the cataplasm, when he appeared before the empress and the infants. 'Princesses,' said the archbanterer, 'I must inform you that the matchless Don Quixote has this day gained as important a victory as that of yesterday.'—'Sir,' answered Bantestina, in

in a tone that marked how sensibly she took part in her champion's glory, 'we can guess, by the noble dew which covers his countenance, that he has performed some glorious exploit; and the empress and I should be very glad to know the particulars of it.' The emperor having satisfied their curiosity, they bestowed abundance of praises on Don Quixote, wiped his face themselves with napkins, disarmed him amidst the sound of divers instruments, arrayed him in a blue satin night-gown and cap; and, leading him in that garb to the supper-room, seated him at table between them. After supper there was a ball: the emperor and empress began it by dancing a pavane; Don Quixote and Banterina followed with a saraband; and, though the honest gentleman had never learned to dance, yet was he satisfied that he acquitted himself excellently, as being persuaded the order of knighthood necessarily conferred on it's possessor every possible species of perfection. The ladies and gentlemen danced, in their turns, till it was time to go to rest: then the emperor dismissed them all, and every one retired to his chamber.

As soon as the Knight of La Mancha had shut himself up in his apartment, he began to revolve in his mind the honours conferred upon him by the empress and the infanta; and he had already heated his imagination with a thousand fascinating images, when on a sudden he heard a noise, which aroused him from his reverie. He could very plainly distinguish that some person was scratching at his door; and he immediately conjectured it must be one of the ladies of the court, who, being smitten with his person, and no longer able to controul her amorous passion, had taken this method of discovering herself to him: he prepared himself, therefore, to act the cruel part; and his scrupulous fidelity had already destined that unhappy fair-one a sacrifice to his princefs, when he perceived his visitor was the infanta herself. A felicity so unlooked for had well nigh killed him with joy. 'O glory of mortals!' exclaimed he in rapture; 'Sovereign lady of the universe! Light which dispels the gloom of my soul! Is it possible that you should come in search of me? Can mortal man be capable of such an honour? Do I dream, or am

'I awake? In short, dear princefs, is it you I behold?' Banterina, leaning in a melancholy posture on her damsel Laura, entered the chamber without answering a word; and approaching near to the knight, cast on him a look of languishment, and burst instantly into sobbing and tears. Don Quixote, petrified at this piteous prelude, besought most earnestly that she would acquaint him with the cause of her distress. Three several times she disparted her fair jaws for utterance; and thrice the word died upon her lips: the immensity of affliction at length utterly overwhelmed her, and she sunk senseless into her damsel's arms. The compassionate Laura, who was well acquainted with the cause of these sorrows and swoonings, could now no longer contain herself. 'Alas! poor infanta!' exclaimed she, 'more unfortunate than all those mentioned in the dismal books of chivalry, how happy should I think you, could you die this moment! For, if you live, I perceive your days will be full of bitterness!' Don Quixote, touched to the heart by his mistress's sorrow, did every thing in his power to solace her; and Laura spared no pains. Good fortune decreed they should not lose their labour; the princefs came to herself; and the knight, then accosting her, said—'Most beautiful and afflicted princefs, acquaint me, I conjure you, with the cause of your weeping, and of that terrifying swoon which pierces my very heart!' These words he uttered in an accent so woeful, that it renewed Banterina's grief. Laura, wrung with compassion to see her mistress in such deplorable plight, hereupon said to her—'Cease, dear Madam; cease thus cruelly to torment yourself! Why do you put a restraint upon yourself before Don Quixote, who adores and loves you so entirely? Break that inhuman silence; or give me leave to speak for you.'—'Well, then, Laura, my dear Laura!' answered the princefs, with a languishing voice, 'do you acquaint Don Quixote with the misfortune that threatens me; for I have not strength enough to tell it him.'—'Sir Knight,' said the damsel, 'I will tell you the whole matter in two words. The emperor has just now told my mistress that he designs to marry her, out of hand, to his neighbour the Great Mogul's son; and to this

'this effect he will set out, eight days hence, to return into Asia.'—'See there!' cried the princess, bursting into tears again; 'see there the source of my desperation! I had rather die than marry the Great Mogul's son!'—'Beauteous infanta!' quoth Don Quixote, 'I conjure you, temper your grief! Heaven is too just to permit that you should be given up to a prince you hate!'—'It is very true,' Madam,' cried Laura; 'and you should rather think of preventing the mischief, than thus to indulge your sorrow.'—'Alas!' answered Bante-rin, 'which way can I prevent it?'—'How prevent it?' replied Laura. 'Love will shew you the way. You need but leave your parents, and go range about the world with Don Quixote.'—'You do not consider what you say, Laura,' answered the princess. 'What! would you advise me to suffer myself to be stolen away?'—'Out upon it, Madam!' replied Laura; 'you put an ill construction upon my words. In the language of chivalry, excursions of this sort are not stiled stealings away, they are merely making a rally: and the best of it is, that, among you infantas, such slips are no damage to your reputation. Take my advice, Madam; let us even follow the Knight of La Mancha whereforever he pleases to carry us. Lord, what a pleasant life we shall lead! We shall be all day, from morning till night, upon the road seeking adventures; and at night we shall lie in the woods. Is not that a pleasant way of living?'—'What wonder that ancient princesses took such delight in it!'—'Madam,' said Don Quixote, 'your trusty Laura gives you good advice. Since you entertain such aversion for the Mogul's son, fly from that violence which is offered to your inclinations: entrust yourself to my protection, and let us travel through the world together. If you admit me for your knight, my future exploits will, perhaps, prove to you that I am not unworthy of the honour.'—'Oh, knight!' answered the princess, sighing, 'how hard a matter is it to deny you? I find I shall inevitably accept of your proposal; for I perceive nothing but honour, duty, and virtue, to oppose it. O ye great gods, if

'you would not have had me make a false step, you ought not to have made me a maiden!'—'Then, Madam,' said Laura, 'you are resolved to go along with Don Quixote.'—'I am, good girl,' replied Banterina; 'but let us be gone quickly to prevent second thoughts; for I am apt to be troubled with a scurvy modesty if I consider, and sometimes my conscience checks me. I must confess I am somewhat bashful for a court-lady.' The princess having thus given her consent, it was agreed among them that they would set out the next night, as soon as the emperor and empress were withdrawn to their apartments. In pledge hereof, the princess extending one of her tawny paws towards the lips of Don Quixote, the knight amorously smothered it with kisses; after which, she immediately withdrew with Laura, to give the arch-banterer and his company an account of this new scene.

CHAP. XIV.

HOW DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE MET A DAMSEL, AS THEY WENT OUT A HUNTING, AND WHAT PASSED BETWIXT THEM.

THE next morning, all the company betook themselves again to the diversion of the chase; and the swiftness of Rozinante and Dapple being very little improved since their former expedition, Don Quixote and his squire were soon left in the lurch as before. The knight was not much displeased at this circumstance, as he wanted to converse with Sancho, which he had not done for some time. 'My friend Sancho,' said he, 'I am overjoyed I can discourse with you; I have a great deal to communicate. Are you not amazed at the honours I have received at this court?'—'Yes, Sir,' answered the squire; 'and I am ashamed for you, when I think of it. Last night, when I saw you at table by the empress, by my troth! I was like master Peter's parrot; I said nothing, but I thought the more.'—'Why, what could you think?' answered Don Quixote. 'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'it is no hard matter to guess at that. Methinks you, who are

but

'but a country gentleman, should not sit, cheek by jole, by the empress, who is a topping princess.' — 'I grant,' replied Don Quixote, 'that my extraction is infinitely inferior to hers; but you must understand, friend, that knights-errant, of a certain degree of reputation, are equal to crowned heads, as appears by the books of chivalry, which testify this truth; and therefore you ought not to wonder at seeing me sit by an empress: but what you ought to be surprized at is that particular regard, and those special marks of distinction, which all persons bestow on me. I must confess I am almost confounded at such accumulated honours; and yet, flattering as these are to me, I am infinitely less affected by them than by the kind regard of Banterina: that peerless infanta loves, or rather adores me. This to me is inconceivable: she came last night to my chamber, to acquaint me that her father designs marrying her to the Great Mogul's son. Had you seen her, my child, her sorrow would have grieved you to the heart. She had like to have died in her damsel Laura's arms: in short, the flame she cherishes for me causes her to behold this intended marriage as an affliction so terrifying, that, in order to shun it, and preserve herself entirely for my love, she has resolved to forsake her father's court, and follow me wheresoever I will carry her; and we have agreed to be gone privately this very night.' — 'It is very well done, Sir,' cried Sancho; 'but then we must take Mrs. Laura with us, too, for she is a very genteel damsel.' — 'Signor Squire,' answered Don Quixote, smiling, 'methinks the damsel Laura has found a place in your heart. In good truth, my son, you are caught in love's net! and, to prove what I say, I will now tell you what you feel within yourself. Is it not true, that you often think on that damsel? and that you are pleased when you think of her?' — 'Yes, faith!' quoth Sancho; 'I think of her every moment; and I do not know for what, but I am mightily pleased.' — 'Confess,' said Don Quixote, 'that you long to see her again; and that you could wish we were back at the castle.' — 'God

bles me, Sir!' replied Sancho, 'how can you guess at all that without my telling you! Hang me, nothing so true! I am mad to be at the castle again; and I, who never used to be weary of sitting upon my ass, am now as uneasy as a whore at a sermon.' — 'Do not wonder at my diving into your secrets,' said the knight, sighing; 'I am but too well read in those matters! But, to say the truth, I can never sufficiently admire the power of Love: no heart is proof against his arrows, since he has wounded yours. Spread open thy soul, my son! spread open thy soul to joy! and thank thy fortunate stars which entitle thee to the most delicious expectations. The damsel Laura will bear her mistress company; and your ravished eyes shall daily behold the object of their love.' — 'But, Sir,' said Sancho, 'may not I carry her away into my island without ceremony? Can any body have any thing to say to it? Have not governors always some damsel in their castles for their housekeeper?' —

Don Quixote was about solving this case of conscience, and, perhaps, in favour of Sancho, when a damsel suddenly appearing before them, broke off their discourse; and, by her air and garb, drew their attention upon herself. She was mounted on a white palfrey, and held in her hand a large umbrella of rose-coloured taffety, bordered with a rich silver lace. Her cloaths were of a white damask, embroidered with flowers of gold, and a veil of white satin covered her face. She advanced directly towards our adventurers, who thought they had not eyes enough to look at her; and when she came near them, she threw aside her white veil, and discovered the face of a woman at least threescore years of age. Don Quixote, however, did not fall mistaking her for some princess still in her teens, who had been stolen from her parents by some false knight, and then basely forsaken. This fancy possessing his brain, he bowed down to the very pommel of his saddle; and, saluting the lady in the most respectful manner, said to her — 'Charming infanta, you have doubtless just cause to complain of fortune, since we see you thus travel without any guard or retinue. What knight, I marvel, in defiance
' of

• of that ravishing beauty with which
 • you are so super-eminentely gifted,
 • and in contempt of those repeated
 • vows he had made to you, could
 • come to the base resolution of leav-
 • ing you forlorn? Acquaint me, I
 • beseech you, with the dismal story of
 • your misfortunes; you cannot reveal
 • them to a knight more entirely de-
 • voted to the service of ladies than I
 • am.—‘Sir Knight,’ answered the
 • damsel, ‘I perceive, by your noble
 • mien and air, that the beauteous sex
 • never implored your assistance in vain:
 • I beg of you, therefore, to grant me
 • a boon.—‘I will grant you an hun-
 • dred thousand,’ replied Don Quix-
 • ote: ‘speak boldly, adorable princess!
 • What is it you require of me?’—‘I
 • am no princess,’ quoth she; ‘I am
 • but a servant; and am thankful for
 • that, since I can be no better: but
 • the boon I ask of you is for an infant
 • whom I serve, who is one of the most
 • accomplished princesses in the world;
 • you can never employ your sword
 • more gloriously than in her behalf.’
 • —‘Command me,’ answered Don
 • Quixote; ‘explain yourself. What
 • is the matter in hand?’—‘The matter
 • is,’ replied the damsel, ‘to chastise
 • a knight who has proved false to my
 • mistress.’—‘Charming maiden,’ in-
 • terrupted Don Quixote, ‘I will un-
 • dertake that with all my heart: you
 • need only name the traitor who could
 • be guilty of an act so infamous.’—
 • ‘Ah, Sir!’ exclaimed the damsel,
 • ‘how happy am I to have met with
 • you! The avengement of my mistress
 • cannot be entrusted to a better hand.
 • Nevertheless, I must not deceive you:
 • however greatly I confide in your
 • courage, I cannot avoid quaking for
 • the event: for, to be brief, I bring
 • you into an extraordinary danger;
 • you are to engage a knight who makes
 • the whole globe re-echo with his at-
 • achievements, and seems to lead about
 • Victory by the hem of her garment.’
 • —‘When he has overcome me,’ an-
 • swered Don Quixote, ‘I shall think
 • him invincible. I am impatient to
 • try my strength with him! Tell me
 • his name quickly, and where I may
 • meet with him.’—‘Sir,’ replied the
 • damsel, ‘I am told he is in this coun-
 • try; and I will, in a few words, tell
 • you his name and his story. That
 • changeling, that ingrate, that felo-

• nious man, is called Don Quixote de
 • la Mancha; and the unhappy prin-
 • cess he has wronged is Dulcinea del
 • Toboso. This perfidious knight,
 • after having chosen her as his lady;
 • after offering up his vows to her in a
 • thousand adventures, which he could
 • never have finished without the help
 • of her peerless beauty, faithless and
 • base as he is! hath undeservedly for-
 • saken her, and is fallen in love with
 • a fat Amazon queen, the refuse of
 • Prince Hyperborean and of the scho-
 • lars at Alcalá. You change coun-
 • tenance, Sir Knight,’ added the dam-
 • sel; ‘I perceive the account of this dis-
 • loyalty displeases you; your gene-
 • rous heart rises at so base an action;
 • and you could wish you had already
 • freed the earth from that execrable
 • monster: but let nothing stay you;
 • make haste to seek him out, and shed
 • his blood in recompense for his per-
 • jury.’ This discourse, as may well
 • be imagined, strangely troubled and
 • annoyed the Knight of La Mancha;
 • perceiving, however, that the damsel
 • expected his answer, he spoke to her as
 • follows. ‘Trusty confidante of the
 • Princess Dulcinea, I am too much an
 • enemy to dissimulation to conceal the
 • truth from you. I must, then, avow
 • myself to be that deplorable knight-
 • errant, whose death you require at
 • my hands! you have before you the
 • unfortunate Don Quixote de la Man-
 • cha.’—‘Who? you!’ exclaimed the
 • damsel, with an air of astonishment.
 • ‘Are you that traitor my mistress
 • complains of? Nay, then, I find
 • there is no trusting to physionomy!’
 • —‘I am more unfortunate than guilty,’
 • answered Don Quixote: ‘I take Hea-
 • ven to witness, that I had still been the
 • Infanta Dulcinea’s true knight, had
 • not she hated me; but I could no
 • longer withstand her unworthy con-
 • tempt of my love.’—‘She neither
 • despised nor hated you,’ replied the
 • damsel; ‘and it was only her nice ho-
 • nour that made her misuse you. She
 • was willing to make trial of your con-
 • stancy before she would reward it;
 • but understanding, by the voice of
 • fame, that you were in love with ano-
 • ther lady, she sent me immediately to
 • acquaint you that she will never see
 • you more; and that she forbids you,
 • in future, from ever setting your foot
 • in La Mancha. This is what I am
 • ordered

ordered to tell you on her part, and this is what I must tell you on my own. Do not think, false knight, that Heaven will suffer you to go unpunished. It would no longer be just, should it forbear to punish the wrong you have done to the most beautiful of its works. May the enchanters your enemies mar the success of all your undertakings! May they blot out of the memory of man all the glory you have acquired! May they persuade all future generations, that the dreadful Bramarbas you overcame was nothing but a giant of pasteboard! And may they make posterity look upon all your heroic actions as ridiculous and foolish! These are the curses I bestow on you, inconstant Don Quixote! And, that your squire, who has a share in your change, may not blame me for forgetting him, may he every day meet with Yanguessians to drub his sides, or with galley-slaves to pelt him with brick-bats!—'And may you, Madam Spitzvenom!' interrupted Sancho, angrily, 'fall into the next cart-rut with your palfrey, and break your strumpet's neck for you!—What the devil ails her? And what have I done to her, that she should wish me so much harm?' The damsel, not regarding our squire's replication, turned her horse's head about in an instant, and whipped him on so briskly, that Don Quixote and Sancho soon lost sight of her.

CHAPTER. XV.

HOW STRANGELY DON QUIXOTE WAS PERPLEXED WHEN DULCINEA'S DAMSEL WAS GONE; WHAT INWARD STRUGGLES HE FELT, AND THE HAPPY RESOLUTION HE CAME TO AT LAST.

THE Knight of La Mancha, leaning pensively on the pommel of his saddle, found himself the prey to a thousand melancholy reflections, and knew not what measure to fix upon. Sometimes he had a mind to follow Dulcinea's damsel; and then again he was withheld by the force of his new passion. Sancho, seeing him thus cast

down, said to him—'Cheer up, Sir Knight of the Cupids! What! will you be troubled at the words of a gipsy?'—'O my son!' cried Don Quixote, 'did you hear what she said? How wretched am I! But, alas! I deserve it. She said her mistress did not despise me; nay, she did not even hate me; and I, too ready to take a repulse, broke that glorious chain; and, through my impatience, lost the love of an adorable princess. Alas! poor cowardly knight, who hath no courage but in the field of battle! Your constancy ought not to have yielded to the rigour and disdain of that matchless princess. Return to your first chain. Run! Fly! Go swear to that lovely enemy that you will, for the future, only live for her! But I forget she has prohibited me from appearing in her presence. Shall I then provoke her just indignation by my disobedience? No; it is enough that I restore to her the sovereignty over my soul. She will not long remain unapprized that I have returned to my duty: Fame will take care to inform her of it. Let the Princess Dulcinea reign in my heart, then! May she reign there for ever! But what do I say? Senseless man! Shall I forsake the daughter of the Archbhanterer of the Indies? Can I, in honour, do this, after what she has done for me? Justly as the will be incensed at the ingratitude with which I recompense her bounties, will not this princess have greater reason to detest me than even Dulcinea? O, ye gracious powers! how shall I acquit myself of this perplexity without detriment to my honour? I cannot be true to Dulcinea without being false to Banterina. What a heavy burden is honour! Whichsoever way I turn me, I see my memory blasted and my name covered with ignominy. But the time is short; the Infanta of the Indies presses to be gone with me this night. What shall I do? Heaven inspire me what course to follow!'

Here Don Quixote paused a while, deliberating on the means of extricating himself from this thorny dilemma without breach of his honour. At length, he suddenly turned to his squire, and

said—'Blessed be my favouring stars, son Sancho, I am now no longer dubious! I know what I am to follow. I remember what the Knight of the Sun did in the like circumstances, and I will imitate his example.'—'What good was it he did?' cried Sancho. 'I will tell you,' answered Don Quixote. 'He was upon the point of marrying Landabrides, when his first mistress Claridiana sent her damsel Arcania to him to upbraid him with inconstancy. He was so touched with what she said, that he immediately left the Emperor Ali-cander's court, and retired to a desert, resolving there to die for grief.'—'Out upon it, Sir,' cried Sancho; 'what a heady resolution was that! Heaven forbid you should ever do the like!'—'You do not know what you say,' replied Don Quixote. 'Can I do better than tread in the steps of such a renowned knight? I must imitate him, my friend; and, surrendering myself accordingly to the impulse of a just repentance, I this moment banish Banterina from my heart and my memory; and will now remove at a distance from the court, to finish the sad course of my miserable life in some solitary wilderness.' The squire, utterly averse to so preposterous and uncomfortable a project, bestirred himself with might and main to shake his master's resolution, but his eloquence was all to no purpose. 'Forbear, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'forbear vainly to oppose a resolution which so much concerns my glory. Follow me, without contradicting any more; or else never more keep me company.' With these words he gave the reins to Rozinante, who took by chance the road which leads to Toledo. Bitter grievance was it to the squire, that he should be thus forced to leave the castle where he had fared so daintily; yet he preferred his duty before his inclination, and followed his master: whose elopement proved a great disappointment to the ladies and gentlemen; for these having employed the fictitious damsel of Dulcinea with a view of diverting themselves with our knight's embarrassment thereat, never once took into their account that it might possibly be the means of their losing him.

C H A P. XVI.

THE SORROWFUL SEPARATION OF DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE.

OUR adventurers were now near Illecas, when they turned out of the highway to strike into a little wood they espied in the plain. As soon as they reached it, they alighted, and sat down on the grass; and Don Quixote, thinking the place proper for the execution of his design, said to Sancho—'It is here, my friend, that I will submit to my destiny, offering up myself a sacrifice to Dulcinea's displeasure. We have but a few minutes more to pass together; we must now part for ever.' The squire, hearing these dismal tidings, began to blubber and cry—'O my good master Don Quixote, what madness has possessed you to resolve to die for having changed your mistress? Does any body die now-a-days on that account?'—'Check your sorrow,' quoth the knight; 'and oppose all the strength of your reason against the rigour of our ill-fortune. Our parting troubles me as much as yourself. I had flattered myself with the hopes of a longer life; but, since my honour stands not in need of it, and that, dying, I have the comfort of leaving you governor of a good island, I am willing to end my days. I know you relied on me, and thought I would, by my advice, ease you of part of the weight of your government. I designed the same; but no matter: listen to me, my son; I will tell you how you shall govern your island so as to gain the love of all the inhabitants. Be severe without being rigid; be good without being too indulgent; be generous, watchful, and ready to relieve all that stand in need of you. Let not the affairs of the wealthy be expedited with more readiness than those of the poor. Let not favour or interest turn you away from the course of justice. In short, let all the people of your island live in peace, and quietly enjoy their own. I will say no more; for, besides that I will not burden your memory, I fear lest the sage who is to write my history, and who

records

‘ records every thing that I utter, should fatigue his readers by a too prolix discourse.’—‘ Sir,’ answered Sancho, ‘ it is needless to teach me how to govern my island. I renounce all the governments in the world: I will die here with you; and that will soon be done, for I have but one day’s provision.’—‘ No, friend,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘ I will not allow you to share in my fate. The interest of your family requires you should live, and keep your government. It is enough that I die. Dulcinea’s wrath requires but one victim.’—‘ Alas!’ cried the squire, redoubling his lamentations, ‘ what, if you die, will become of poor orphans? Who will defend giants against widows? O the cursed Dulcinea! Could she not have been quiet without sending her messengers after us?’—‘ Hold, Sancho!’ cried Don Quixote; ‘ take heed, wretch, how you utter any blasphemies against that divine prince! I had rather all nature should return to it’s first chaos, than to hear one word of reflection on that sovereign lady! Instead of cursing, you must go to her from me, and you must tell her that, not being able to survive her indignation and the prohibition to appear before her, I have pined away to death in this desert. Then shall you fall down at her feet, and conjure her not to hate my memory; and you shall never rise till her royal mouth has granted it. This is what I require of you. Now you may depart. Go, my son,’ added he, holding out his hand to him; ‘ go, and sometimes remember you of your master. Farewel; I freely give you all that is in the portmanteau.’ This present, though pretty considerable, could not console Sancho; who, upon this dismal occasion, gave good proof that he entertained a sincere regard for his master; for, laying hold of his hand to kiss it, he bathed it with his tears; and appeared so transported with sorrow, that our knight could not help being touched by it; and found himself obliged to remove so affecting an object from his sight, by requiring his immediate departure.

When his squire was out of his sight, he drew near to Rozinante, who stood motionless on all four, with his bridle

on his neck, and his eyes shut, peacefully expecting his doom. ‘ Faithful companion of my labours,’ said the knight to him, weeping bitterly, ‘ Heaven can testify I am as much troubled to forsake you, as the Knight of the Sun was to part with his Cornelin. I will make the same speech to you, for you well deserve it, that he made to him in the island of the demoniack Faunus.—O my good horse! In recompence for the service you have done me, I must needs discharge you of your bands: I set you free. Go, you are no longer subject to the power of man; for the future follow your own inclination. Enjoy the same liberty which other creatures enjoy in this desert; for what knight would you serve after me?’ This said, he took off his saddle and bridle, and giving him two gentle claps on the buttock with his open hand, added—‘ Go, then, beautiful horse; remove at a distance from this fatal spot which I have chosen to be my tomb.’ The freed beast, insensible of the value of liberty, yet feeling himself eased of his accoutrements, laid down quietly upon the ground to rest himself. Don Quixote observing it—‘ My dear Rozinante,’ cried he, ‘ you cannot leave me, then. You prefer death before your liberty, and will not survive my misfortunes. Be it so, then; let us both die here together: and, when future ages understand that I expired for grief of having offended my lady, let them with admiration learn, at the same time, that you died for grief of losing me.’ Having spoken these words, the unfortunate knight began his bitter wailings to the neighbouring echoes; and, prostrating himself on the earth, invoked death to succour him, being resolutely prepared to yield up his life a sacrifice to his chagrin.

CHAP. XVII.

HOW DON QUIXOTE RECEIVED UNEXPECTED COMFORT.

IN the mean while, Sancho having regained the highway that leads to Toledo, jogged slowly on, his brain occu-

cupied with a thousand woeful cogitations; often sighing, and stopping at every turn to look back to the place where he had left his master. But his dolours were now about to give place to joy; for, when he least thought of it, a man mounted on a scurvy beast passed by; and, staring earnestly at him, cried out—'By the Lord, I am not mistaken! It is certainly Signor Sancho Panza I behold!'—'O, Mr. Barber!' quoth Sancho, recognizing master Nicholas his countryman, 'is it possible I have stumbled upon you? What chance brought you into this strange country?'—'I will tell you that punctually,' answered the barber, 'when you have informed me what is become of Don Quixote.'—'Alas, master Nicholas!' replied Sancho, 'all we can say of Don Quixote now is, God rest his soul! He needs nothing now but prayers.'—'O Heavens!' cried the barber in consternation, 'then your master is dead!'—'Not yet,' replied the squire; 'but his life is in great danger. I left him just now in the wood you see yonder, where he purposes to die through despair for Madam Dulcinea.'—'God be praised!' said master Nicholas; 'since he is not absolutely dead, all is well enough. Cheer up, my friend; Don Quixote shall not die: I come now to tell him such news as will put him out of conceit with his journey into the other world.'—'What news?' quoth Sancho. 'The most surprizing,' answered the barber, 'and the most pleasing he can ever hear. But let us make haste to convey it to him; for let medicines be never so good, they are useless when applied too late.' Sancho, who had great confidence in master Nicholas, laid much stress upon his words, and conducted him speedily to the spot where he had lately parted from the knight of La Mancha.

There they found Don Quixote, stretched out on the ground, leaning his head on his hand, and buried in profound meditation. 'Sir,' cried Sancho, 'I beg your pardon for interrupting your penance, and disturbing the pleasure you take to die for despair; but it must be so, for here is master Nicholas the barber come with me,

'who brings you good news.'—'Alas!' answered Don Quixote, 'what can he say that will avail me in the wretched condition I am in!'—'I know nothing of the matter,' quoth the squire; 'but I rely on him, and am already overjoyed at what he is going to tell you.'—'You have a true foreboding,' friend Sancho,' replied the barber; 'and your master will rejoice as much as you do, when he is informed my errand is to acquaint him that the Princess Dulcinea del Toboso is resolved to make him happy.'—'What is it I hear?' cried Don Quixote. 'What pleasing words are those have reached my ears? O my dear friend master Nicholas, perhaps you only utter them to divert my grief, and snatch me out of the hands of death.'—'No, no,' replied the barber; 'I tell you nothing but the truth; and, to prove what I say, I have a letter for you from that noble infanta.'—'Gracious powers! a letter?' cried Don Quixote in a transport; 'what thanks shall I be able to return you, Mr. Barber?'—'I am no longer a barber,' answered master Nicholas; 'I have sold my razors, basin, and wash-balls; I am now squire to the Princess Dulcinea, and my name is Tobosin.'—'Let me be hanged!' cried Sancho, 'that is great news. What! you have no shop, then? And, pray, who is shaver at this present in our village?'—'There is no trimming at all there,' replied master Nicholas; 'and I will presently tell you the reason. But let us now mind more important matters.' Thus saying, he pulled out of his pocket a letter, and delivered it to Don Quixote, who took and read it aloud. The contents were as follows—

THE LETTER.

THE Princess Dulcinea del Toboso, the slave to the heavenly fire-brands; to thee, the cause of all my misfortunes, the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect, health. I ought to shiver at thy very name; and, as a punishment for thy negligence in seeking tidings concerning me, I ought to blot out of my memory all thy exploits, which, to my sorrow,

'are there engraved as it were on brags. But ladies do not always what they ought to do; and, therefore, instead of treating you with that rigour you deserve, I write to you, to command you, by the power Love gives me over your person, to return immediately, upon receipt hereof, into La Mancha. My squire, who is well known to you, will inform you how much I stand in need of your valour and assistance. Heaven keep you, and preserve my life; which I much fear till I can enjoy your unworthy and dear sight.'

'O Heavens!' exclaimed the knight, 'what a felicitous alteration! I can scarce believe this miracle! How obliging is this letter! I am the more surprized at it, because it differs so much from what the damsel told me whom we met this morning.'— 'What damsel did you meet?' said the barber. 'One of the Infanta Dulcinea's damsels,' answered Don Quixote. 'And what did she say to you?' quoth master Nicholas. 'She told me,' answered Don Quixote, 'that her mistress forbade my ever appearing before her, or returning to La Mancha. Confounded at that fatal injunction, I repaired to this solitude to fulfil my miserable destiny.'— 'Heaven forefend!' replied the barber, guessing by this information that somebody had been diverting himself at the knight's expence. 'It is true, the Princess Dulcinea was in a great passion when she sent that damsel to you; but since then the case is altered with the infanta, and an accident has happened which obliges her to deal more favourably by you: in the condition she is in at present, it would ill become her to treat you like a Turk or a Moor; she has more need to make the best of it, and to court you; for, to deal plainly, she stands in need of your sword.'— 'Explain yourself, master Tobofo!' cried Don Quixote, in a transport. 'What danger is my princess in? Inform me quickly!—

'She is in the greatest of dangers,' replied master Nicholas: 'she refused, some months since, to marry the Emperor of Trebifond; who, to revenge himself, has laid a design to steal her away; and to that end he is come to Tobofo with an army of six hundred thousand men.'— 'Powers above!' exclaimed Don Quixote, interrupting him, 'can ye then favour such an outrage? Tell me, my friend, what did the princefs do in this extremity?'— 'She summoned the ban and arrear-ban to be in arms,' replied the barber; 'and not only the gentry, but all the inhabitants, of the villages of Tobofo and Argamafilla, are got together in her palace, with a resolution to defend her to the last drop of their blood; and have all vowed to let their beards grow till they have defeated the enemy: and this is the reason why I told you they did not trim their beards. Now, you must understand, there have been several encounters; the arrear-ban has done wonders, as it used to do: the Pagans have always had the better; they have torn to pieces Peter Perez our curate's new cassock, and cut out the tongues of our two alcaldes for having given judgment wrongfully.'— 'O Holy Virgin!' cried Sancho; 'then our alcaldes are finely brought to bed!'— 'In short, Don Quixote,' added the barber, 'though the Tobosines behave themselves bravely, they must needs fall at long run; and, though Dulcinea's palace were better defended than the castle of Albracca*, sooner or later, the Emperor of Trebifond will make himself master of it. So, you see, that unless you speedily relieve my mistress, she is a lost infanta.'— 'Away! away!' cried Don Quixote; 'let us fly to her relief! I am as able to rout a numerous army as Orlando. Let us saddle Rozinante quickly, and be gone!'— 'Don Quixote,' said the barber, 'I find I am not deceived in my expectation; I knew you could not fail being on fire when I told you this news. I assure you I am over-

* Albracca was the capital of the kingdom of Cathay. Angelica, daughter to Galaphron the sovereign thereof, having rejected Agrican King of Tartary, who demanded her in marriage, he raised a great army, and besieged her in Albracca. Agrican was at length slain in single combat by Orlando.—See Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo.

'joyed

'joyed to see your readiness; and the Princess Dulcinea has good reason to ground all her hopes on you.'—'Is it possible, Mr. Tobofo,' said the knight, 'that that beautiful queen should make any account of my valour?'—'How do you mean?' replied the barber. 'By the Lord, she values you more than all the twelve peers of France put together!' 'Go, my dear Tobofo,' said she to me at parting; 'go seek out the Knight of the Sorrowful Aspect; bid him come to defend his princess. Ah! were he here, how little should I fear the Emperor of Trebifond!' As the barber spoke these words, Don Quixote, catching him in his arms, hugged him heartily, in token of the pleasure with which such grateful intelligence inspired him.

At this time, Rozinante having smelt out master Nicholas's beast, with whom he had formerly skipped in the meadows of Tobofo, he got up very heavily, and began to neigh so loud, that the whole wood resounded. Don Quixote received it as a favourable preface. 'Rejoice, my friends!' said he; 'Rozinante forebodes the victory I am going to gain over the Emperor of Trebifond! We cannot get out under better auspices.'—'No, truly!' answered the barber, smiling; 'if there were still a college of augurs at Rome, he would well deserve to be one of them: but we must saddle and bridle him instantly; for time is precious. You may guess what an havoc an army of six hundred thousand men will make in a country where they live at discretion.'—'O Lord!' cried Sancho, 'what will become of my oxen, my six ewes, my goats, my eight hens, and my cock? I will warrant those dogs will soon dispatch them!'—'That is done already,' quoth master Nicholas; 'it was the first thing they did. The very first day they came they devoured your oxen, your sheep, and your goats; and the emperor, who loves none but nice bits, eat your cock boiled with bacon.'—'And what became of my hens?' said Sancho. 'They made broth for their sick men with them,' replied Tobofo. 'Mercy on me!' cried Sancho, 'I am utterly undone! Good

God! is it lawful to devour other men's substance after that manner? The Holy Brotherhood ought to take up all those knaves, and send them to the galleys.'—'That is not so easily done,' answered the barber: 'but cheer up, my friend! you serve a master who keeps fortune locked up in his sword-scabbard: and as for the loss you have sustained, I promise you the Princess Dulcinea shall make it good.' This assurance somewhat comforted Sancho: he saddled and bridled Rozinante; and they all went out of the wood, taking the road to Tobofo.

C H A P. XVIII.

WHAT THE BARBER'S DESIGN WAS; WHAT DON QUIXOTE DID AFTER THE EXAMPLE OF DON BELIANIS OF GREECE; AND, LASTLY, OF THE MOST UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE THAT EVER BEFEL HIM.

OUR Arabian historian begins this chapter by acquainting us with the barber's design; and tells us, that Mr. Valentin being informed by the canons, to whom Sancho told his story of the geese, that Don Quixote was gone to Madrid, had written to the curate Peter Perez, giving him an account of it, and exhorting him in his charity not to suffer that honest gentleman to continue any longer the laughing-stock of Spain. This letter the curate shewed to master Nicholas; and, upon mature deliberation, they both agreed that Don Quixote must be once more secured in a cage; and, for the future, be so well watched, that he should have no opportunity of escaping; that the only way to draw him into La Mancha was to possess him with the idea of Dulcinea's being in imminent danger, and to write a letter, in which that disconsolate princess should implore his assistance; that the barber should go directly to Madrid to deliver the letter; and, to give the better colour to this cheat, should pretend to be Dulcinea's squire. This was accordingly exactly performed, as has been seen. Now let us return to our history.

Our adventurers were not yet got out of

of the wood, when Don Quixote said to the barber—'Mr. Tobolin, I remember I have read that Don Belianis, understanding that a puissant army lay before Babylon to carry off Floribella, was four days without speaking one word, to express his concern. Would not you advise me to follow his example?'—'No doubt of it,' answered master Nicholas; 'it is the best thing you can do. To what purpose do we read the actions of great men, if we do not imitate them? Do, Don Quixote, speak not in four days; Dulcinea will be charmed at such a notable testimony of your concern; and, upon my word, I will take care to magnify it to her.'—'Then I desire you both,' said Don Quixote, 'not to interrupt my silence. Do you two discourse as if I were not with you.' This said, he was silent on a sudden, to begin his imitation of Don Belianis. 'So, friend Sancho,' said the barber, 'let us deal it about now; let us talk a little to divert ourselves.'—'By my faith,' quoth Sancho, 'you have met with your match! I thank God, my tongue was never backward; and I know you can play your part: so that, betwixt us, we shall ring a brave peal.'—'Well,' said the barber, 'to let you a-going then, recount to me all the adventures that have befallen you since your last fall, to the end that I may entertain the Princess Dulcinea with them when I get home.' Sancho did as he was desired; and, when he had ended the relation, went on saying—'Now, master Nicholas Tobolin, pray do you explain one thing which very much puzzles me. Is it possible there should be a palace at Toboso, and that the sister of Basil and Bertrand Nogales is a princess? For, to say truth, when I carried her my master Don Quixote's letters, I could see nothing but a downright peasant; and yet her damsel we met this morning was clad like a lady of quality. Then it is likely I was enchanted when I saw Madam Dulcinea, and am so no longer now.'—'There is no doubt to be made of that,' answered the barber: 'it is likely that when you disenchant- ed that Infanta Bouncerina you tell me of, you disenchant yourself at

the same time. Your fast might produce that effect.'—'My fast!' cried Sancho, laughing as if he were mad. 'By my troth, that is a good notion!'—'Why do you laugh so heartily?' quoth the barber. 'I never laughed with a better will,' replied he; 'and, since my master cares no more for the Infanta Bouncerina, I will tell you how that matter was. All the archbanterer's court, and my master Don Quixote himself, think I fasted for her; but the devil take him that did! Yet, for all that, she is as well disenchant- ed as if I had not eaten a bit: and thus you see sometimes a good name is gotten by fibbing.' Don Quixote, hearing this discourse, could not restrain himself. 'How now, scoundrel!' cried he to his squire; 'did not you go to bed without your supper?'—'I grant it, Sir,' quoth Sancho; 'but when you were in bed, do not you remember I got up?'—'Well, and what then?' replied the knight. 'What then!' answered the squire; 'why it was then I went to pillage the pullet and the piece of bread you had left upon the table.'—'What stories do you tell us!' said Don Quixote. 'You talk of a dream as if it had been a reality.'—'I make no question of it,' said the barber: 'that night when he fasted, he dreamed he got up to eat a pullet and a piece of bread; and the dream has made such an impression on him, that we need not wonder he looks upon it as truth.' Master Nicholas spoke these words so gravely, that Sancho, not knowing what to think of it, cried out—'Good God! is it possible I only eat the pullet in a dream? Then a man, broad awake, cannot swear he is not asleep!'—'You are no good logician,' answered Don Quixote: 'you must not say, that a man broad awake is no sure he is not then asleep; but you must say, that a man who thinks himself awake, may possibly be asleep; and then you will argue categorically.'—'Nay, faith, Sir!' quoth Sancho, 'I do not understand those morals; but God knows the truth of it!'—'Since the infanta was disenchant- ed,' replied the barber, 'you may be satisfied that you fasted; for enchanters are not to be imposed upon.'

‘upon.—But Don Quixote,’ added he, ‘to your silence again; and, lest you should be forced to break it a second time, do not listen to what we shall say.’ The knight took his advice, gave over all attention to their discourse, and, occupying his thoughts with the great feats he was to perform before Dulcinea, was entirely wrapped in meditation, and punctually observed his silence for four days.

By this time, they drew near Argamasilla and Toboso, and were almost in sight of those two villages, when the barber said to Don Quixote—‘At length, Sir Knight, after a long journey, we are now near the place where your presence is so necessary.’—‘We can never come soon enough,’ my dear Tobosin,’ answered Don Quixote. ‘What a multitude of dismal notions occur to me! My valour is ready to sink under them. When I consider our country desolated, our fields thronged with Pagans, our crops carried away by strangers, our friends and townsmen slaughtered; and, above all, when I think on my princess in despair, counting as impatiently as myself, the moments I am wanting; good God! what a torment is this for a heart so tender as mine!’—‘I must confess,’ said Tobosin, ‘those are woeeful thoughts; but we must hope Dulcinea will be more afraid than hurt. Let us think of defending her; and all three of us resolve to cut and thrust.’—‘Why all three?’ quoth Sancho. ‘Must we, that are no knights, run our heads into the battle?’—‘Sure enough,’ answered Master Nicolas. ‘It is true, we cannot fight knights, but it is lawful for us to engage scoundrels and rakes; and, I believe, there are enough of them in an army of six hundred thousand men.’—‘You need not second me, my friends,’ said Don Quixote. ‘Though this army be very numerous, I shall soon put it to flight myself; for I will go directly to the emperor’s quarters; and, finding out that prince, by the three crowns he wears on his head, as is the custom of the emperors of Trebifond, I will make myself way through the soldiers and knights that encompass him, and then I will attack him.

‘He will not be able to withstand my force: I will strike him down, and cut off his head; as one of his predecessors was served by Contumelian of Phoenicia. Then the news of his death being spread abroad among his troops, they will fall into consternation and fly.’—‘So our country,’ quoth the barber, ‘will be at once delivered from those Pagans. Heavens be praised! By my troth! well fare the books of chivalry! they teach us curious stratagems in war.’ Thus they discoursed till they discovered Argamasilla; and, when they were come within two hundred paces of it, the barber, designing to get into the village to acquaint the curate with the arrival of their countryman, and to make ready the cage, said to the knight—‘Don Quixote, do you halt here with Sancho: I will go view the enemy; and will return in a moment with an account of the posture I find them in. Be you upon your guard, the mean while, for fear of a surprise.’—‘Go, brave Tobosin,’ answered Don Quixote; ‘and observe all things attentively.’—‘I will not fail,’ replied the barber; ‘I will examine all things nicely; but I will endeavour chiefly to discover where the emperor’s quarters are.’ This said, he left Don Quixote, and made haste into the village. ‘Sancho, my son,’ said the knight, ‘let us both stand sentinel: let us look about; and be so watchful that nothing may escape us.’—‘Would to God,’ answered the squire, ‘these six hundred thousand Pagans would make their escape! By my faith, I would never hinder them!’ As they thus stood, looking around them on all sides, they chanced to spy ten or twelve men on horseback in the plain, making towards Toboso; and these were a party of the Holy Brotherhood. ‘To arms! to arms!’ cried Don Quixote. ‘See there a strong detachment of the Pagan army! They are the flower of the knights of Trebifond, whom the emperor, being informed of my arrival, sends out to hem me in! But I will fall upon them; and, having put them all to the sword, will, by their defeat, strike a terror into the enemy’s army!’ This said, he spurred on

Rozinante

Rozinante towards the knights of Trebifond. Alas, poor Knight of La Mancha! whither is your valour hurrying you? What rueful spectacle, alas! are you now about to exhibit to the eyes of the universe? O ye Tartars and Chinese! ye nations who behold the bright Aurora open the curtains of the day! and ye inhabitants of the new-found world, with whom the great luminary that lights us sets! ye scorched Ethiopians and ye frozen Laplanders! Don Quixote advances to the combat: attend all of ye to this mighty event.

The troopers seeing Don Quixote make towards them, halted to expect him; but, though they were surprized at his mien and garb, they were much more amazed, when, being come within hearing, he cried out to them with a menacing voice—‘O ye contemptible mortals, who do not deserve to be called knights, since you are not ashamed to support the base cause of the infamous prince you serve, stand upon your guard!’ The officer who commanded the party, understanding these words as a reflection on the king his master, replied hastily—‘Sure thou art mad, or some damned insolent fellow, that dar’st speak such words of the most honourable of all princes!’ Don Quixote, hearing himself called madman and damned fellow, set himself fast in his stirrups, couched his lance, and ran full tilt at the officer; who, having neither time nor skill to avoid the thrust, received it in his heart, and fell down dead under his horse’s belly. Upon this, the troopers drew their swords, and hemmed in the knight to seize him; but he drew as well as they, and charged so furiously, that he wounded two or three of them. The others, fearing the same fate, began to give way; when one of their number, ashamed that the whole party could not secure a single man, laid hold of his carbine; and, taking aim at the face of the unfortunate Manchegan, lodged a brace of bullets in his brain. The poor knight had no need of a second shot. His feeble hand dropped Rozinante’s bridle; and, tottering a while in the saddle, he fell off near the dead body of the officer he had slain. Sancho, who

beheld the combat at a distance, put on to help up his master; but finding him stretched out senseless on the ground, and his visage covered with blood, he broke forth into all the frantic excesses of a truly-afflicted squire. He wept, he tore his hair, beard, and eye-brows; and made the plain ring with his cries, sighs, and lamentations.

Whilst Sancho thus raved, the curate Peter Perez, and the barber, arrived on the field of battle; and, finding no signs of life in Don Quixote, were much troubled. The troopers were disposed, at first, to have taken possession of the dead knight’s body, in order to form a process against him as a common disturber of the peace, and render him and his memory infamous; but, as soon as they were made acquainted with his strange infirmity, they gave him up to the care of his countrymen, and retired with the carcass of their comrade, whom they buried in a place which the Arabian historian has omitted to specify. When they were gone, the curate and the barber began mutually to bewail the fate of Don Quixote; and were the more inconsolable, as having been themselves, though innocently, the occasion of it. Sancho, on his side, renewed his lamentations. ‘O my good lord and master!’ cried he, shedding bitter tears, ‘now it is we are parted! We shall never see one another more till we meet in the great valley!—Alas! poor orphans, your father is dead! Princesses may now cry, no body will succour them; and chivalry will fall altogether, since it has lost the knight that supported it.—Alas! what shall I do in this world without you, my dear master? I have neither oxen, nor sheep; the Pagans have dispatched them; and the Emperor of Trebifond has eaten my cock, comb and all. I have nothing left but our portmanteau, which you gave me the other day; and I cannot tell but Mr. Curate may sweep that away for your burial.’—‘No, Sancho,’ cried the curate, ‘I shall ask nothing for that, my friend; and if your master has given you that portmanteau, you shall keep it.’ The barber, having added some

other words of comfort to the drooping squire, they all three set forth with the remains of Don Quixote for the village of Argamasilla, where it is to be supposed they rendered him the last sad offices with a pomp suited to the dignity of his character. It is to be

supposed, I say; for in this place the sage Alifolan, through grief, lets fall his pen. Melted with the melancholy situation in which he beholds his hero, he averts his eyes from the distressful spectacle; and, abandoning his work, concludes here this history*.

* This account of the death of Don Quixote originates with the French translator. Avellaneda does not terminate the knight's life at the close of his work; but, in consistency with the intention hinted in his preface of bringing out his hero in Old Castile, (which is alluded to by Cervantes at the conclusion of his Don Quixote) leaves him in health and readiness for farther achievements.

F I N I S.





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